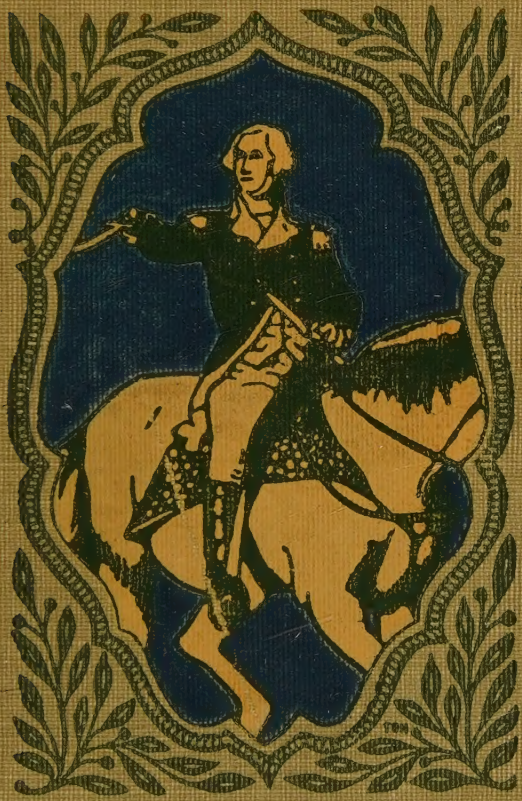
LEADERS OF MEN OR HISTORY TOLD IN BIOGRAPHY



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PRESIDENT WILLIAM JEWETT TUCKER,
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TWENTY VOLUMES *RICHLY ILLUSTRATED*

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LEADERS OF MEN

OR

HISTORY TOLD IN BIOGRAPHY

EDITED BY

WILLIAM RAINEY HARPER

VOLUME XIX

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THE INDIVIDUAL IN HISTORY

BY

WILLIAM RAINEY HARPER.

To write the history of any nation is to narrate the achievements of a few men. The great movements of men almost invariably begin with some individual. Even when a state of feeling or a form of thought is generally held by a large body of men, it is necessary for an individual to rise above his fellows, give the common sentiment public utterance and thus crystallize feeling into action. But more frequently the sentiment itself must be created before any unified action can be called forth. It has been well said, "Every powerful personality is an open channel through which new truth comes among men." "The utmost service of the greatest man is to bring us one step nearer the truth."

Peter the Hermit fired all Europe with zeal for the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre from the Saracens; Peter the Great changed the whole course of Russian history; in the early part of the 19th century the eyes of all Europe were fastened upon Napoleon; the great crises of American history are inseparably connected with the names of Washington and Lincoln; the great religions of the world go back to individual founders, Moses, Buddha, Confucius, Mohammed, Jesus. In short, to study biography is to study history. No man's life can

be understood apart from some knowledge of the times and circumstances which condition all his activities. No man is so great as to be wholly independent of his contemporaries. Hence, to study the lives of great men is to read history from the personal, vital point of view. It is, in some measure at least, to see historical movements through the eyes of the men most instrumental in originating and shaping these movements. Thus history becomes real, living, and interesting to many for whom abstract history possesses no charms. This is of the greatest importance in view of the fact that history is the richest and broadest element in the whole curriculum of studies. It is the record of the progress of human life and thought — a progress with which it is well that we should familiarize ourselves if only because we can find therein sure ground for faith and hope concerning the future of our race.

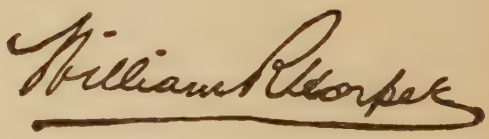
Through the study of great lives we come to realize how large a place the individual has occupied in the history of mankind. In these days when emphasis is continually laid upon the organization and union of great numbers for the accomplishment of specific ends, it is well for us as individuals to recall occasionally the important contributions to our common life made by individuals of our kind. It gives us increased self-respect; it nerves us afresh for the daily struggle of life; it helps us to believe that after all we may have some genuine service, however small, to perform for our fellow-men. These great characters, rising like lofty mountain peaks from the dead level of the surrounding plains, are the glory of our race. We admire and love them because we see in them the realization

of possibilities that lie hidden within ourselves; in them we recognize ourselves at our best. They are the pioneers of their times, continually urging us forward. They point out for us the way to glory. In the words of Carlisle, "It is not to taste sweet things, but to do noble and true things, and vindicate himself under God's heaven as a God-made man, that the poorest son of Adam dimly longs. Show him the way of doing that, the dullest day-drudge kindles into a hero."

The day of the individual is not past; the world will always need and always find its great men. Their opportunity for influencing the race was never greater than now. We are constantly growing more teachable, more susceptible to the impress of the higher ideals of life. We live closer to each other than ever; telegraph, telephone, and wireless message, the great ocean liners, the trans-continental train, and the coming air-ship, are rapidly diminishing the size of the world. A strong man's personality is felt from Occident to Orient and from pole to pole. His words and deeds are made common property through the printed page. He multiplies himself ten-thousand fold in the lives of others. We come under the sway of his influence whether we will or no. Well for us, that it is so; for we are all in constant need of stimulating influences to enable us to put forth our best efforts and realize our highest ideals. Contact with strong, noble personalities is an educational stimulus of the highest order; and through the perusal of well-written biography we can place ourselves at will in very real contact with the best and noblest of earth.

We learn from a survey of the world's great ones

what the world has esteemed as greatness and observe the trend of development along this line. These men have been the best representatives of their race at their respective epochs. But some of the forms of greatness highly esteemed two or three thousand years ago count for very little to-day. Brute strength, physical courage, prowess in war, are now of little moment as compared with the nobler arts of peace. Character is for us the first essential to greatness in a modern man. We esteem him highest who performs the greatest service to his fellows. The qualities that inspire pure living and high thinking, that express themselves in acts of helpfulness and brotherliness, are for us the crowning virtues. He who has the most of these to give, and gives of his store the most ungrudgingly, is for us the greatest of men. Emerson was right when he said: "Only that good profits, which we can taste with all doors open, and which serves all men." Judged by standards of this kind, how much greater is a Lincoln than an Alexander the Great! How much nobler a Gladstone than a Napoleon!



LEADERS OF MEN

MOSES

By ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY.

From Statue of Moses.
(By Michael Angelo.)

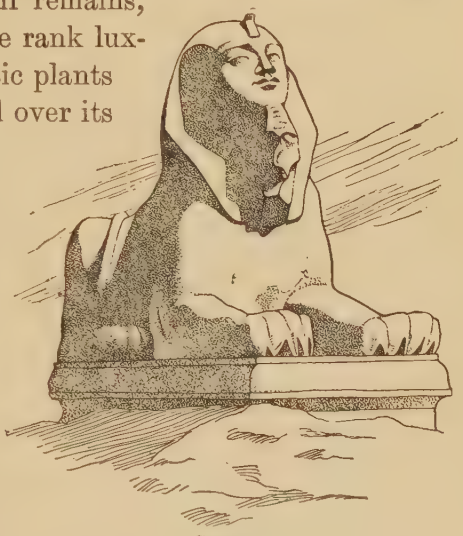
ON, Heliopolis, the City of the Sun, was the spot in which heathen tradition fixed the residence of Abraham; and, with more certainty, the education — according to one version the birth — of Moses. It was undoubtedly the dwelling-place of Joseph's bride. It was near the land of Goshen. It was close by the later colony of Leontopolis set up by the second settlement of Israel in Egypt, after the Babylonian captivity. It contains the sacred fig-tree shown to pilgrims for many centuries as that under which the Holy Family rested when, for the last time, the ancient prophecy was fulfilled, "Out of Egypt have I called my Son."

It is thus connected with every stage of the Sacred history; but its special concern is with the period preceding the Exodus. Even if it was not actually the school of Moses, it must have been constantly within his sight and that of his countrymen, as they passed to and fro between their pastures and the Nile.

It stands on the edge of the cultivated ground. The vast enclosure of its brick walls still remains, now almost powdered into dust, but, according to the tradition of the Septuagint, the very walls built by the Israelite bondmen. Within this enclosure, in the space now occupied by tangled gardens, rose the great Temple of the Sun, which gave its name and object to the city. How important in Egypt was that worship, may be best understood by remembering that from it were derived the chief names by which Kings and Priests were called — "Pha-raoh," "The Child of the Sun"; "Potiphe-rah," "The Servant of the Sun." And what its aspect was in Heliopolis may be known partly from the detailed description which Strabo has left of its buildings, as still standing in his own time; and yet more from the fact that the one Egyptian temple which to this day retains its sculptures and internal arrangements almost unaltered, that of Ipsambul, is the temple of Ra, or the Sun.

In Heliopolis, as elsewhere, was the avenue of sphinxes leading to the huge gateway, whence flew, from gigantic flagstaffs, the red and blue streamers. Before and behind the gateways stood, two by two, the colossal petrifactions of the sunbeam, the obelisks, of which one alone now remains to mourn the loss of all its brethren. Close by was the sacred spring of the

Sun, a rare sight in Egypt, and therefore the more precious, and probably the original cause of the selection of this remote corner of Egypt for so famous a sanctuary. This too still remains, almost choked by the rank luxuriance of the aquatic plants which have gathered over its waters.



Sphinx.

Round the cloisters of the vast courts into which these gateways opened were spacious mansions, forming the canonical residences, if one may so call them, of the priests and professors of On: for Heliopolis, we must remember, was the Oxford of ancient Egypt, the seat of its learning in early times, as Alexandria was in later times; the university, or rather perhaps the college, gathered round the Temple of the Sun, as Christ Church round the old cathedral or shrine of S. Frideswide. Thither Herodotus came to gather information for his travels; and thither, centuries later, the more careful and accurate Strabo. The city in his time was in a state of comparative desolation; it had never fully recovered the shock of the fanatical devastation of Cambyses. A long vacancy, a vacation of centuries, had passed over it. Priests and philosophers, canons and professors, alike were gone, and

only a few chaplains and vergers lingered in the sacred precincts, to carry on the service of the Temple and to show strangers over the silent quadrangles and deserted cloisters. Amongst these was pointed out to Strabo the house in which Plato had lived for thirteen years. Perhaps he may have been also shown, or, had he been there a few generations earlier would have been shown, the house which had received Moses when he studied there under the Egyptian name of Osarsiph. . . .

To the outer heathen world the earlier period of the Hebrew race, with the single exception of Abraham, was an entire blank. Their origin in the far East, their first settlement in Canaan, the name of their first father, whether Jacob or Israel, these were all but unknown to Greeks as Romans. It is the Exodus that reveals the Israelite to the eyes of Europe. Egypt was the only land which the Gentile inquirers recognized as the birthplace of the Jews. Moses was the character who first appears, not only as the lawgiver, but as the representative of the nation. In many wild, distorted forms the rise of this great name, the apparition of this strange people, was conceived. Let us take the brief account — the best that has been handed down to us — from the careful and truth-loving Strabo.

"Moses, an Egyptian priest, who possessed a considerable tract of Lower Egypt, unable longer to bear with what existed there, departed thence to Syria, and with him went out many who honored the Divine Being (τὸ Θεῖον). For Moses maintained and taught that the Egyptians were not right in likening the nature of God to beasts and cattle, nor yet the Africans, nor even the Greeks, in fashioning their gods

in the form of men. He held that this only was God, — that which encompasses all of us, earth and sea, that which we call Heaven, and the Order of the world, and the Nature of things. Of this who that had any sense would venture to invent an image like to any thing which exists amongst ourselves? Far better to abandon all statuary and sculpture, all setting apart of sacred precincts and shrines, and to pay reverence, without any image whatever. The course prescribed was, that those who have the gift of good divinations, for themselves or for others, should compose themselves to sleep within the Temple; and those who live temperately and justly may expect to receive some good gift from God, — these always, and none besides."

These words, unconsciously introduced in the work of the Cappadocian geographer, occupying but a single section of a single chapter in the seventeen books of his voluminous treatise, awaken in us something of the same feeling as that with which we read the short epistle of Pliny, describing with equal unconsciousness, yet with equal truth, the first appearance of the new Christian society which was to change the face of mankind. With but a few trifling exceptions, Strabo's account is, from his point of view, a faithful summary of the Mission of Moses. What a curiosity it would have roused in our minds, had this been all that remained to us concerning him! That curiosity we are enabled to gratify from books which lay within Strabo's reach, though he cared not to read them. Let us unfold from their ancient pages the leading points of the signal deliverance, when "Israel came out of Egypt, and the house of Jacob from among the strange people."

The life of Moses, in the later period of the Jewish history, was divided into three equal portions of forty years each. This agrees with the natural arrangement of his history into the three parts, of his Egyptian education, his exile in Arabia, and his government of the Israelite nation in the Wilderness and on the confines of Palestine.

The early period of the life of Moses, as related in the Pentateuch, is so closely bound up with the later traditions concerning it, that it may be well to present it in the form in which it appeared to his nation at the time of the Christian era. His birth — so ran the story — had been foretold to Pharaoh by the Egyptian magicians, and to his father Amram by a dream, as respectively the future destroyer and deliverer. The pangs of his mother's labor were alleviated so as to enable her to evade the Egyptian midwives. The beauty of the new-born babe — in the later version of the story amplified into a beauty and size almost divine — induced the mother to make extraordinary efforts for its preservation from the general destruction of the male children of Israel. For three months the child, under the name of Joachim, was concealed in the house. Then his mother placed him in a small boat or basket of papyrus (perhaps from a current Egyptian belief that that plant was a protection from crocodiles), closed against the water by bitumen. This was placed among the aquatic vegetation by the side of one of the canals of the Nile. The mother departed as if unable to bear the sight. The sister lingered to watch her brother's fate. The basket floated down the stream.

The princess Thermuthis, or Merrhis, daughter of the King of Heliopolis, wife of the King of Memphis, came down, in primitive simplicity, to bathe in the sacred river. Her attendant slaves followed her. She saw the basket in the flags, or borne down the stream, and despatched divers after it. The divers, or one of the female slaves, brought it. It was opened, and the cry of the child moved the princess to compassion. She

"This was Placed Among the Aquatic Vegetation."

determined to rear it as her own. The sister was then at hand to recommend a Hebrew nurse. The child was brought up as the princess's son, and the memory of the incident was long cherished in the name given to the foundling of the water's side — whether according to its Hebrew or Egyptian form. Its Hebrew form is *Mosheh*, from *masah*, "to draw out" — "because I have *drawn* him out of the water." But this is probably

the Hebrew form given to an Egyptian word signifying "saved from the water."

The "Child of the water" was adopted by the childless princess. Its beauty came to be such, that passers-by stood fixed to look at it, and laborers left their work to steal a glance. Such was the narrative, as moulded by successive generations, and finally adopted by Josephus and Clement of Alexandria, from the simpler, but still thoroughly Egyptian, incidents of the Biblical story.

From this time for many years Moses must be considered as an Egyptian. In the Pentateuch, whether from absence of authentic information, or stern disdain, or native simplicity, this period is a blank. But the well-known words of Stephen's speech, which describes him as "*learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians*," and "*mighty in words and deeds*," are in fact a brief summary of the Jewish and Egyptian traditions which fill up the silence of the Hebrew annals.

He was educated at Heliopolis, and grew up there as a priest, under his Egyptian name of Osarsiph or Tisithen. "He learned arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, medicine, and music. He invented boats and engines for building — instruments of war and of hydraulics — hieroglyphics — division of lands."

He taught Orpheus, and was hence called by the Greeks Musæus, and by the Egyptians Hermes. He was sent on an expedition against the Ethiopians. He got rid of the serpents of the country to be traversed by letting loose baskets full of ibises upon them. The city of Hermopolis was believed to have been founded to commemorate his victory. He advanced to

the capital of Ethiopia, and gave it the name of Meroe, from his adopted mother Merrhis, whom he buried there. Tharbis, the daughter of the king of Ethiopia, fell in love with him, and he returned in triumph to Egypt with her as his wife.

The original account reopens with the time when he was resolved to reclaim his nationality. Here, again, the Epistle to the Hebrews, following in the same track as Stephen's speech, preserves the tradition in a distincter form than the narrative of the Pentateuch.

"Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures (the ancient accumulated treasures of Rhampsinitus and the old kings) of Egypt."

In his earliest infancy he was reported to have refused the milk of Egyptian nurses, and, when three years old, to have trampled under his feet the crown which Pharaoh had playfully placed on his head. According to the Egyptian tradition, although a priest of Heliopolis, he always performed his prayers according to the custom of his fathers, outside the walls of the city, in the open air, turning towards the sun-rising. The king was excited to hatred by his own envy, or by the priests of Egypt, who foresaw their destroyer. Various plots of assassination were contrived against him, which failed. The last was after he had already escaped across the Nile from Memphis, warned by his brother Aaron, and when pursued by the assassin he killed him.

The same general account of conspiracies against his life appears in Josephus. All that remains of these traditions in the Sacred narrative is the single and natural incident, that seeing an Israelite suffering the bastinado from an Egyptian, and thinking that they were alone, he slew the Egyptian (the later tradition said, "with a word of his mouth"), and buried the corpse in the sand — the sand of the desert, then, as now, running close up to the cultivated tract. The same fire of patriotism which thus roused him as a deliverer from the oppressors, turns him into the peacemaker of the oppressed. It is characteristic of the faithfulness of the Sacred records that his flight is occasioned rather by the malignity of his countrymen than by the enmity of the Egyptians. And in Stephen's speech it is this part of the story which is drawn out at greater length than in the original, evidently with the view of showing the identity of the narrow spirit which had thus displayed itself equally against their first and the last Deliverer.

Where these later traditions end, the Sacred history begins. Whatever may have been the preparation provided by Egyptian war or wisdom, it is in the unknown, unfrequented wilderness of Arabia, — in the same school of solitude and of exile which in humbler spheres has so often trained great minds to the reception of new truths, — that the mission of Moses was revealed to him. In that wonderful region of the earth, where the grandeur of mountains is combined, as hardly anywhere else, with the grandeur of the desert, — amidst the granite precipices and the silent valleys of Horeb, — as to his people afterwards, so to

Moses now was the great truth to be made manifest, of which, as we have seen, he was recognized even by the heathen world to have been the first national interpreter.

"Now Moses kept the flock of Jethro his father-in-law, the Priest of Midian: and he led the flock to the back of the wilderness" far from the shores of the Red Sea, where Jethro seems to have dwelt, "and came to the mountain of God, even to Horeb."

We know not the precise place. Tradition, reaching back to the sixth century of the Christian era, fixes it in the same deep seclusion as that to which in all probability he afterwards led the Israelites. The convent of Justinian is built over what was supposed to be the exact spot where the shepherd was bid to draw his sandals from off his feet. The valley in which the convent stands is called by the Arabian name of Jethro. But whether this, or the other great centre of the peninsula, Mount Serbal, be regarded as the scene of the event, the appropriateness would be almost equal.

Each has at different times been regarded as the sanctuary of the desert. Each presents that singular majesty, which, as Josephus tells us, and as the sacred narrative implies, had already invested "The Mountain of God" with an awful reverence in the eyes of the Arabian tribes, as though a Divine Presence rested on its solemn heights. Around each, on the rocky ledges of the hill-side, or in the retired basins, withdrawn within the deep recesses of the adjoining mountains, or beside the springs which water the adjacent valleys, would be found pasture of herbage or of

aromatic shrubs for the flocks of Jethro. On each, in that early age, though now found only on Mount Serbal, must have grown the wild acacia, the shaggy thornbush of the *Seneh*, the most characteristic tree of the whole range.

So natural, so thoroughly in accordance with the scene, were the signs, in which the call of Moses makes itself heard and seen. Not in any outward form, human or celestial, such as the priests of Heliopolis were wont to figure to themselves as the representatives of Deity, but out of the midst of the spreading thorn, the outgrowth of the desert wastes, did "the Lord appear unto Moses." A flame of fire, like that which seemed to consume and waste away his people in the furnace of affliction, shone forth amidst the dry branches of the thorny tree, and "behold! the bush," the massive thicket, "burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed."

And when the question arose, with what should he work the signs by which his countrymen shall believe and hearken to his voice, the same character recurs. No sword of war, such as was wielded by Egyptian kings, no mystic emblem, such as was borne by Egyptian gods, but — "'What is that in thine hand?' And he said, 'A rod'" — a staff, a shepherd's crook, the staff which indicated his return to the pastoral habits of his fathers, the staff on which he leaned amidst his desert wanderings, the staff with which he guided his kinsman's flocks, the staff like that still borne by Arab chiefs, — this was to be the humble instrument of divine power. "In this," as afterwards in the yet humbler symbol of the Cross — in this, the

symbol of his simplicity, of his exile, of his lowliness — "the world was to be conquered."

These were the outward signs of his call. And, whatever the explanation put on their precise import, there is this undoubted instruction conveyed in their description, that they are marked by the peculiar appropriateness and homogeneousness to the peculiar circumstances of the Prophet, which marks all like manifestations, through every variety of form, to the Prophets, the successors of Moses, in each succeeding age. In grace, as in nature, God, if we may use the well-known expression, *abhorret saltum*, abhors a sudden, unprepared transition. "The child is father of the man": the man is father of the prophet — the days of both are "bound each to each by natural piety." It is the first signal instance of the prophetic revelations. Its peculiar form is the key of all that follow.

But, as in all these Revelations, it is the substance and spirit of the message, rather than its outward form, which carries with it the most enduring lesson, and the surest mark of its heavenly origin. "Behold, when I shall come to the children of Israel, and shall say unto them, The God of your fathers hath sent me unto you, and they shall say, 'What is his name?' what shall I say unto them? And God said unto Moses, I AM THAT I AM. . . . *Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel*, 'I AM *hath sent me unto you.*'"

It has been observed, that the great epochs of the history of the Chosen People are marked by the several names, by which in each the Divine Nature is indicated. In the Patriarchal age we have already seen

that the oldest Hebrew form by which the most general idea of Divinity is expressed is "El-Elohim," "The Strong One," "The Strong Ones," "The Strong." "Beth-El," "Peni-El," remained even to the latest times memorials of this primitive mode of address and worship.

But now a new name, and with it a new truth, was introduced. "I am JEHOVAH; I appeared unto Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, by the name of El-Shaddai (God Almighty); but by my name JEHOVAH was I not known unto them."

The only certain use of it before the time of Moses is in the name of "Jochebed," borne by his own mother. It has been beautifully conjectured that in the small circle of that family a dim conception had thus arisen of the Divine Truth, which was through the son of that family proclaimed forever to the world. It was the rending asunder of the veil which overhung the temple of the Egyptian Sais. "I am that which has been, and which is, and which is to be; and my veil no mortal hath yet drawn aside."

It was the declaration of the simplicity, the unity, the self-existence of the Divine Nature, the exact opposite to all the multiplied forms of idolatry, human, animal, and celestial, that prevailed, as far as we know, everywhere else. "The Eternal." This was the moving spring of the whole life of Moses, of the whole story of the Exodus. . . .

It is characteristic of the Biblical history that this new name, though itself penetrating into the most abstract, metaphysical idea of God, yet in its effect was the very opposite of a mere abstraction. Moses is a

Prophet, — the first of the Prophets, — but he is also a Deliverer. Israel, indeed, through him becomes "a chosen people," "a holy congregation," — in one word, a Church. But it also through him becomes a nation: it passes, by his means, from a pastoral, subject, servile tribe, into a civilized, free, independent commonwealth. It is in this aspect that the more human and historical side of his appearance presents itself.

It is true that even here we see him very imperfectly. In him, as in the Apostles afterwards, the man is swallowed up in the cause, the messenger in the message and mission with which he is charged. Yet from time to time, and here in this opening of his career more than elsewhere, his outward and domestic relations are brought before us. He returns to Egypt from his exile. In the advice of his father-in-law to make war upon Egypt, in his meeting with his brother in the desert of Sinai, may be indications of a mutual understanding and general rising of the Arabian tribes against the Egyptian monarchy.

But in the Sacred narrative our attention is fixed only on the personal relations of the two brothers, now first mentioned together, never henceforth to be parted. From that meeting and co-operation we have the first indications of his individual character and appearance. We are accustomed to invest him with all the external grandeur which would naturally correspond to the greatness of his mission. The statue of Michael Angelo rises before us in its commanding sternness, as the figure before which Pharoah trembled. Something, indeed, of this is justified by the traditions respecting him. The long shaggy hair and beard, which enfold in their

vast tresses that wild form, appear in the heathen representations of him.

The beauty of the child is, by the same traditions, continued into his manhood. "He was," says the historian Justin (with the confusion so common in Gentile representations), "both as wise and as beautiful as his father Joseph." But the only point described in the Sacred narrative is one of singular and unlooked-for infirmity. "O my Lord, I am not eloquent, neither heretofore, nor since thou hast spoken to thy servant; but I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue; . . . how shall Pharoah hear me, which am of uncircumcised lips?" — that is, slow and without words, "stammering and hesitating" (so the Septuagint strongly expresses it), like Demosthenes in his earlier youth, — slow and without words, like the circuitous orations of the English Cromwell, — "his speech contemptible," like the Apostle Paul. How often has this been repeated in the history of the world, — how truly has the answer been repeated also: "Who hath made man's mouth? . . . Have not I the Lord? . . . I will be thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say."

Moses.

And when the remonstrance went up from the true, disinterested heart of Moses, "O my Lord, send, I pray thee, by the hand of him whom thou wilt send" ("Make any one thine Apostle, so that it be not me"), the

future relation of the two brothers is brought to light. "Is not Aaron the Levite thy brother? I know that he can speak well. And also, behold, he cometh forth to meet thee, and when he seeth thee he will be glad in his heart. And thou shalt speak unto him, and put words in his mouth. . . . And he shall be thy spokesman unto the people, and he shall be, even he shall be to thee instead of a mouth, and thou shalt be to him instead of God."

AARON.

In all outward appearances, as the Chief of the tribe of Levi, as the head of the family of Amram, as the spokesman and interpreter, as the first who "spake to the people and to Pharaoh all the words which the LORD had spoken to Moses," and did the signs in the sight of the people, as the permanent inheritor of the sacred staff or rod, the emblem of rule and power, — Aaron, not Moses, must have been the representative and leader of Israel. But Moses was the inspiring, informing soul within and behind; and, as time rolled on, as the first outward impression passed away and the deep abiding recollection of the whole story remained, Aaron the prince and priest has almost disappeared from the view of

history; and Moses, the dumb, backward, disinterested Prophet, continues for all ages the foremost leader of the Chosen People, the witness that something more is needed for the guidance of man than high hereditary office or the gift of fluent speech, — a rebuke alike to an age that puts its trust in priests and nobles, and an age that puts its trust in preachers and speakers. . . .

The idea of God in the Jewish Church, which can be traced to nothing short of Mount Sinai, was the very reverse of a negation or an abstraction. It was the absorbing thought of the national mind. It was not merely the Lord of the Universe, but "the Lord who had brought them out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage." It was in the reception and promulgation of this Revelation that the prophetic character of Moses is chiefly brought out. He had been called to his prophetic mission, as we have seen, in the vision of the Burning Bush. But the mission itself, properly speaking, dates from this time, and is indicated in a form nearly corresponding to that of his original call.

"I beseech thee, show me thy glory," was the petition which burst from the Prophet in the hour of bitter disappointment and isolation, when he found that his brother and his people had fallen away from him. The wish was thoroughly Egyptian. The same is recorded of Amenoph, the Pharaoh preceding the Exodus. But the difference in the answer to the two prayers well expresses the difference between the Egyptian and the Mosaic religion. "Thou canst not see my face, for there shall no man see me and live." He was commanded to hew two blocks like those which

he had destroyed. He was to come absolutely alone. Even the flocks and herds which fed in the neighboring valleys were to be removed out of sight of the mountain. He took his place on a well-known or prominent rock — "the" rock.

The legendary locality is still shown, and the importance of the incident, told equally in the Bible and the Koran, is attested by the fact, that from this, rather than from any more general connection, the mountain derives its name of the "Mount of Moses." It was a moment of his life second only to that when he received the first revelation of the Name of Jehovah. "The Lord passed by and proclaimed, The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, longsuffering and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty." The union of the qualities, so often disjoined in man, so little thought of in the gods of old, "justice and mercy," "truth and love," became henceforward the formula, many times repeated — the substance of the Creed of the Jewish Church.

And this union, which was disclosed as the highest revelation to Moses, was exactly what received its fullest exemplification in the Revelation for which it was a preparation: when in the most literal sense of the words, "grace *and* truth" — the tenderness of grace, the sternness and justice of truth — "came by Jesus Christ."

How marked an epoch is thus intended appears from the mode of the Divine manifestations, which are described as commencing at this juncture, and perpetuated

with more or less continuity through the rest of his career. Immediately after the catastrophe of the worship of the calf, and, apparently in consequence of it, Moses removed the chief tent — his own tent, according to the Septuagint — outside the camp, and invested it with a sacred character under the name of "the Tent or Tabernacle of the Congregation." This tent became henceforth the chief scene of his communications with God. He left the camp, and it is described how, as in the expectation of some great event, all the people rose up and stood every man at his tent door, and looked — gazing after Moses until he disappeared within the Tabernacle. As he disappeared the entrance was closed behind him by the cloudy pillar, at the sight of which the people prostrated themselves. The communications within the Tabernacle were still more intimate than those on the mountain. "Jehovah spake unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend." He was apparently accompanied on these mysterious visits by his attendant Hoshea (or Joshua), who remained in the Tabernacle after his master had left it. . . .

The end was at last come. It might still have seemed that a triumphant close was in store for the aged Prophet. "His eye was not dim nor his natural force abated." He had led his people to victory against the Amorite kings; he might still be expected to lead them over into the land of Canaan. But so it was not to be. From the desert plains of Moab he went up to the same lofty range whence Balaam had looked over the same prospect. The same, but seen with eyes how different! The view of Balaam has been long forgotten;

but the view of Moses has become the proverbial view of all time. It was the peak dedicated to Nebo on which he stood. "He lifted up his eyes westward, and northward, and southward, and eastward."

Beneath him lay the tents of Israel ready for the march; and "over against" them, distinctly visible in its grove of palm trees, the stately Jericho, key of the Land of Promise. Beyond was spread out the whole range of the mountains of Palestine, in its fourfold masses; "all Gilead," with Hermon and Lebanon in the east and north; the hills of Galilee, overhanging the Lake of Gennesareth; the wide opening where lay the plain of Esdraelon, the future battle-field of the nations; the rounded summits of Ebal and Gerizim; immediately in front of him the hills of Judæa, and, amidst them, seen distinctly through the rents in their rocky walls, Bethlehem on its narrow ridge, and the invincible fortress of Jebus.

To him, as far as we know, the charm of that view — pronounced by the few modern travellers who have seen it to be unequalled of its kind — lay in the assurance that this was the land promised to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob, and to their seed, the inheritance — with all its varied features of rock and pasture, and forest and desert — for the sake of which he had borne so many years of toil and danger, in the midst of which the fortunes of his people would be unfolded worthily of that great beginning.

To us, as we place ourselves by his side, the view swells into colossal proportions, as we think how the proud city of palm trees is to fall before the hosts of Israel; how the spear of Joshua is to be planted on

height after height of those hostile mountains; what series of events, wonderful beyond any that had been witnessed in Egypt or in Sinai, would in after ages be enacted on the narrow crest of Bethlehem, in the deep basin of the Galilean lake, beneath the walls of "Jebus, which is Jerusalem."

All this he saw. He "saw it with his eyes, but he was not to go over thither." It was his last view. From that height he came down no more. Jewish, Mussulman, and Christian traditions crowd in to fill up the blank. "Amidst the tears of the people, the women beating their breasts and the children giving way to uncontrolled wailing, he withdrew. At a certain point in his ascent he made a sign to the weeping multitude to advance no further, taking with him only the elders, the high priest Eliezer, and the general Joshua. At the top of the mountain he dismissed the elders, and then, as he was embracing Eliezer and Joshua, and still speaking to them, a cloud suddenly stood over him, and he vanished in a deep valley."

So spoke the tradition as preserved in the language, here unusually pathetic, of Josephus. Other wilder stories told of the Divine kiss which drew forth his expiring spirit; others of the "Ascension of Moses" amidst the contention of good and evil spirits over his body. The Mussulmans, regardless of the actual scene of his death, have raised to him a tomb on the western side of the Jordan, frequented by thousands of Mussulman devotees. But the silence of the Sacred narrative refuses to be broken. "In" that strange land, "the land of Moab, Moses the servant of the Lord died according to the word of the Lord. He buried him

in 'a ravine' in the land of Moab, over against the idol temple of Peor." Apart from his countrymen, honored by no funeral obsequies, visited by no grateful pilgrimages, "no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day." . . .

"In the Land of Moab."

The scene on Pisgah is at once the fitting end of the life of Moses, and the exemplification of a general law. In one sense it might seem mournful, incomplete, disappointing; but in another and higher sense, how fully in accordance with his whole career, how truly the crowning point of his life!

The personal characteristics of the Prophet are too faintly drawn to admit of any fuller delineation. But one feature is indisputably marked out. No modern word seems exactly to correspond to that which our translators have rendered "the meekest of men,"—but which rather expresses "enduring," "afflicted," "heedless of self." . . . This at any rate is the trait most strongly impressed on all his actions from first to last.

So in Egypt he threw himself into the thankless cause of his oppressed brethren; at his earliest call he prayed that Aaron might be the leader instead of himself; at Sinai he besought that his name might be blotted out if only his people might be spared; in the desert, he wished that not only he, but all the Lord's people might prophesy. He founded no dynasty; his

own sons were left in deep obscurity; his successor was taken from the rival tribe of Ephraim. He himself receives for once the regal title "the King in Jeshurun"; but the title dies with him.

To labor and not to see the end of our labors; to sow and not to reap; to be removed from this earthly scene before our work has been appreciated, and when it will be carried on not by ourselves, but by others, — is a law so common in the highest characters of history that none can be said to be altogether exempt from its operation. It is true in intellectual matters as well as in spiritual; and one of the finest applications of any passage in the Mosaic history, is that made by Cowley, and extended by Lord Macaulay to the great English philosopher, who —

> Did on the very border stand
> Of the blessed Promised Land;
> And from the mountain's top of his exalted wit
> Saw it himself, and show'd us it;
> But life did never to one man allow
> Time to discover worlds and conquer too.

"In the first book of the *Novum Organum*," says Macaulay, "we see the great Lawgiver looking round from his lonely elevation on an infinite expanse; behind him a wilderness of dreary sands and bitter waters, in which successive generations have sojourned, always moving, yet never advancing, reaping no harvest and building no abiding city: before him a goodly land, a land of promise, a land flowing with milk and honey. While the multitude below saw only the flat sterile desert in which they had so long wandered, bounded on

Moses Going Down from Mt. Sinai

every side by a near horizon, or diversified only by some deceitful mirage, he was gazing from a far higher stand, on a far lovelier country, following with his eye the long course of fertilizing rivers, through ample pastures, and under the bridges of great capitals, measuring the distances of marts and barns, and portioning out all those wealthy regions from Dan to Beersheba."

The imagery thus nobly used to describe the promise and the self-denial of intellectual labor, is still more true of the many reformers, martyrs, and missionaries, John Huss, Tyndale, Francis Xavier, Howard, who, in all times of the Church, have died on the threshold of their reward, in hope, not in possession. Events have moved too slow, and the generation passes away which should have supported the saint or the chief; or events have moved too fast, and the rising generation has superseded the want of a leader; or a word has been spoken unadvisedly with his lips, and his prospects are suddenly overcast; or he is struck by decay of power, or by sudden, untimely death; again and again the Moses of the Church, of the commonwealth, lingers there, "dies there in the land of Moab, and goes not over to possess that good land"; and Canaan is won, not by the first and greatest of the nation, but by his subordinate minister and successor, Joshua the son of Nun.

LYCURGUS[1]

(From The Boys' and Girls' Plutarch.)

By PLUTARCH.

Lycurgus.
(Coin of Sparta)

AMONGST the persons in Crete most renowned for their learning and their wisdom in state matters was one Thales, whom Lycurgus, by importunities and assurances of friendship, persuaded to go over to Lacedæmon; where, though by his outward appearance and his own profession he seemed to be no other than a lyric poet, in reality he performed the part of one of the ablest lawgivers in the world. The very songs which he composed were exhortations to obedience and concord, and the very measure and cadence of the verse, conveying impressions of order and tranquillity, had so great an influence on the minds of the listeners that they were insensibly softened and civilized, insomuch that they renounced their private feuds

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and animosities, and were reunited in a common admiration of virtue. So that it may truly be said that Thales prepared the way for the discipline introduced by Lycurgus.

From Crete he sailed to Asia, with design, as is said, to examine the difference betwixt the manners and rules of life of the Cretans, which were very sober and temperate, and those of the Ionians, a people of sumptuous and delicate habits, and so to form a judgment; just as physicians do by comparing healthy and diseased bodies. Here he had the first sight of Homer's works, in the hands, we may suppose, of the posterity of Creophylus; and, having observed that the few loose expressions and actions of ill example which are to be found in his poems were much outweighed by serious lessons of state and rules of morality, he set himself eagerly to transcribe and digest them into order, as thinking they would be of good use in his own country. They had, indeed, already obtained some slight repute amongst the Greeks, and scattered portions, as chance conveyed them, were in the hands of individuals; but Lycurgus first made them really known. . . .

"From Crete He Sailed to Asia."

Lycurgus was much missed at Sparta, and often sent for. "For kings indeed we have," they said, "who wear the marks and assume the titles of royalty, but as for the qualities of their minds, they have nothing by

which they are to be distinguished from their subjects"; adding that in him alone was the true foundation of sovereignty to be seen, a nature made to rule, and a genius to gain obedience. Nor were the kings themselves averse to see him back, for they looked upon his presence as a bulwark against the insolencies of the people.

Things being in this posture at his return, he applied himself, without loss of time, to a thorough reformation, and resolved to change the whole face of the commonwealth; for what could a few particular laws and a partial alteration avail? He must act as wise physicians do, in the case of one who labors under a complication of diseases, — by force of medicines reduce and exhaust him, change his whole temperament, and then set him upon a totally new regimen of diet.

Having thus projected things, away he goes to Delphi to consult Apollo there; which having done, and offered his sacrifice, he returned with that renowned oracle, in which he is called beloved of God, and rather God than man: that his prayers were heard, that his laws should be the best, and the commonwealth which observed them the most famous in the world.

Encouraged by these things, he set himself to bring over to his side the leading men of Sparta, exhorting them to give him a helping hand in his great undertaking: he broke it first to his particular friends, and then by degrees gained others, and animated them all to put his design in execution. When things were ripe for action, he gave order to thirty of the principal men of Sparta to be ready armed at the market-place at break

of day, to the end that he might strike a terror into the opposite party.

Hermippus hath set down the names of twenty of the most eminent of them: but the name of him whom Lycurgus most confided in, and who was of most use to him both in making his laws and putting them in execution, was Arthmiadas. Things growing to a tumult, King Charilaus, apprehending that it was a conspiracy against his person, took sanctuary in the temple of Athena of the Brazen House; but, being soon after undeceived, and having taken an oath of them that they had no designs against him, he quitted his refuge, and himself also entered into the confederacy with them; of so gentle and flexible a disposition he was, to which Archelaus, his brother-king, alluded, when, hearing him extolled for his goodness, he said: "Who can say he is anything but good? he is so even to the bad."

Amongst the many changes and alterations which Lycurgus made, the first and of greatest importance was the establishment of the senate, which, having a power equal to the kings' in matters of great consequence, and, as Plato expresses it, allaying and qualifying the fiery genius of the royal office, gave steadiness and safety to the commonwealth. For the state, which before had no firm basis to stand upon, but leaned one while towards an absolute monarchy, when the kings had the upper hand, and another while towards a pure democracy, when the people had the better, found in this establishment of the senate a central weight, like ballast in a ship, which always kept things in a just equilibrium; the twenty-eight always adhering to the kings so far as to resist democracy,

and, on the other hand, supporting the people against the establishment of absolute monarchy. . . .

Lycurgus was of opinion that ornaments were so far from advantaging them in their councils, that they were rather an hinderance, by diverting their attention from the business before them to statues and pictures, and roofs curiously fretted, the usual embellishments of such places amongst the other Greeks. The people then being thus assembled in the open air, it was not allowed to any one of their order to give his advice, but only either to ratify or reject what should be propounded to them by the king or senate.

After the creation of the thirty senators, his next task, and, indeed, the most hazardous he ever undertook, was the making of a new division of their lands. For there was an extreme inequality amongst them, and their state was overloaded with a multitude of indigent and necessitous persons, while its whole wealth had centred upon a very few. To the end, therefore, that he might expel from the state arrogance and envy, luxury and crime, and those yet more inveterate diseases of want and superfluity, he obtained of them to renounce their properties, and to consent to a new division of the land, and that they should live all together on an equal footing; merit to be their only road to eminence, and the disgrace of evil, and credit of worthy acts, their one measure of difference between man and man.

Upon their consent to these proposals, proceeding at once to put them into execution, he divided the country of Laconia in general into thirty thousand equal shares, and the part attached to the city of Sparta into nine

thousand; these he distributed among the Spartans, as he did the others to the country citizens. A lot was so much as to yield, one year with another, about seventy bushels of grain for the master of the family, and twelve for his wife, with a suitable proportion of oil and wine. And this he thought sufficient to keep their bodies in good health and strength; superfluities they were better without. It is reported, that, as he returned from a journey shortly after the division of the lands, in harvest time, the ground being newly reaped, seeing the stacks all standing equal and alike, he smiled, and said to those about him, "Methinks all Laconia looks like one family estate just divided among a number of brothers."

Not contented with this, he resolved to make a division of their movables, too, that there might be no odious distinction or inequality left amongst them; but finding that it would be very dangerous to go about it openly, he took another course, and defeated their avarice by the following stratagem: he commanded that all gold and silver coin should be called in, and that only a sort of money made of iron should be current, a great weight and quantity of which was worth but very little; so that to lay up a hundred or two dollars there was required a pretty large closet, and, to remove it, nothing less than a yoke of oxen. With the diffusion of this money, at once a number of vices were banished from Lacedæmon; for who would rob another of such a coin? Who would unjustly detain or take by force, or accept as a bribe, a thing which it was not easy to hide, nor a credit to have, nor indeed of any use to cut in pieces? For when it was just red-hot,

they quenched it in vinegar, and by that means spoilt it, and made it almost incapable of being worked.

In the next place, he declared an outlawry of all needless and superfluous arts; but here he might almost have spared his proclamation; for they of themselves would have gone with the gold and silver, the money which remained being not so proper payment for curious work; for, being of iron, it was scarcely portable, neither, if they should take the pains to export it, would it pass amongst the other Greeks, who ridiculed it.

So there was now no more means of purchasing foreign goods and small wares; merchants sent no shiploads into Laconian ports; no rhetoric-master, no itinerant fortune-teller, or gold or silver smith, engraver or jeweler, set foot in a country which had no money; so that luxury, deprived little by little of that which fed and fomented it, wasted to nothing, and died away of itself. For the rich had no advantage here over the poor, as their wealth and abundance had no road to come abroad by, but were shut up at home doing nothing. And in this way they became excellent artists in common necessary things; bedsteads, chairs, and tables, and such like staple utensils in a family, were admirably well made there; their cup, particularly, was very much in fashion, and eagerly sought for by soldiers, as Critias reports; for its color was such as to prevent water, drunk upon necessity and disagreeable to look at, from being noticed; and the shape of it was such that the mud stuck to the sides, so that only the purer part came to the drinker's mouth. For this, also, they had to thank their lawgiver, who, by relieving the artisans of the trouble of making useless things, set them

to show their skill in giving beauty to those of daily and indispensable use.

The third and most masterly stroke of this great lawgiver, by which he struck a yet more effectual blow against luxury and the desire of riches, was the ordinance he made that they should all eat in common, of the same bread and same meat, and of kinds that were specified, and should not spend their lives at home, lying on costly couches at splendid tables, delivering themselves up into the hands of their tradesmen and cooks, to fatten them in corners, like greedy brutes, and to ruin not their minds only but their very bodies, which, enfeebled by indulgence and excess, would stand in need of long sleep, warm bathing, freedom from work, and, in a word, of as much care and attendance as if they were continually sick. It was certainly an extraordinary thing to have brought about such a result as this, but a greater yet to have taken away from wealth, as Theophrastus observes, not merely the property of being coveted, but its very nature of being wealth. For the rich, being obliged to go to the same table with the poor, could not make use of or enjoy their abundance, nor so much as please their vanity by looking at or displaying it. So that the common proverb that Plutus, the god of riches, is blind, was nowhere in all the world literally verified but in Sparta. There, indeed, he was not only blind, but, like a picture, without either life or motion. Nor were they allowed to take food at home first, and then attend the public tables, for every one had an eye upon those who did not eat and drink like the rest, and reproached them with being dainty and effeminate.

This last ordinance in particular exasperated the wealthier men. They collected in a body against Lycurgus, and from ill words came to throwing stones, so that at length he was forced to run out of the market-place, and take refuge in a temple to save his life; by good-hap he outran all excepting one Alcander, a young man otherwise not ill accomplished, but hasty and violent, who came up so close to him, that, when he turned to see who was near him, he struck him upon the face with his stick, and put out one of his eyes. Lycurgus, so far from being daunted and discouraged by this accident, stopped short and showed his disfigured face and eye beat out to his countrymen; they, dismayed and ashamed at the sight, delivered Alcander into his hands to be punished, and escorted him home, with expressions of great concern for his ill usage.

Lycurgus, having thanked them for their care of his person, dismissed them all, excepting only Alcander; and, taking him with him into his house, neither did nor said anything severe to him, but dismissing those whose place it was, bade Alcander to wait upon him at table. The young man, who was of an ingenuous temper, did without murmuring as he was commanded; and, being thus admitted to live with Lycurgus, he had an opportunity to observe in him, besides his gentleness and calmness of temper, an extraordinary sobriety and an indefatigable industry, and so, from an enemy, became one of his most zealous admirers, and told his friends and relations that Lycurgus was not that morose and ill-natured man they had formerly taken him for, but the one mild and gentle character of the world.

And thus did Lycurgus, for chastisement of his fault, make of a wild and passionate young man one of the discreetest citizens of Sparta.

In memory of this accident, Lycurgus built a temple to Athene. Some authors, however, say that he was wounded, indeed, but did not lose his eye from the blow; and that he built the temple in gratitude for the cure. Be this as it will, certain it is, that, after this misadventure, the Lacedæmonians made it a rule never to carry so much as a staff in to their public assemblies. . . .

"He Ordered the Maidens to Exercise Themselves."

In order to secure the good education of their youth (which, as I said before, he thought the most important and noblest work of a lawgiver), he took in their case all the care that was possible; he ordered the maidens to exercise themselves with wrestling, running, throwing the quoit, and casting the dart, to the end that they might have strong and healthy bodies.

It was not in the power of the father to dispose of his child as he thought fit; he was obliged to carry it before certain "triers" at a place called Lesche; these were some of the elders of the tribe to which the child

belonged; their business it was carefully to view the infant, and, if they found it stout and well made, they gave order for its rearing, and allotted to it one of the nine thousand shares of land above mentioned for its maintenance; but if they found it puny and ill-shaped, ordered it to be taken to what was called the Apothetæ, a sort of chasm under Taygetus; as thinking it neither for the good of the child itself, nor for the public interest, that it should be brought up, if it did not, from the very outset, appear made to be healthy and vigorous.

Upon the same account, the women did not bathe the new-born children with water, as is the custom in all other countries, but with wine, to prove the temper and complexion of their bodies; from a notion they had that epileptic and weakly children faint and waste away upon their being thus bathed, while, on the contrary, those of a strong and vigorous habit acquire firmness and get a temper by it like steel. There was much care and art, too, used by the nurses; they had no swaddling bands; the children grew up free and unconstrained in limb and form, and not dainty and fanciful about their food; nor afraid in the dark, or of being left alone; without any peevishness or ill humor or crying. Upon this account, Spartan nurses were often bought up or hired by people of other countries.

Lycurgus was of another mind; he would not have masters bought out of the market for his young Spartans, nor such as should sell their pains; nor was it lawful, indeed, for the father himself to raise his children after his own fancy; but as soon as they were seven years old they were to be enrolled in certain companies and classes, where they all lived under the same order

and discipline, doing their exercises and taking their play together. Of these he who showed the most conduct and courage was made captain; they had their eyes always upon him, obeyed his orders, and underwent patiently whatsoever punishment he inflicted; so that the whole course of their education was one continued exercise of a ready and perfect obedience.

The old men, too, were spectators of their performances, and often raised quarrels and disputes among them, to have a good opportunity of finding out their different characters, and of seeing which would be valiant, which a coward, when they should come to more dangerous encounters. They gave them just enough reading and writing to serve their turn; their chief care was to make them good subjects, and to teach them to endure pain and conquer in battle. To this end, as they grew in years, their discipline was proportionally increased; their heads were close-clipped; they were accustomed to go bare-foot, and for the most part to play naked.

After they were twelve years old they were no longer allowed to wear any under-garment; they had one coat to serve them a year; their bodies were hard and dry, with but little acquaintance of baths and unguents; these human indulgences they were allowed only on some few particular days in the year. They lodged together in little bands upon beds made of the rushes which grew by the banks of the river Eurotas, which they were to break off with their hands without a knife; if it were winter, they mingled some thistledown with their rushes, which it was thought had the property of giving warmth.

Besides all this, there was always one of the best and most honest men in the city appointed to undertake the charge and governance of them; he again arranged them into their several bands, and set over each of them for their captain the most temperate and bold of those they called Irens, who were usually twenty years old, two years out of boyhood; and the eldest of the boys, again, were Mell-Irens, as much as to say, "who would shortly be men." This young man, therefore, was their captain when they fought, and their master at home, using them for the offices of his house; sending the oldest of them to fetch wood, and the weaker and less able to gather salads and herbs, and these they must either go without or steal; which they did by creeping into the gardens, or conveying themselves cunningly and closely into the eating-houses; if they were taken in the act, they were whipped unmercifully, for thieving so ill and awkwardly. They stole, too, all other meat they could lay their hands on, looking out and watching all opportunities, when people were asleep or more careless than usual. If they were caught, they were not only punished with whipping, but hunger, too, being reduced to their ordinary allowance, which was but very slender, and so contrived on purpose, that they might set about to help themselves, and be forced to exercise their energy and address.

So seriously did the Lacedæmonian children go about their stealing, that a youth, having stolen a young fox, and hidden it under his coat, suffered it to tear out his very bowels with its teeth and claws, and died upon the place, rather than let it be seen. What is practised

to this very day in Lacedæmon is enough to gain credit to this story, for I myself have seen several of the youths endure whipping to death at the foot of the altar of Diana surnamed Orthia. . . .

They taught them, also, to speak with a natural and graceful raillery, and to comprehend much matter of thought in few words. For Lycurgus, who ordered, as we saw, that a great piece of money should be but of an inconsiderable value, on the contrary, would allow no discourse to be current which did not contain in few words a great deal of useful and curious sense; children in Sparta, by a habit of long silence, came to give just and sententious answers; for, indeed, loose talkers seldom originate many sensible words.

King Agis, when some Athenian laughed at their short swords, and said that the jugglers on the stage swallowed them with ease, answered him, "We find them long enough to reach our enemies with"; and as their swords were short and sharp, so, it seems to me, were their sayings. They reach the point and arrest the attention of the hearers better than any others. Lycurgus himself seems to have been short and sententious, if we may trust the anecdotes of him; as appears by his answer to one who by all means would set up democracy in Lacedæmon. "Begin, friend," said he, "and set it up in your family."

Another asked him why he allowed of such mean and trivial sacrifices to the gods. He replied, "That we may always have something to offer to them." Being asked what sort of martial exercises or combats he approved of, he answered, "All sorts except that in which you stretch out your hands," by which he meant asking quarter.

Nor was their instruction in music and verse less carefully attended to than their habits of grace and good breeding in conversation. And their very songs had a life and spirit in them that inflamed and possessed men's minds with an enthusiasm and ardor for action; the style of them was plain and without affectation; the subject always serious and moral; most usually it was in praise of such men as had died in defence of their country, or in derision of those who had been cowards; the former they declared happy and glorified; the life of the latter they described as most miserable and abject. . . .

Before they engaged in battle, the Lacedæmonians abated a little the severity of their manners in favor of their young men, suffering them to curl and adorn their hair, and to have costly arms, and fine clothes; and were well pleased to see them, like proud horses, neighing and pressing to the course. And therefore, as soon as they came to be well grown, they took a great deal of care of their hair, to have it parted and trimmed, especially against a day of battle, pursuant to a saying recorded of their lawgiver, that a large head of hair added beauty to a good face, and terror to an ugly one.

When he perceived that his more important institutions had taken root in the minds of his countrymen, that custom had rendered them familiar and easy, that his commonwealth was now grown up and able to go alone, then, as Plato somewhere tells us the Maker of the world, when first he saw it existing and beginning its motion, felt joy, even so Lycurgus, viewing with joy and satisfaction the greatness and beauty of his politi-

cal structure, now fairly at work and in motion, conceived the thought to make it immortal too, and as far as human forecast could reach, to deliver it down unchangeable to posterity.

He called an extraordinary assembly of all the people, and told them that he now thought everything reasonably well established, both for the happiness and the virtue of the state; but that there was one thing still behind, of the greatest importance, which he thought not fit to impart until he had consulted the oracle; in the meantime, his desire was that they would observe the laws without even the least alteration until his return, and then he would do as the god should direct him. They all consented readily, and bade him hasten his journey; but, before he departed, he administered an oath to the two kings, the senate, and the whole commons, to abide by and maintain the established form of polity until Lycurgus should come back.

A Spartan Warrior.

This done, he set out for Delphi, and, having sacrificed to Apollo, asked him whether the laws he had established were good and sufficient for a people's happiness and virtue. The oracle answered that the laws were excellent, and that the people, while they observed them, should live in the height of renown. Lycurgus took the oracle in writing, and sent it over to

Sparta, and, having sacrificed a second time to Apollo, and taken leave of his friends and his son, he resolved that the Spartans should not be released from the oath they had taken, and that he would, of his own act, close his life where he was. He was now about that age in which life was still tolerable, and yet might be quitted without regret. Everything, moreover, about him was in a sufficiently prosperous condition. He therefore made an end to himself by a total abstinence from food; thinking it a statesman's duty to make his very death, if possible, an act of service to the state, and even in the end of his life to give some example of virtue and effect some useful purpose. Nor was he deceived in his expectations, for the city of Lacedæmon continued the chief city of all Greece for the space of five hundred years, in strict observance of Lycurgus's laws; in all of which time there was no manner of alteration made, during the reign of fourteen kings, down to the time of Agis, the son of Archidamus.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT

By JOHN H. GURNEY.

Alexander the Great.
(From cast in British Museum.)

ALEXANDER may well stand at the head of the World's Heroes and might serve for their type. Fighting, in his eyes, was the business of life, and glory and conquest meant the same thing. Plutarch has made us familiar with the stories of his boyhood, — how he would have been willing to run at the Olympic races if he might have kings for his rivals, — how he complained that Philip was winning towns and battles too fast, and would leave nothing for those who came after him to do, — how he astonished the Persian ambassadors by his ready wit, and made curious inquiries about the roads and towns of Asia; how he tamed Bucephalus, whom the courtiers did not dare to mount, and the father exultingly pronounced Macedon too small a kingdom

for his gallant boy. He delighted in Homer, studied under Aristotle, and wrote one day to his tutor, in a fit of enthusiasm, what was little verified in after life, that he "had rather surpass the rest of mankind in the sublimer branches of learning than in extent of power and dominion." He had little time for making great advances in philosophy, for his studies were soon superseded by more active pursuits. At sixteen he was appointed Regent by his father during his absence in the wars, and in the following year he had a post of command at Chæronea, and helped Philip to win his great victory over the Athenians and Thebans.

At twenty Alexander succeeded to the throne, B.C. 336. Men stood in doubt whether he could keep what his father had won, and maintain the Macedonian supremacy over Thracians, Thessalians, and Illyrians, and also over the now humbled republics of southern Greece. A single year settled this question. A powerful army in Peloponnesus silenced all remonstrants, Demosthenes inclusive; and Alexander was elected captain-general of the Greek confederacy by a council representing all the states except Lacedæmon. Then rapid marches carried him across Hæmus (or the Balkan), to the Danube; and the hardy races, who peopled the intervening country, were subdued in one short and brilliant campaign. Thebes revolted, and presently the youthful conqueror was at its gates, having passed Thermopylæ before his approach was suspected. The triumphing of the Democratical party was short, for the impetuous valor of the Macedonian army soon carried the city by storm, and a terrible retribution followed. Greece was soon to be left behind;

the hopes of men who chafed under the yoke, and might aim at independence in Alexander's absence, were to be crushed at once; so the name of Thebes was blotted out; its walls and buildings were razed to the ground; its territory was parcelled out among Alexander's Greek auxiliaries, and thirty thousand persons — men, women and children — were sold into slavery. Pindar's house, as Milton has reminded us in a noble sonnet, was allowed to stand; and his descendants, with priests and priestesses, and citizens who were known to have favored the Macedonian party, were exempted from the sweeping sentence.

In the spring of the following year, B.C. 334, an army of thirty thousand infantry and four thousand five hundred cavalry was conveyed across the Hellespont in a hundred and sixty triremes. Another fleet had sailed in the opposite direction two centuries before; and Alexander pleased himself with the thought that he was a Greek champion about to avenge the invasion of Xerxes. But the descendants of the men who fought at Marathon and Salamis had little interest in his quarrel, and really he was longing to win the hero's favorite prize, — the fame of conquest over a mighty foe. Conscious of power, boiling over with courage, with a frame almost incapable of fatigue, gifted too with the instinctive military genius which falls to the lot of a few only in many generations, he went joyously on, wasting peaceful provinces, challenging fresh foes, pursuing his march of conquest with little thought of the future, but revelling perpetually in the excitement of new scenes and unbroken successes. The army was worthy of its chief, more complete in its organization,

more terrible as an engine of destruction, than any that the world had seen; and all that generalship could do to make it more effective in the war of aggression, Alexander seemed to have mastered in the very earliest stage of manhood, when his adventurous career commenced. As a measure of precaution before he left Greece — policy superseding conscience whenever his own interest was clear — he put to death the kinsmen of his father's last wife, having previously murdered his own cousin and brother-in-law, the son of Philip's elder brother, as a possible pretender to the throne.

His first encounter with the Persians was at the River Granicus, in Phrygia, which his army forded in the face of the enemy; and after a brief contest on the bank, in which the world's history was nearly changed by three Persian chiefs, who were all on Alexander at once, and of whom two fell by his own hand, a complete rout ensued, and with a very trifling loss the Macedonians remained masters of the field. Phrygia surrendered at once; Sardis and Ephesus fell without a struggle; Miletus and Halicarnassus were besieged and taken; and the winter which followed sufficed for the reduction of the southern portion of Asia Minor. In the next summer (B.C. 333) he was ready for his onward march. Having received the submission of Paphlagonia and Cappadocia, he crossed Mount Taurus, where a scanty Persian host might easily have defended the passes, and halted for a time at a place familiar to Christian ears in connection with a far nobler hero, "Tarsus, a city in Cilicia." Darius meanwhile had collected a mighty host, numbering half a million (say

the writers, whom it is difficult to believe and impossible to contradict), and had placed himself at its head; his mother, wife and concubines, with the thousand attendants who minister to the luxury of an Eastern Court, all following in his train to share his anticipated triumph. The two armies met at Issus, again on the banks of a little stream which was easily forded by the Macedonians; and that portion of the army which was commanded by Alexander having turned the opposing forces of the enemy at the first charge, the Persian king took fright and fled out of the field in his chariot. No general was left to take his place; the panic spread; and, after a slight resistance on the part of some Grecian mercenaries, and a portion of the Persian cavalry, the rout was complete. Everything favored the pursuers; for Darius, rashly confiding in his numbers, had chosen ground intersected by defiles and watercourses; and again we are staggered by figures, which represent the loss of the defeated army as amounting to ten thousand cavalry and one hundred thousand foot soldiers. The spoil was immense, and the wife of Darius was among the captives, with his mother, sister, son and two daughters.

We do not wonder that a heart like Alexander's swelled with pride and beat high with hope on the morrow of this great victory. The ladies, be it mentioned to his honor, were treated with the utmost courtesy and delicacy; but when ambassadors came from the king, begging for their restitution and offering friendship and alliance, he gave vent to his towering vanity in the following reply: "By the grace of the gods I have been victorious, first over your satraps,

next over yourself. I possess the country you once ruled over; and many of your soldiers who fell not on the field of battle are willing to serve under my banners. Come to me, therefore, in person, as I am now master of all Asia. When you come, ask for your mother, wife, and children, and whatever else you wish for, and any reasonable request shall be granted. When next you write, however, address me not as an equal, but as king of Asia, and master of your fate; otherwise I shall deem your message an insult, and shall act accordingly." Not yet, however, was all Asia at his feet; the seven months' siege of Tyre, which followed close on these events, showed that the boast was somewhat premature; while two thousand of its citizens hung by order of Alexander on the seashore after the fighting was over, and thirty thousand, including women, children, and men of the meaner sort, sold into slavery, were a mean and cruel reprisal for an unexpected check to his march of conquest.

"Ambassadors Came from the King."

After the capture of Tyre, all Phœnicia was at the feet of this conqueror. Marching southward through Palestine, and, as Josephus informs us, visiting Jerusa-

lem in his way, he accepted the submission of Egypt, sailed upon the Nile, and laid the foundation of Alexandria. Gladly would he have lingered in the country which historical tradition had made so famous; but Darius was collecting another army, and when spring returned (B.C. 331) he made ready for the final struggle.

This took place at Arbela, not far from the eastern bank of the Tigris, and proved fatal to the Persian monarchy. Arrian reports the number of the slain on the Persian side as 300,000; and many more, he tells us, were taken prisoners. Such statements throw a fabulous air over the whole narrative. We may believe it or not as we please; but certainly, if it be not a monstrous exaggeration, the victory becomes a poor thing to boast of; for the achievement of the Macedonians was not the soldier's feat of overmatching a worthy antagonist, but the butcher's, rather, — of cutting down men, who were slaughtered like a flock of sheep. The army, with which Alexander had crossed the Hellespont, had been largely increased, probably by contributions from the conquered provinces; but let it have been doubled, and then, according to the historian's calculation, we have an average of ten, at least, killed or captured by every man who fought on the Grecian side, from Alexander to the meanest soldier in the ranks. Such things may have been in the olden time; but it seems far more probable that the men who surrounded the self-vaunting conqueror fed his pride with statements which were loose guesses at the truth, and that the numbers, which were not challenged at the time, passed down traditionally to the writers of history.

The spoils were Babylon, Susa, and Persepolis, with the untold wealth which the Persian monarchs had been accumulating for many generations. The plunder of Susa is reported to have yielded fifty thousand talents, or 11,000,000 sterling; while Persepolis stands yet higher, more than double that amount, say the chroniclers, having been collected out of the royal treasure-houses before the citadel and public buildings were given to the flames. Ten thousand mule carts and five thousand camels, says Plutarch, quoting Alexander's own letters, were put in requisition to carry off the money, precious metals, and other articles of value. On the same authority we learn another fact which we may take as a set-off against the pretty stories, making much of small virtues, which adorn other portions of the narrative. "He gave orders that the male inhabitants should be put to the sword, thinking it was for his own interest to do so"; the hero's plea in all ages, stated in all its nakedness, for crimes of the deepest dye. He called himself Captain-General of the Greeks; and the war passed for a war against barbarians to avenge ancient insults. But really it was selfish ambition, selfish policy, selfish calculation of consequences all through; and assuredly, if the conquerors were more refined and polished than the dwellers in eastern cities, their mode of warfare was at least as barbarous.

Four years had been spent by Alexander in conquering the western half of the Persian Empire; seven years of life remained. Had he had any nobler aspirations than that of vulgar conquerors, — to win yet more of fame at any cost of misery and bloodshed, —

he might have found ample employment for his talents and energies in building up a new empire, and seeking to infuse new life into nations whose manhood had departed. But rest had become impossible to him. To bear his standard onward over rivers and plains and mountains, — to explore and subdue countries, and then leave them behind him, without a thought of advantage on either side, to overawe unknown unoffending tribes who might own him, in some vague sense, as their master, — this was the absorbing, consuming passion of the mighty man of war whose fame has filled the world; and they who will may read the story through all its chapters to the end. Ours must be a shorter tale, for he has had eulogists enough already; and to trace all his marches, and number up all his victims, would be little to our purpose.

"To Bear His Standard Onward."

Starting from Ecbatana, the modern Ispahan, and receiving on his way the news of the assassination of Darius, he marched northwards across Mount Taurus almost to the Caspian Sea, and received the submission of the tribes which held the intervening country, called Hyrcania. Dropping names which hardly appear else-

where in ancient story, and taking a modern map for our guide, we track his course eastward across Khorassan as far as Herat, then southward almost to the Lake Zurrah in Afghanistan, then, following the course of the river Helmund, to Kandabar and Cabul. Next we find him on the banks of the Oxus, and Balk and Samarcand indicate his line of march. Tartary was just reached, and a point near the river Sihon, the ancient Jaxartes, marks the northern limit of his wanderings. Not yet, however, had he reached the eastern limit. Having lingered for a time at Balk, and received the submission of Bactriana and Sogdiana, making up the modern Bokhara, after being greeted by a complimentary embassy from the king of Chorasmia, or Khiva, he started, B.C. 327, on his Indian expedition.

Having passed Cabul, the gateway of India from the west, and crossed the Indus near Attock, he was met by another barrier in the river Jhylun, known to the ancients as the Hydaspes; and in King Porus, whose army of 30,000 infantry, 4,000 cavalry, and 200 elephants, lined the eastern bank, he found at last a worthy foe. But the river was forded in a stormy night; another victory was won on the day which followed; and the defeated monarch, a giant in stature, and of royal bearing, met Alexander as an equal, was courteously treated and permitted to retain his kingdom. Two more rivers were crossed, with the intervening portion of the Punjab, and a third was before them, known to the ancient world as Hyphasis. *Should it be crossed?* The men who had followed Alexander from Macedonia, almost to within sight of the Himalayas,

paused and asked themselves, and asked their comrades, whether the time for halting had not come. Scythia and India had yielded no spoil like that which rewarded their earlier victories, and life was being consumed in interminable and unprofitable marches. The gathering discontent reached the ear of the king; a council of war was summoned; and the speech which he addressed to his generals shows how vast and wild were the projects which filled his brain. Like Columbus, he had his own map of the world, and fancying the globe much smaller than it really was, deemed all Asia to be within his grasp. According to his theory the Caspian Sea to the north, and the Persian Gulf to the south, joined on to a great ocean which encompassed the whole earth; already they were not far from its western shore (in other words, Russia in Asia, Tartary, China, and southern India were blotted out); let them march on, and when the sea was reached, they would embark for the Persian Gulf, and thence find their way through Africa, or round it, to the Pillars of Hercules. "Toil and danger," he told them, "must attend valiant deeds; but such deeds made life worth having; or even, if death came, it could not harm those who had won an immortal name."

This vapid stuff, and some more of the same kind, fit for a heathen school-boy's declamation, was met by the sturdy good sense of men who had had enough of toil and glory, whose hearts yearned for home and kindred, and who, thanks to Alexander's abundant donatives, were rich enough to live at ease for the remainder of their lives. The oldest general answered for the rest: "Let us go home," he said, in substance,

"for if you look at our ranks you will find a small portion left of those who followed you from Greece. Exhausted with labors and sated with victory, we have no longer the heart to explore new countries and encounter new perils; wives, children, parents, have all their claim. Gladly would we return to them, and persuade you to return with us. When you have seen your mother once again, and settled your kingdom, start on a fresh expedition for eastern India, if you will. Another army, doubtless, will muster at your bidding. Many will see that we have returned laden with spoil, and will gladly take their share in such gainful conquests." The concluding words were in a higher strain, but as addressed to Alexander, fell upon ears as deaf as those of the adder to the voice of the charmer, — "Besides, O King, moderation in prosperity is above all things honorable; and although you, at the head of your brave army, have nothing to dread from mortal foes, yet the visitations of the Divinity are not to be foreseen, and men, therefore, cannot guard against them."

A Greek General.

The king yielded on compulsion, and set his face homeward; but never saw his mother or his kingdom. If the Hyphasis is to be translated into the Sutlej, the

same river is memorable in ancient and modern story. Certainly, Sobraon cannot be far from the place where this decision was taken, and British and Macedonian conquests have had a remarkable meeting point in the heart of Asia. We need not trace him backward stage by stage, — from the Punjab down the Indus to the Arabian Sea, then across Beloochistan to Persia, back to Ispahan, and thence to Babylon. There, we know, he sank under a fever, brought on, or aggravated, by a drinking bout; and the most appropriate inscription for his tomb would have been, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

We have not dwelt on Alexander's freaks and follies; but, if his biographers are to be trusted, they were at least as numerous as the sententious sayings which they report with admiration. His was not the wisdom which grew with years, nor the virtue which could resist temptations to self-idolatry such as never beset king or conqueror, perhaps, since the fall. Seldom has the world seen a more ridiculous exhibition of childish folly than his ordering unmanageable weapons, high mangers, and heavy bits, to be made and left on the banks of the Hyphasis, that people might say in after times that the soldiers of Alexander were giants who rode on tall horses. When his friend Hephæstion died, his grief, says Plutarch, "exceeded all bounds. The poor physician he crucified. Afterward he sought to relieve his sorrow by hunting, or rather by war, for men were his game." Arrian mentions the story about the physician as doubtful; but says that all agree that he went without food for three days, and ordered ten thousand talents to be spent upon a funeral pile.

"How noble and generous a friend!" his admirers exclaim; we call it rather capricious fondness on which no reliance could be placed. Just so when Bucephalus died, he founded a town in his honor; Alexander's friend and Alexander's war-horse all the world must talk about. Clitus, who had saved his life in battle, was rude to him one day at a banquet, and the enraged king slew him with his own hand. His religion seems to have consisted in offering sacrifices and dreading omens. Self-mastery is seldom the hero's virtue, and in his later years especially, his outbreaks of passion made him the terror of those who were admitted to his company.

In estimating his worth, the miserable sequel of his marvellous career must be taken into account. Fighting in his palace before his remains were buried,—the empty title of royalty given soon afterward to an infant who never ruled,— twenty generals disputing for the fragments of an Empire which had in it no principle of cohesion,— not one of them bound by ties of loyalty to his master's house, or declining for shame to take part in the general scramble,— a hundred wasted provinces overrun, parcelled out and oppressed by men who were strong for mischief, and impotent for good,— thus runs the tale for the warning and instruction of mankind. Such were the fruits of victory when the great self-glorifying destroyer of the ancient world had run his course.

After reading the story to the end, and comparing all that was mean and unworthy in the man with the sweep of his conquests and the vastness of his ambition, we are perfectly startled by praise like that which

DEATH OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT

is bestowed upon him by Bishop Thirlwall. "His main object," we are told, "was to found a solid and flourishing empire; but the means which he adopted for this end were such as the highest wisdom and benevolence might have suggested to him in his situation without any selfish motive." Did Alexander really suppose that the country beyond the Indus, with his native Macedon, and the Greek republics, with all the intervening provinces of the Persian empire, and Egypt to boot, might be consolidated into one flourishing kingdom? Did his dreams, when he stood on the banks of the Hyphasis, and was prevented from marching to the Ganges by men more sober than himself, look like the cogitations of a man laying his plans wisely for legislation and government? Master, as he was already, of an unwieldy empire, stretching through fifty degrees of longitude, the "highest wisdom," surely, might have suggested that repose was necessary for statesmanlike deliberation, — that, without adding to the magnitude of his task, he had labor enough for a life, — that to push his conquests a thousand miles farther to the east was not the best way of building up a well-compacted state. To us "selfish motives" seem to have predominated all through. Passion, and the humor of the moment, and the fame of more extended conquest, were the sole guides of his onward march that we can discover. "Let Alexander be greater in the world's account, and let men of any name and to any amount be his slaves or victims," seems the motto of his life. The bishop admits, with exemplary candor, that "we catch no hints of any political institutions, framed to secure the future welfare of his subjects;" — a capital

flaw, surely, in the character of one who had swept away an ancient monarchy, and was responsible, by his own acts, for the happiness of so many millions of his fellow-creatures.

Much more true to facts seems the decision of the last historian of Greece, Mr. Grote. "Apart from the transcendent merits of Alexander as a soldier and general, some authors give him credit for grand and beneficent views on the subject of imperial government and for intentions highly favorable to the improvement of mankind. I see no ground for adopting this opinion. As far as we can venture to anticipate what would have been Alexander's future, we see nothing in prospect except years of ever-repeated aggression and conquest, not to be concluded till he had traversed and subjugated all the inhabited globe." One pithy sentence, when the sad tale is ended, appears to me a sufficient answer to whole pages of eulogy like those of Arrian and others who write in the same strain. It embodies the history of a squandered life, and sums up, with fearful emphasis, the wide-wasting conqueror's crimes against humanity: "All his great qualities were fit for use only against enemies; in which category were numbered all mankind, known and unknown, except those who chose to submit to him."

Livy, in a well-known passage of his ninth book, raises the question whether Alexander would have conquered the Romans, if his triumphant march had reached to Italy; and he naturally determines the question in the negative. He enumerates eleven commanders, all contemporaries of Alexander, whom he deems fully equal, in all military qualities, to the

Macedonian conqueror. But what is very singular, while Christian writers still heap praises on his tomb, the heathen historian makes mention of his moral degradation as one reason why he would have been worsted by men like Fabius, Valerius Corvus, Papirius Cursor, and others whom he proudly names. Prosperity, he says, had corrupted him; no man could bear it less; his character was completely altered, and he would have reached Italy more like the effeminate Darius than Alexander in his prime. With mingled scorn and pity, writing of "so great a king," he adds, "I blush to speak of the pride that decked itself in newly fashioned garments, and courted servile homage from his victorious captains, — of cruel severity in punishment, — of friends slaughtered in his drunken revels, and the silly vanity of publishing lies about his lineage." "Large deductions," these, as the old Roman says, "from the qualities which make a great commander;" and heartily may we ratify the verdict, who have been taught a purer morality in the school of Christ.

Alexander lives in history as the most famous conqueror of antiquity, a man of great intellectual powers, who by his march through Asia, and by a few desultory efforts at colonization, let in some rays of light from Greece into the darkened chambers of the east. More than this he might have been, if his restless ambition would have let him pause, and inquire how his successes could be turned to good account. As it was, never were talents more squandered; never was a prodigal waste of life less justified by any fair pretence of evil to be averted from himself, or good wrought out

for others; never, with the single exception of Napoleon, did one man war against mankind with a more reckless disregard of human rights, or with more entire devotion to personal aggrandizement as the one end to which all others might be sacrificed.

PERICLES[1]

(From The Boys' and Girls' Plutarch.)

By PLUTARCH.

Pericles.
(From a bust in British Museum.)

PERICLES was of the tribe Acamantis, and the township Cholargus, of the noblest birth both on his father's and mother's side. Xanthippus, his father, who defeated the king of Persia's generals in the battle at Mycale, took to wife Agariste, the grandchild of Clisthenes, who drove out the sons of Pisistratus, and nobly put an end to their tyrannical usurpation, and moreover made a body of laws, and settled a model of government admirably tempered and suited for the harmony and safety of the people.

Pericles in other respects was perfectly formed physically, only his head was somewhat longish and out of proportion. For which reason almost all the images and statues that were made of him have the head

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covered with a helmet, the workmen apparently being willing not to expose him. The poets of Athens called him *Schinocephalos*, or squill-head, from *schinos*, a squill, or sea-onion.

Pericles was a hearer of Zeno, the Eleatic, who treated of natural philosophy in the same manner as Parminides did, but had also perfected himself in an art of his own for refuting and silencing opponents in argument; as Timon of Phlius describes it,—

> Also the two-edged tongue of mighty Zeno, who,
> Say what one would, could argue it untrue.

But he that saw most of Pericles, and furnished him most especially with a weight and grandeur of sense, superior to all arts of popularity, and in general gave him his elevation and sublimity of purpose and of character, was Anaxagoras of Clazomenæ; whom the men of those times called by the name of Nous, that is mind, or intelligence, whether in admiration of the great and extraordinary gift he displayed for the science of nature, or because he was the first of the philosophers who did not refer the first ordering of the world to fortune or chance, nor to necessity or compulsion, but to a pure, unadulterated intelligence, which in all other existing mixed and compound things acts as a principle of discrimination, and of combination of like with like.

For this man, Pericles entertained an extraordinary esteem and admiration, and, filling himself with this lofty and, as they call it, up-in-the-air, sort of thought, derived hence not merely, as was natural, elevation of purpose and dignity of language, raised far above the base and dishonest buffooneries of mob eloquence, but,

besides this, a composure of countenance, and a serenity and calmness in all his movements, which no occurrence whilst he was speaking could disturb, a sustained and even tone of voice, and various other advantages of a similar kind, which produced the greatest effect on his hearers.

Once, after being reviled and ill-spoken of all day long in his own hearing by some abandoned fellow in the open market-place where he was engaged in the despatch of some urgent affair, he continued his business in perfect silence, and in the evening returned home composedly, the man still dogging him at the heels, and pelting him all the way with abuse and foul language; and stepping into his house, it being by this time dark, he ordered one of his servants to take a light and to go along with the man and see him safe home.

Nor were these the only advantages which Pericles derived from Anaxagoras's acquaintance; he seems also to have become, by his instructions, superior to that superstition with which an ignorant wonder at appearances, for example, in the heavens, possesses the minds of people unacquainted with their causes, eager for the supernatural, and excitable through an inexperience which the knowledge of natural causes removes, replacing wild and timid superstition by the good hope and assurance of an intelligent piety. . . .

Pericles, while yet but a young man, stood in considerable apprehension of the people, as he was thought in face and figure to be very like the tyrant Pisistratus, and those of great age remarked upon the sweetness of his voice, and his volubility and rapidity in speaking, and were struck with amazement at the resem-

blance. But when Aristides was now dead, and Themistocles driven out, and Cimon was for the most part kept abroad by the expeditions he made in parts out of Greece, Pericles, seeing things in this posture, now advanced and took his side, not with the rich and few, but with the many and poor, contrary to his natural bent, which was far from democratical; but, most likely fearing he might fall under suspicion of aiming at arbitrary power, and seeing Cimon on the side of the aristocracy, and much beloved by the better and more distinguished people, he joined the party of the people, with a view at once both to secure himself and procure means against Cimon. . . .

THEMISTOCLES.

The style of speaking most consonant to his form of life and the dignity of his views he found, so to say, in the tones of that instrument with which Anaxagoras had furnished him; of his teaching he continually availed himself, and deepened the colors of rhetoric with the dye of natural science.

A saying of Thucydides, the son of Melesias, stands on record, spoken by him by way of pleasantry upon Pericles's dexterity. Thucydides was one of the noble and distinguished citizens, and had been his greatest opponent; and when Archidamus, the king of the Lacedæmonians, asked him whether he or Pericles were the better wrestler, he made this answer: "When I," said

he, "have thrown him and given him a fair fall, he by persisting that he had no fall, gets the better of me, and makes the bystanders, in spite of their own eyes, believe him."

The rule of Pericles has been described as an aristocratic government, that went by the name of a democracy, but was, indeed, the supremacy of a single great man; while many say that by him the common people were first encouraged and led on to such evils as appropriations of subject territory, allowances for attending theatres, payments for performing public duties, and by these bad habits were, under the influence of his public measures, changed from a sober, thrifty people, that maintained themselves by their own labors, to lovers of expense, intemperance, and license.

At the first, as has been said, when he set himself against Cimon's great authority, he did caress the people. Finding himself come short of his competitor in wealth and money, by which advantages the other was enabled to take care of the poor, inviting every day some one or other of the citizens that was in want to supper, and bestowing clothes on the aged people, and breaking down the hedges and enclosures of his grounds, that all that would might freely gather what fruit they pleased. Pericles, thus outdone in popular arts, turned to the distribution of the public moneys; and in a short time having bought the people over, what with moneys allowed for shows and for service on juries, and what with other forms of pay and largess, he made use of them against the council of Areopagus, and directed the exertions of his party against this council with such success, that most of those causes

and matters which had been formerly tried there were removed from its cognizance; Cimon, also, was banished by ostracism as a favorer of the Lacedæmonians and a hater of the people, though in wealth and noble birth he was among the first, and had won several most glorious victories over the barbarians, and had filled the city with money and spoils of war. So vast an authority had Pericles obtained among the people.

The ostracism was limited by law to ten years; but the Lacedæmonians, in the meantime, entering with a great army into the territory of Tanagra, and the Athenians going out against them, Cimon, coming from his banishment before his time was out, put himself in arms and array with those of his fellow-citizens that were of his own tribe, and desired by his deeds to wipe off the suspicion of his favoring the Lacedæmonians, by venturing his own person along with his countrymen.

But Pericles's friends, gathering in a body, forced him to retire as a banished man; for which cause also Pericles seems to have exerted himself more than in any other battle, and to have been conspicuous above all for his exposure of himself to danger. All Cimon's friends, also, to a man, fell together side by side, whom Pericles had accused with him of taking part with the Lacedæmonians. Defeated in this battle on their own frontiers, and expecting a new and perilous attack with return of spring, the Athenians now felt regret and sorrow for the loss of Cimon, and repentance for their expulsion of him.

Pericles, being sensible of their feelings, did not hesitate or delay to gratify it, and himself made the motion for recalling him home. He, upon his return, concluded

a peace betwixt the two cities; for the Lacedæmonians entertained as kindly feelings towards him as they did the reverse towards Pericles and the other popular leaders.

Cimon, while he was admiral, ended his days in the Island of Cyprus. And the aristocratic party, seeing that Pericles was already before this grown to be the greatest and foremost man of all the city, but nevertheless wishing there should be somebody set up against him, to blunt and turn the edge of his power, that it might not altogether prove a monarchy, put forward Thucydides of Alopece, a discreet person, and a near kinsman of Cimon's, to conduct the opposition against him; and so Pericles, at that time more than at any other, let loose the reins to the people, and made his policy subservient to their pleasure, contriving continually to have some great public show or solemnity, some banquet, or some procession or other in the town to please them, coaxing his countrymen like children, with such delights and pleasures as were not, however, unedifying. Besides that, every year he sent out threescore galleys, on board of which there went numbers of the citizens, who were in pay eight months, at the same time learning and practising the art of seamanship.

He sent, moreover, a thousand of them into the Chersonese as planters, to share the land among them by lot, and five hundred more into the isle of Naxos, and half that number to Andros, a thousand into Thrace to dwell among the Bisaltæ, and others into Italy, when the city Sybaris, which now was called Thurii, was to be repeopled. And this he did to ease and discharge the city of an idle, and, by reason of their idleness, a

busy, meddling crowd of people; and at the same time to meet the necessities and restore the fortunes of the poor townsmen, and to intimidate, also, and check their allies from attempting any change, by posting such garrisons, as it were, in the midst of them.

That which gave most pleasure and ornament to the city of Athens, and the greatest admiration and even astonishment to all strangers, and that which now is Greece's only evidence that the power she boasts of and her ancient wealth are no romance or idle story, was his construction of the public and sacred buildings.

The materials were stone, brass, ivory, gold, ebony, and cypress-wood; the artisans that wrought and fashioned them were smiths and carpenters, moulders, founders and braziers, stone-cutters, dyers, goldsmiths, ivory-workers, painters, embroiderers, turners; those again that conveyed them to the town for use, merchants and mariners and ship-masters by sea; and by land, cartwrights, cattle-breeders, wagoners, rope-makers, flax-workers, shoemakers, and leather-dressers, road-makers, miners. And every trade in the same nature, as a captain in an army has his particular company of soldiers under him, had its own hired company of journeymen and laborers belonging to it banded together as in array, to be as it were the instrument and body for the performance of the service. Thus, to say all in a word, the occasions and services of these public works distributed plenty through every age and condition.

As then grew the works up, no less stately in size than exquisite in form, the workmen striving to outvie the material and the design with the beauty of their

workmanship, yet the most wonderful thing of all was the rapidity of their execution. Undertakings, any one of which singly might have required, they thought, for their completion, several successions and ages of men, were every one of them accomplished in the height and prime of one man's political service. Although they say, too, that Zeuxis once, having heard Agatharchus, the painter, boast of despatching his work with speed and ease, replied, "I take a long time."

For ease and speed in doing a thing do not give the work lasting solidity or exactness of beauty; the expenditure of time allowed to a man's pains beforehand for the production of a thing is repaid by way of interest with a vital force for its preservation when once produced. For which reason Pericles's works are especially admired, as having been made quickly, to last long. For every particular piece of his work was immediately, even at that time, for its beauty and elegance, antique; and yet in its vigor and freshness looks to this day as if it were just executed. There is a sort of bloom of newness upon those works of his, preserving them from the touch of time, as if they had some perennial spirit and undying vitality mingled in the composition of them.

Phidias had the oversight of all the works, and was surveyor-general, though upon the various portions other great masters and workmen were employed. For Callicrates and Ictinus built the Parthenon; the chapel at Eleusis, where the mysteries were celebrated, was begun by Corœbus, who erected the pillars that stand upon the floor or pavement, and joined them to the architraves; and after his death Metagenes of Xypete

added the frieze and the upper line of columns; Xenocles of Cholargus roofed or arched the lantern on the top of the temple of Castor and Pollux; and the long wall, which Socrates says he himself heard Pericles propose to the people, was undertaken by Callicrates.

The Odeum, or music-room, which in its interior was full of seats and ranges of pillars, and outside had its roof made to slope and descend from one single point at the top, was constructed, we are told, in imitation of the king of Persia's Pavilion; this likewise by Pericles's order; which Cratinus again, in his comedy called The Thracian Woman, made an occasion of raillery, —

> So, we see here,
> Jupiter Long-pate Pericles appear,
> Since ostracism time he's laid aside his head,
> And wears the new Odeum in its stead.

Pericles, also, eager for distinction, then first obtained the decree for a contest in musical skill to be held yearly at the Panathenæa, and he himself, being chosen judge, arranged the order and method in which the competitors should sing and play on the flute and on the harp. And both at that time, and at other times also, they sat in this music-room to see and hear all such trials of skill.

The propylæa, or entrances to the Acropolis, were finished in five years' time, Mnesicles being the principal architect. A strange accident happened in the course of building, which showed that the goddess was not averse to the work, but was aiding and co-operating to bring it to perfection.

One of the artificers, the quickest and the handiest

workman among them all, with a slip of his foot fell down from a great height, and lay in a miserable condition, the physicians having no hopes of his recovery. When Pericles was in distress about this, Athena appeared to him at night in a dream, and ordered a course of treatment which he applied, and in a short time, and with great ease, cured the man. And upon this occasion it was that he set up a brass statue of Athena, surnamed Health, in the citadel near the altar, which they say was there before.

But it was Phidias who wrought the goddess's image in gold, and he has his name inscribed on the pedestal as the workman of it; and indeed the whole work in a manner was under his charge, and he had, as we have said already, the oversight over all the artists and workmen, through Pericles's friendship for him.

A Competitor in Musical Skill.

When the orators, who sided with Thucydides and his party, were at one time crying out, as their custom was, against Pericles, as one who squandered away the public money and made havoc of the state revenues, he rose in the open assembly and put the question to the people, whether they thought that he had laid out much; and they saying, "Too much, a great deal," "Then," said he, "since it is so, let the cost not go to your account, but to mine; and let the inscription upon the building

stand in my name." When they heard him say thus, whether it were out of a surprise to see the greatness of his spirit, or out of emulation of the glory of the works, they cried aloud, bidding him to spend on, and lay out what he thought fit from the public purse, and to spare no cost, till all were finished.

At length, coming to a final contest with Thucydides, which of the two should ostracize the other out of the country, and, having gone through this peril, he threw his antagonist out, and broke up the confederacy that had been organized against him. So that now all schism and division being at an end, and the city brought to evenness and unity, he got all Athens and all affairs that pertained to the Athenians into his own hands, their tributes, their armies, and their galleys, the islands, the sea, and their wide-extended power, partly over other Greeks and partly over barbarians, and all that empire which they possessed, founded and fortified upon subject nations and royal friendships and alliances.

After this he was no longer the same man he had been before, not as tame and gentle and familiar as formerly with the populace, nor as ready to yield to their pleasures and to comply with the desires of the multitude, as a steersman shifts with the winds. Quitting that loose, remiss, and, in some cases, licentious court of the popular will, he turned those soft and flowery modulations to the austerity of aristocratical and regal rule; but, employing this uprightly and undeviatingly for the country's best interests, he was able generally to lead the people along, with their own will and consent, by persuading and showing them what was to be done.

The source of this predominance was not barely his power of language, but, as Thucydides the historian assures us, the reputation of his life, and the confidence felt in his character; his manifest freedom from every kind of corruption, and superiority to all considerations of money. Notwithstanding he had made the city of Athens, which was great of itself, as great and rich as can be imagined, and though he were himself in power and interest more than equal to many kings and absolute rulers, who some of them also bequeathed by will their power to their children, he, for his part, did not make the patrimony his father left him greater than it was by one drachma.

Teleclides says the Athenians had surrendered to him —

> The tribute of the cities, and, with them, the cities too, to do with them as he pleases, and undo;
> To build up, if he likes, stone walls around a town; and again, if so he likes, to pull them down;
> Their treaties and alliances, power, empire, peace, and war, their wealth and their success forevermore.

Nor was all this the luck of some happy occasion; nor was it the mere bloom and grace of a policy that flourished for a season; but having for fifty-five years together maintained the first place among statesmen, in the exercise of one continuous unintermitted command in the office, to which he was annually re-elected, of general, he preserved his integrity unspotted; though otherwise he was not altogether idle or careless in looking after his pecuniary advantage; his paternal estate, which of right belonged to him, he so ordered that it

might neither through negligence be wasted or lessened, nor yet, being so full of business as he was, cost him any great trouble or time with taking care of it; and put it into such a way of management as he thought to be the most easy for himself, and the most exact. All his yearly products and profits he sold together in a lump, and supplied his household needs afterward by buying everything that he or his family wanted out of the market.

Upon which account, his children, when they grew to age, were not well pleased with his management; since there was not there, as is usual in a great family and a plentiful estate, anything to spare, or over and above; but all that went out or came in, all disbursements and all receipts, proceeded as it were by number and measure. His manager in all this was a single servant, Evangelus by name, a man either naturally gifted or instructed by Pericles so as to excel every one in this art of domestic economy.

The Lacedæmonians beginning to show themselves troubled at the growth of the Athenian power, Pericles, on the other hand, to elevate the people's spirit yet more, and to raise them to the thought of great actions, proposed a decree to summon all the Greeks in what part soever, whether of Europe or Asia, every city, little as well as great, to send their deputies to Athens, to a general assembly or convention, there to consult and advise concerning the Greek temples which the barbarians had burnt down; and also concerning the navigation of the sea, that they might henceforward all of them pass to and fro and trade securely. and be at peace among themselves.

Nothing was effected, nor did the cities meet by their deputies, as was desired; the Lacedæmonians, as it is said, crossing the design underhand, and the attempt being disappointed and baffled first in Peloponnesus. I thought fit, however, to introduce the mention of it, to show the spirit of the man and the greatness of his thoughts.

In his military conduct he gained a great reputation for wariness; he would not by his good-will engage in any fight which had much uncertainty or hazard; he did not envy the glory of generals whose rash adventures fortune favored with brilliant success, however they were admired by others; nor did he think them worthy his imitation, but always used to say to his citizens that, so far as lay in his power, they should continue immortal, and live forever.

Seeing Tolmides, the son of Tolmæus, upon the confidence of his former successes, and flushed with the honor his military actions had procured him, making preparation to attack the Bœotians in their own country, when there was no likely opportunity, and that he had prevailed with the bravest and most enterprising of the youth to enlist themselves as volunteers in the service, who besides his other force made up a thousand, he endeavored to withhold him, and advised him against it in the public assembly, telling him in a memorable saying of his which still goes about, that, if he would not take Pericles's advice, yet he would not do amiss to wait and be ruled by time, the wisest counsellor of all. This saying, at that time, was but slightly commended; but, within a few days after, when news was brought that Tolmides himself had been defeated and

slain in battle near Coronea, and that many brave citizens had fallen with him, it gained him great repute as well as good-will among the people, for wisdom and for love of his countrymen.

But of all his expeditions, that to the Chersonese gave most satisfaction and pleasure, having proved the safety of the Greeks who inhabited there. For not only by carrying along with him a thousand fresh citizens of Athens, he gave new strength and vigor to the cities, but also by belting the neck of land, which joins the peninsula to the continent, with bulwarks and forts from sea to sea, he put a stop to the inroads of the Thracians, who lay all about the Chersonese, and closed the door against a continual and grievous war, with which that country had been long harassed, lying exposed to the encroachments and influx of barbarous neighbors, and groaning under the evils of a predatory population both upon and within its borders.

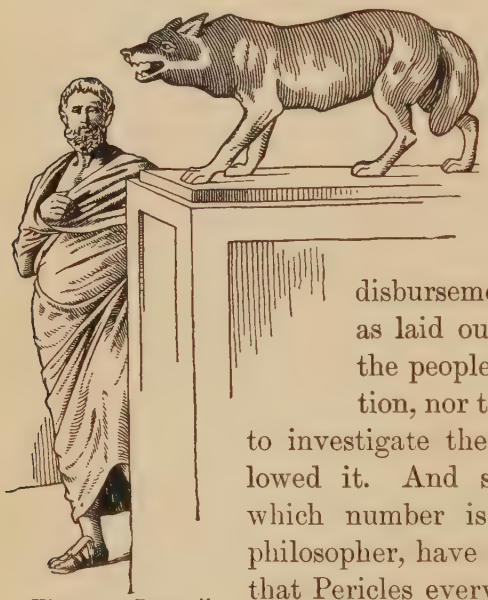
Entering also the Euxine Sea with a large and finely equipped fleet, he obtained for the Greek cities any new arrangements they wanted, and entered into friendly relations with them, and to the barbarous nations, the kings and chiefs round about them, displayed the greatness of the power of the Athenians, their perfect ability and confidence to sail wherever they had a mind, and to bring the whole sea under their control. He left the Sinopians thirteen ships of war, with soldiers under the command of Lamachus, to assist them against Timesileus the tyrant; and, when he and his accomplices had been thrown out, obtained a decree that six hundred of the Athenians that were willing should sail to Sinope and plant themselves there with

the Sinopians, sharing among them the houses and land which the tyrant and his party had previously held.

But in other things he did not comply with the giddy impulses of the citizens, nor quit his own resolutions to follow their fancies, when, carried away with the thought of their strength and great success, they were eager to interfere again in Egypt, and to disturb the king of Persia's maritime dominions. Nay, there were a good many who were, even then, possessed with that unblest and unauspicious passion for Sicily, which afterward the orators of Alcibiades's party blew up into a flame. There were some also who dreamt of Tuscany and of Carthage, and not without plausible reason in their present large dominion and the prosperous course of their affairs.

But Pericles curbed this passion for foreign conquest, and unsparingly pruned and cut down their ever-busy fancies for a multitude of undertakings, and directed their power for the most part to securing and consolidating what they had already got, supposing it would be quite enough for them to do, if they could keep the Lacedæmonians in check; to whom he entertained all along a sense of opposition; which, as upon many other occasions, he particularly showed by what he did in the time of the holy war. The Lacedæmonians, having gone with an army to Delphi, restored Apollo's temple, which the Phocians had got into their possession, to the Delphians; immediately after their departure, Pericles, with another army, came and restored it to the Phocians. And the Lacedæmonians having engraved the record of their privilege of consulting the oracle

before others, which the Delphians gave them, upon the forehead of the brazen wolf which stands there, he, also, having received from the Phocians the like privilege for the Athenians, had it cut upon the same wolf of brass, on his right side.



"Wolf of Brass."

When Pericles, in giving up his accounts, stated a disbursement of ten talents, as laid out upon fit occasion, the people, without any question, nor troubling themselves to investigate the mystery, freely allowed it. And some historians, in which number is Theophrastus the philosopher, have given it as a truth that Pericles every year used to send privately the sum of ten talents to Sparta, with which he complimented those in office, to keep off the war; not to purchase peace either, but time, that he might prepare at leisure, and be the better able to carry on war hereafter.

After this, having made a truce between the Athenians and Lacedæmonians for thirty years, he ordered, by public decree, the expedition against the Isle of Samos, on the ground, that, when they were bid to leave off their war with the Milesians, they had not complied. For the two states were at war for the possession of Priene; and the Samians, getting the better,

refused to lay down their arms and to have the controversy betwixt them decided by arbitration before the Athenians. Pericles, therefore, fitting out a fleet, went and broke up the oligarchical government at Samos, and, taking fifty of the principal men of the town as hostages, and as many of their children, sent them to the isle of Lemnos, there to be kept, though he had offers, as some relate, of a talent apiece for himself, from each one of the hostages, and of many other presents from those who were anxious not to have a democracy. Moreover, Pissuthnes the Persian, one of the king's lieutenants, bearing some good-will to the Samians, sent him ten thousand pieces of gold to excuse the city. Pericles, however, would receive none of all this; but after he had taken that course with the Samians which he thought fit, and set up a democracy among them, sailed back to Athens.

But they, however, immediately revolted, Pissuthnes having privily got away their hostages for them, and provided them with means for the war. Whereupon Pericles came out with a fleet a second time against them, and found them not idle nor slinking away, but manfully resolved to try for the dominion of the sea. The issue was, that, after a sharp sea-fight about the island called Tragia, Pericles obtained a decisive victory, having with forty-four ships routed seventy of the enemy's, twenty of which were carrying soldiers.

Together with his victory and pursuit, having made himself master of the port, he laid siege to the Samians, and blocked them up, who yet, one way or other, still ventured to make sallies, and fight under the city walls. But after another greater fleet from Athens had arrived,

and the Samians were now shut up with a close leaguer on every side, Pericles, taking with him sixty galleys, sailed out into the main sea, with the intention, as most authors give the account, to meet a squadron of Phœnician ships that were coming for the Samians' relief, and to fight them at as great a distance as could be from the island; but, as Stesimbrotus says, with a design of putting over to Cyprus; which does not seem to be probable. But whichever of the two was his intent, it seems to have been a miscalculation. For on his departure, Melissus, the son of Ithagenes, a philosopher, being at that time general in Samos, despising either the small number of the ships that were left or the inexperience of the commanders, prevailed with the citizens to attack the Athenians. And the Samians having won the battle and taken several of the men prisoners, and disabled several of the ships, were masters of the sea, and brought into port all necessaries they wanted for the war, which they had not before. Aristotle says, too, that Pericles himself had been once before this worsted by this Melissus in a sea-fight.

The Samians, that they might requite an affront which had before been put upon them, branded the Athenians, whom they took prisoners, in their foreheads, with the figure of an owl. For so the Athenians had marked them before with a Samæna, which is a sort of ship, low and flat in the prow, so as to look snub-nosed, but wide and large and well-spread in the hold, by which it both carries a large cargo and sails well. And it was so called, because the first of that kind was seen at Samos, having been built by order of Polycrates the tyrant. These brands upon the Samians'

foreheads, they say, are the allusion in the passage of Aristophanes, where he says, —

For, oh, the Samians are a lettered people.

Pericles, as soon as the news was brought him of the disaster that had befallen his army, made all the haste he could to come in to their relief, and having defeated Melissus, who bore up against him, and put the enemy to flight, he immediately proceeded to hem them in with a wall, resolving to master them and take the town, rather with some cost and time than with the wounds and hazards of his citizens. But as it was a hard matter to keep back the Athenians, who were vexed at the delay, and were eagerly bent to fight, he divided the whole multitude into eight parts, and arranged by lot that that part which had the white bean should have leave to feast and take their ease, while the other seven were fighting. And this is the reason, they say, that people, when at any time they have been merry, and enjoyed themselves, call it white day, in allusion to this white bean. . . .

In the ninth month, the Samians surrendering themselves and delivering up the town, Pericles pulled down their walls, and seized their shipping, and set a fine of a large sum upon them, part of which they paid down at once, and they agreed to bring in the rest by a certain time, and gave hostages for security. Pericles, however, after the reduction of Samos, returning back to Athens, took care that those who died in the war should be honorably buried, and made a funeral harangue, as the custom is, in their commendation at their graves, for which he gained great admiration. As he

came down from the stage on which he spoke, all the women except Elpinice, the aged sister of Cimon, came and complimented him, taking him by the hand, and crowning him with garlands and ribbons, like a victorious athlete in the games.

After this was over, the Peloponnesian war beginning to break out in full tide, he advised the people to send help to the Corcyræans, who were attacked by the Corinthians, and to secure to themselves an island possessed of great naval resources, since the Peloponnesians were already all but in actual hostilities against them. Archidamus, the king of the Lacedæmonians, endeavoring to bring the greater part of the complaints and matters in dispute to a fair determination, and to pacify and allay the heats of the allies, it is very likely that the war would not upon any other grounds of quarrel have fallen upon the Athenians, could they have been prevailed upon to be reconciled with the inhabitants of Megara.

The true occasion of the quarrel is not easy to find out. The worst motive of all, which is confirmed by most witnesses, is to the following effect. Phidias the Moulder had, as has before been said, undertaken to make the statue of Athena. Now he, being admitted to friendship with Pericles, and a great favorite of his, had many enemies upon this account, who envied and maligned him; and they, to make trial in a case of his what kind of judges the commons would prove, should there be occasion to bring Pericles himself before them, having tampered with Menon, one who had been a workman with Phidias, stationed him in the market-place, with a petition desiring public security upon his

discovery and impeachment of Phidias. The people admitting the man to tell his story, and the prosecution proceeding in the assembly, there was nothing of theft or cheat proved against him; for Phidias, from the very beginning, by the advice of Pericles, had so wrought and wrapt the gold that was used in the work about the statue, that they might take it all off and make out the just weight of it, which Pericles at that time bade the accusers do. But the reputation of his works was what brought envy upon Phidias, especially that where he represents the fight of the Amazons upon the goddesses' shield, he had introduced a likeness of himself as a bald old man holding up a great stone with both hands, and had put in a very fine representation of Pericles fighting with an Amazon. And the position of the hand, which holds out the spear in front of the face, was ingeniously contrived to conceal in some degree the likeness, which, meantime, showed itself on either side.

Athena.

Phidias then was carried away to prison, and there died of a disease; but, as some say, of poison administered by the enemies of Pericles, to raise a slander, or a suspicion at least, as though he had procured it. The informer Menon, upon Glycon's proposal, the people made free from payment of taxes and customs, and ordered the generals to take care that nobody should

do him any hurt. And Pericles, finding that in Phidias's case he had miscarried with the people, being afraid of impeachment, kindled the war, which hitherto had lingered and smothered, and blew it up into a flame; hoping, by that means, to disperse and scatter these complaints and charges, and to allay their jealousy; the city usually throwing herself upon him alone, and trusting to his sole conduct, upon the urgency of great affairs and public dangers, by reason of his authority and the sway he bore.

These are given out to have been the reasons which induced Pericles not to suffer the people of Athens to yield to the proposals of the Lacedæmonians; but their truth is uncertain.

The Lacedæmonians, therefore, and their allies, with a great army, invaded the Athenian territories, under the conduct of King Archidamus, and laying waste the country, marched on as far as Acharnæ, and there pitched their camp, presuming that the Athenians would never endure that, but would come out and fight them for their country's and their honor's sake. But Pericles looked upon it as dangerous to engage in battle, to the risk of the city itself, against sixty thousand men-at-arms of Peloponnesians and Bœotians; for so many they were in number that made the inroad at first; and he endeavored to appease those who were desirous to fight, and were grieved and discontented to see how things went, and gave them good words, saying, that "trees when they are lopped and cut, grow up again in a short time, but men, being once lost, cannot easily be recovered."

He did not convene the people into an assembly, for

fear lest they should force him to act against his judgment; and many of his enemies threatened and accused him for doing as he did, and made many songs and lampoons upon him, which were sung about the town to his disgrace, reproaching him with the cowardly exercise of his office of general, and the tame abandonment of everything to the enemy's hands. . . .

Pericles, however, was not at all moved by any attacks, but took all patiently, and submitted in silence to the disgrace they threw upon him and the ill-will they bore him; and, sending out a fleet of a hundred galleys to Peloponnesus, he did not go along with it in person, but stayed behind, that he might watch at home and keep the city under his own control, till the Peloponnesians broke up their camp and were gone.

Yet to soothe the common people, jaded and distressed with the war, he relieved them with distributions of public moneys, and ordained new divisions of subject land. For having turned out all the people of Ægina, he parted the island among the Athenians, according to lot. Some comfort, also, and ease in their miseries, they might receive from what their enemies endured. For the fleet, sailing round the Peloponnesus, ravaged a great deal of the country, and pillaged and plundered the towns and smaller cities; and by land he himself entered with an army the Megarian country, and made havoc of it all. Whence it is clear that the Peloponnesians, though they did the Athenians much mischief by land, yet suffering as much themselves from them by sea, would not have protracted the war to such a length, but would quickly have given it over, as

Pericles at first foretold they would, had not some divine power crossed human purposes.

In the first place, the pestilential disease, or plague, seized upon the city, and ate up all the flower and prime of their youth and strength. Upon occasion of which, the people, distempered and afflicted in their souls, as well as in their bodies, were utterly enraged like madmen against Pericles, and, like patients grown delirious, sought to lay violent hands on their physician, or, as it were, their father.

Finding the Athenians ill affected and highly displeased with him, he tried and endeavored what he could to appease and re-encourage them. But he could not pacify or allay their anger, nor persuade or prevail with them any way, till they freely passed their votes upon him, resumed their power, took away his command from him, and fined him in a sum of money.

After this, public troubles were soon to leave him unmolested; the people, so to say, discharged their passion in their stroke, and lost their stings in the wound. But his domestic concerns were in an unhappy condition, many of his friends and acquaintances having died in the plague time, and those of his family having long since been in disorder and in a kind of mutiny against him. For the eldest of his sons, Xanthippus by name, being naturally prodigal, and marrying a young and expensive wife, was highly offended at his father's economy in making him but a scanty allowance, by little and little at a time. He sent, therefore, to a friend one day, and borrowed some money of him in his father Pericles's name, pretending it was by his order. The man coming afterward to demand the debt, Pericles was

so far from yielding to pay it that he entered an action against him. Upon which the young man, Xanthippus, thought himself so ill-used and disobliged, that he openly reviled his father; telling first by way of ridicule, stories about his conversations at home, and the discourses he had with the sophists and scholars that came to his house. As for instance, how one who was a practiser of the five games of skill, having with a dart or javelin unawares, against his will, struck and killed Epitimus the Pharsalian, his father spent a whole day with Protagoras in a serious dispute, whether the javelin, or the man that threw it, or the masters of the games who appointed these sports, were, according to the strictest and best reason, to be accounted the cause of this mischance.

And in general this difference of the young man's with his father, and the breach betwixt them, continued never to be healed or made up till his death. For Xanthippus died in the plague time of the sickness. At which time Pericles also lost his sister, and the greatest part of his relations and friends, and those who had been most useful and serviceable to him in managing the affairs of state. However, he did not shrink or give in upon these occasions, nor betray or lower his high spirit and the greatness of his mind under all his misfortunes; he was not even so much as seen to weep or to mourn, or even attend the burial of any of his friends or relations, till at last he lost his only remaining son. Subdued by this blow, and yet striving still, as far as he could, to maintain his principle, and to preserve and keep up the greatness of his soul, when he came, however, to perform the ceremony of putting a

garland of flowers upon the head of the corpse, he was vanquished by his passion at the sight, so that he burst into exclamations, and shed copious tears, having never done any such thing in all his life before.

The city having made trial of other generals for the conduct of war, and orators for business of state, when they found there was no one who was of weight enough for such a charge, or of authority sufficient to be trusted with so great a command, regretted the loss of him, and invited him again to address and advise them, and to resume the office of general. He, however, lay at home in dejection and mourning; but was persuaded by Alcibiades and others of his friends to come abroad and show himself to the people; who having, upon his appearance, made their acknowledgments, and apologized for their untowardly treatment of him, he undertook the public affairs once more.

About this time, it seems, the plague seized Pericles, not with sharp and violent fits, as it did others that had it, but with a dull and lingering distemper, attended with various changes and alternations, leisurely, by little and little, wasting the strength of his body, and undermining the noble faculties of his soul.

When he was now near his end, the best of the citizens and those of his friends who were left alive, sitting about him, were speaking of the greatness of his merit, and his power, and reckoning up his famous actions and the number of his victories; for there were no less than nine trophies, which, as their chief commander and conqueror of their enemies, he had set up, for the honor of the city. They talked thus together among themselves, as though he were unable to understand or

mind what they said, but had now lost his consciousness. He had listened, however, all the while, and attended to all, and speaking out among them, said that he wondered they should commend and take notice of things that were as much owing to fortune as to anything else, and had happened to many other commanders, and, at the same time, should not speak or make mention of that which was the most excellent and greatest thing of all.

"For," said he, "no Athenian, through my means, ever wore mourning."

He was indeed a character deserving our high admiration, not only for his equable and mild temper, which all along in the many affairs of his life, and the great animosities which he incurred, he constantly maintained; but also for the high spirit and feeling which made him regard it the noblest of all his honors that, in the exercise of such immense power, he never had gratified his envy or his passion, nor ever had treated any enemy as irreconcilably opposed to him. And to me it appears that this one thing gives that otherwise childish and arrogant title a fitting and becoming significance; so dispassionate a temper, a life so pure and unblemished, in the height of power and place, might well be called "Olympian," in accordance with our conceptions of the divine beings, to whom, as the natural authors of all good and of nothing evil, we ascribe the rule and government of the world.

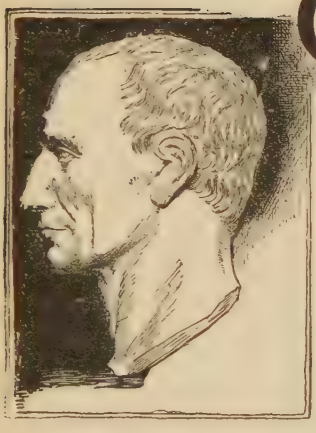
The course of public affairs after his death produced a quick and speedy sense of the loss of Pericles. Those who, while he lived, resented his great authority, as that which eclipsed themselves, presently after his

quitting the stage, making trial of other orators and demagogues, readily acknowledged that there never had been in nature such a disposition as his was, more moderate and reasonable in the height of that state he took upon him, or more grave and impressive in the mildness which he used.

THE MURDER OF JULIUS CÆSAR

100 B.C.—44 B.C.

By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.



Julius Cæsar.
(From bust in British Museum.)

CÆSAR was king in fact, and to recognize facts is more salutary than to ignore them. An acknowledgment of Cæsar as king might have made the problem of reorganization easier than it proved. The army had thought of it. He was on the point of starting for Parthia, and a prophecy had said that the Parthians could only be conquered by a king. But the Roman people were sensitive about names.

Though their liberties were restricted for the present, they liked to hope that one day the Forum might recover its greatness. The Senate, meditating on the insult which they had received, concluded that Cæsar might be tempted, and that if they could bring him to consent he would lose the people's hearts. They had already made him Dictator for life; they voted next

that he really should be King, and, not formally perhaps, but tentatively, they offered him the crown. He was sounded as to whether he would accept it. He understood the snare and refused. What was to be done next? He would soon be gone to the east. Rome and its hollow adulations would lie behind him, and their one opportunity would be gone also. They employed some one to place a diadem on the head of his statue which stood upon the Rostra. It was done publicly, in the midst of a vast crowd, in Cæsar's presence. Two eager tribunes tore the diadem down, and ordered the offender into custody. The treachery of the Senate was not the only danger.

His friends in the army had the same ambition for him. A few days later, as he was riding through the streets, he was saluted as King by the mob. Cæsar answered calmly that he was not King, but Cæsar, and there the matter might have ended; but the tribunes rushed into the crowd to arrest the leaders; a riot followed, for which Cæsar blamed them; they complained noisily; he brought their conduct before the Senate, and they were censured and suspended; but suspicion was doing its work, and honest republican hearts began to heat and kindle.

The kingship assumed a more serious form on the 15th of February at the Lupercalia — the ancient carnival. Cæsar was in his chair, in his consular purple, wearing a wreath of bay, wrought in gold. The honor of the wreath was the only distinction which he had accepted from the Senate with pleasure. He retained a remnant of youthful vanity, and the twisted leaves concealed his baldness. Antony, his

colleague in the consulship, approached with a tiara, and placed it on Cæsar's head, saying, "The people give you this by my hand."

That Antony had no sinister purpose is obvious. He perhaps spoke for the army; or it might be that Cæsar himself suggested Antony's action that he might end the agitation of so dangerous a subject.

He answered in a loud voice "that the Romans had no king but God," and ordered that the tiara should be taken to the Capitol, and placed on the statue of Jupiter Olympius. The crowd burst into an enthusiastic cheer; and an inscription on a brass tablet recorded that the Roman people had offered Cæsar the crown by the hands of the consul, and that Cæsar had refused it. . . .

Jupiter Olympius.

The question of the kingship was over; but a vague alarm had been created, which answered the purpose of the Optimates. Cæsar was at their mercy any day. They had sworn to maintain all his acts. They had sworn, after Cicero's speech, individually and collectively to defend his life. Cæsar, whether he believed them sincere or not, had taken them at their word, and came daily to the Senate unarmed and without a guard. He had a protection in the people. If the Optimates killed him without preparation, they knew that they would be immediately massacred. But an atmosphere of suspicion and

uncertainty had been successfully generated, of which they determined to take immediate advantage. There were no troops in the city. Lepidus, Cæsar's master of the horse, who had been appointed governor of Gaul, was outside the gates, with a few cohorts; but Lepidus was a person of feeble character, and they trusted to be able to deal with him.

Sixty senators, in all, were parties to the immediate conspiracy. Of these nine-tenths were members of the old faction whom Cæsar had pardoned, and who, of all his acts, resented most that he had been able to pardon them. They were the men who had stayed at home, like Cicero, from the fields of Thapsus and Munda, and had pretended penitence and submission that they might take an easier road to rid themselves of their enemy. Their motives were the ambition of their order and personal hatred of Cæsar; but they persuaded themselves that they were animated by patriotism, and as, in their hands, the Republic had been a mockery of liberty, so they aimed at restoring it by a mock tyrannicide.

Their oaths and their professions were nothing to them. If they were entitled to kill Cæsar, they were entitled equally to deceive him. No stronger evidence is needed of the demoralization of the Roman Senate than the completeness with which they were able to disguise from themselves the baseness of their treachery. One man only they were able to attract into co-operation who had a reputation for honesty, and could be conceived, without absurdity, to be animated by a disinterested purpose.

Marcus Brutus was the son of Cato's sister Ser-

vilia. . . . He had married Cato's daughter, Portia, and on Cato's death had published a eulogy upon him. Cæsar left him free to think and write what he pleased. He had made him prætor; he had nominated him to the governorship of Macedonia. Brutus was perhaps the only member of the senatorial party in whom Cæsar felt genuine confidence. His known integrity, and Cæsar's acknowledged regard for him, made his accession to the conspiracy an object of particular importance. The name of Brutus would be a guaranty to the people of rectitude of intention. Brutus, as the world went, was of more than average honesty. He had sworn to be faithful to Cæsar as the rest had sworn, and an oath with him was not a thing to be emotionalized away; but he was a fanatical republican, a man of gloomy habits, given to dreams and omens, and easily liable to be influenced by appeals to visionary feelings.

Caius Cassius, his brother-in-law, was employed to work upon him. Cassius, too, was prætor that year, having been also nominated to office by Cæsar. He knew Brutus, he knew where and how to move him. He reminded him of the great traditions of his name. A Brutus had delivered Rome from the Tarquins. The blood of a Brutus was consecrated to liberty. This, too, was mockery: Brutus, who expelled the Tarquins, put his sons to death, and died childless; Marcus Brutus came of good plebeian family with no glories of tyrannicide about them; but an imaginary genealogy suited well with the spurious heroics which veiled the motives of Cæsar's murderers.

Brutus, once wrought upon, became with Cassius the most ardent in the cause which assumed the aspect to

him of a sacred duty. Behind them were the crowd of senators of the familiar faction, and others worse than they, who had not even the excuse of having been partisans of the beaten cause; men who had fought at Cæsar's side till the war was over, and believed, like Labienus, that to them Cæsar owed his fortune, and that he alone ought not to reap the harvest.

One of these was Trebonius, who had misconducted himself in Spain, and was smarting under the recollection of his own failures. Trebonius had long before sounded Antony on the desirableness of removing their chief.

Antony, though he remained himself true, had unfortunately kept his friend's counsel. Trebonius had been named by Cæsar for a future consulship, but a distant reward was too little for him. Another and a yet baser traitor was Decimus Brutus, whom Cæsar valued and trusted beyond all his officers, whom he had selected as guardian for Augustus, and had noticed, as was seen afterwards, with special affection in his will. The services of these men were invaluable to the conspirators on account of their influence with the army.

Decimus Brutus, like Labienus, had enriched himself in Cæsar's campaigns, and had amassed near half a million of English money. It may have been easy to persuade him and Trebonius that a grateful Republic would consider no recompense too large to men who would sacrifice their commander to their country. To Cæsar they could be no more than satellites; the first prizes of the Empire would be offered to the choice of the saviors of the constitution. . . .

The assassination in itself was easy, for Cæsar would

take no precautions. So portentous an intention could not be kept entirely secret; many friends warned him to beware; but he disdained too heartily the worst that his enemies could do to him to vex himself with thinking of them, and he forbade the subject to be mentioned any more in his presence. Portents, prophecies, soothsayings, frightful aspects in the sacrifices, natural growths of alarm and excitement, were equally vain.

"Am I to be frightened," he said, in answer to some report of the haruspices, "because a sheep is without a heart?"

An important meeting of the Senate had been called for the Ides (the 15th) of March. The Pontifices, it was whispered, intended to bring on again the question of the Kingship before Cæsar's departure. The occasion would be appropriate. The Senate-house itself was a convenient scene of operations. The conspirators met at supper the evening before at Cassius's house. Cicero, to his regret, was not invited. The plan was simple, and was rapidly arranged. Cæsar would attend unarmed. The senators not in the secret would be unarmed also. The party who intended to act were to provide themselves with poniards, which could be easily concealed in their paper boxes.

So far all was simple; but a question rose whether Cæsar only was to be killed, or whether Antony and Lepidus were to be despatched along with him. They decided that Cæsar's death would be sufficient. To spill blood without necessity would mar, it was thought, the sublimity of their exploit. Some of them liked Antony. None supposed that either he or Lepidus would be dangerous when Cæsar was gone.

In this resolution Cicero thought that they made a fatal mistake; fine emotions were good in their place, in the perorations of speeches and such like; Antony, as Cicero admitted, had been signally kind to him; but the killing Cæsar was a serious business, and his friends should have died along with him. It was determined otherwise. Antony and Lepidus were not to be touched. For the rest, the assassins had merely to be in their places in the Senate in good time. When Cæsar entered, Trebonius was to detain Antony in conversation at the door. The others were to gather about Cæsar's chair on pretence of presenting a petition, and so could make an end. A gang of gladiators were to be secreted in the adjoining theatre to be ready should any unforeseen difficulty present itself.

The same evening, the 14th of March, Cæsar was at a "Last Supper" at the house of Lepidus. The conversation turned on death, and on the kind of death which was most to be desired. Cæsar, who was signing papers while the rest were talking, looked up and said, "A sudden one."

When great men die, imagination insists that all nature shall have felt the shock. Strange stories were told in after years of the uneasy labors of the elements that night.

> A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
> The graves did open, and the sheeted dead
> Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.

The armor of Mars, which stood in the hall of the Pontifical Palace, crashed down upon the pavement. The door of Cæsar's room flew open. Calpurnia

dreamt her husband was murdered, and that she saw him ascending into heaven, and received by the hand of God. In the morning the sacrifices were again unfavorable. Cæsar was restless. Some natural disorder affected his spirits, and his spirits were reacting on his body. Contrary to his usual habit, he gave way to depression. He decided, at his wife's entreaty, that he would not attend the Senate that day.

March 15, B.C. 44, the house was full. The conspirators were in their places with their daggers ready. Attendants came in to remove Cæsar's chair. It was announced that he was not coming. Delay might be fatal. They conjectured that he already suspected something. A day's respite, and all might be discovered. His familiar friend whom he trusted — the coincidence is striking! — was employed to betray him.

Decimus Brutus, whom it was impossible for him to distrust, went to entreat his attendance, giving reasons to which he knew that Cæsar would listen, unless the plot had been actually betrayed. It was now eleven in the forenoon. Cæsar shook off his uneasiness, and rose to go. As he crossed the hall, his statue fell, and shivered on the stones. Some servant, perhaps, had heard whispers, and wished to warn him.

As he still passed on, a stranger thrust a scroll into his hand, and begged him to read it on the spot. It contained a list of the conspirators, with a clear account of the plot. He supposed it to be a petition, and placed it carelessly among his other papers. The fate of the Empire hung upon a thread, but the thread was not broken. As Cæsar had lived to reconstruct the Roman world, so his death was necessary to finish the work.

He went on to the Curia, and the senators said to themselves that the augurs had foretold his fate, but he would not listen; he was doomed for his "contempt of religion."

Antony, who was in attendance, was detained, as had been arranged, by Trebonius. Cæsar entered, and took his seat. His presence awed men, in spite of themselves, and the conspirators had determined to act at once, lest they should lose courage to act at all. He was familiar and easy of access. They gathered round him. He knew them all. There was not one from whom he had not a right to expect some sort of gratitude, and the movement suggested no suspicion.

One had a story to tell him; another some favor to ask. Tullius Cimber, whom he had just made governor of Bithynia, then came close to him, with some request which he was unwilling to grant. Cimber caught his gown, as if in entreaty, and dragged it from his shoulders. Cassius, who was standing behind, stabbed him in the throat. He started up with a cry, and caught Cassius's arm. Another poniard entered his breast, giving a mortal wound. He looked round, and seeing not one friendly face, but only a ring of daggers pointing at him, he drew his gown over his head, gathered the folds about him that he might fall decently, and sank down without uttering another word.

Cicero was present. The feelings with which he watched the scene are unrecorded, but may easily be imagined. Waving his dagger, dripping with Cæsar's blood, Brutus shouted to Cicero by name, congratulating him that liberty was restored.

The Senate rose with shrieks and confusion, and

rushed into the Forum. The crowd outside caught the words that Cæsar was dead, and scattered to their houses.

Antony, guessing that those who had killed Cæsar would not spare himself, hurried off into concealment. The murderers, bleeding some of them from wounds which they had given one another in their eagerness, followed, crying that the tyrant was dead, and that Rome was free; and the body of the great Cæsar was left alone in the house where a few weeks before Cicero had told him that he was so necessary to his country that every senator would die before harm should reach him! . . .

"The Body of the Great Cæsar was Left Alone."

The body was brought down to the Forum and placed upon the Rostra. The dress had not been changed; the gown, gashed with daggers and soaked in blood, was still wrapped about it. The will was read first. It reminded the Romans that they had been always in Cæsar's thoughts, for he had left each citizen seventy-five drachmas (nearly 3*l.* of English money), and he had left them his gardens on the Tiber, as a perpetual recreation ground, a possession which Domitius Ahenobarbus had designed for himself before Pharsalia. He had made Octavius his general heir; among the second heirs, should Octavius fail, he had named Decimus

Brutus, who had betrayed him. A deep movement of emotion passed through the crowd when, beside the consideration for themselves, they heard from this record, which could not lie, a proof of the confidence which had been so abused. Antony, after waiting for the passion to work, then came forward.

Cicero had good reason for his fear of Antony. He was a loose soldier, careless in his life, ambitious, extravagant, little more scrupulous perhaps than any average Roman gentleman. But for Cæsar his affection was genuine. The people were in intense expectation.

He produced the body, all bloody as it had fallen, and he bade a herald first read the votes which the Senate had freshly passed, heaping those extravagant honors upon Cæsar which he had not desired, and the oath which the senators had each personally taken to defend him from violence. He then spoke — spoke with the natural vehemence of a friend, yet saying nothing which was not literally true. The services of Cæsar neither needed nor permitted the exaggeration of eloquence.

He began with the usual encomiums. He spoke of Cæsar's family, his birth, his early history, his personal characteristics, his thrifty private habits, his public liberality; he described him as generous to his friends, forbearing with his enemies, without evil in himself, and reluctant to believe evil of others.

"Power in most men," he said, "has brought their faults to light. Power in Cæsar brought into prominence his excellences. Prosperity did not make him insolent, for it gave him a sphere which corresponded

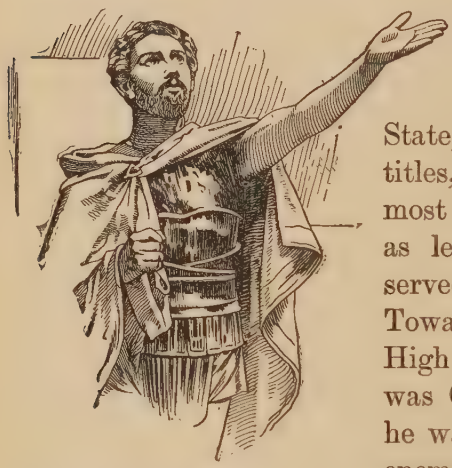
to his nature. His first services in Spain deserved a triumph; of his laws I could speak forever. His campaigns in Gaul are known to you all. The land from which the Teutons and Cimbri poured over the Alps is now as well ordered as Italy. Cæsar would have added Germany and Britain to your Empire, but his enemies would not have it so. They regarded the Commonwealth as the patrimony of themselves. They brought him home. They went on with their usurpations till you yourselves required his help. He set you free. He set Spain free. He labored for peace with Pompey, but Pompey preferred to go into Greece, to bring the powers of the East upon you, and he perished in his obstinacy.

"Cæsar took no honor to himself for this victory. He abhorred the necessity of it. He took no revenge. He praised those who had been faithful to Pompey, and he blamed Pharnaces for deserting him. He was sorry for Pompey's death, and he treated his murderers as they deserved. He settled Egypt and Armenia. He would have disposed of the Parthians had not fresh seditions recalled him to Italy. He quelled those seditions.

"He restored peace in Africa and Spain, and again his one desire was to spare his fellow-citizens. There was in him an 'inbred goodness.' He was always the same — never carried away by anger, and never spoilt by success. He did not retaliate for the past, he never tried by severity to secure himself for the future. His effort throughout was to save all who would allow themselves to be saved.

"He repaired old acts of injustice. He restored the

families of those who had been proscribed by Sylla, but he burnt unread the correspondence of Pompey and Scipio, that those whom it compromised might neither suffer injury nor fear injury. You honored him as your father; you loved him as your benefactor; you made him chief of the State, not being curious of titles, but regarding the most which you could give as less than he had deserved at your hands. Towards the Gods he was High Priest. To you he was Consul; to the army he was Imperator; to the enemies of his country Dictator. In sum he was *Pater Patriæ*.



"He Has Been Killed by His Fellow-Countrymen."

"And this your father, your Pontifex, this hero, whose person was declared inviolable, lies dead — dead, not by disease or age, not by war or visitation of God, but here at home, by conspiracy within your own walls, slain in the Senate-house, the warrior unarmed, the peacemaker naked to his foes, the righteous judge in the seat of judgment. He whom no foreign enemy could hurt has been killed by his fellow-countrymen — he, who had so often shown mercy, by those whom he had spared. Where, Cæsar, is your love for mankind? Where is the sacredness of your life? Where are your laws? Here you lie murdered — here in the Forum,

Julius Cæsar and His Wife Calpurnia

through which so often you marched in triumph wreathed with garlands; here upon the rostra from which you were wont to address your people. Alas for your gray hairs dabbled in blood! alas for this lacerated robe in which you were dressed for the sacrifice!"

Antony's words, as he well knew, were a declaration of irreconcilable war against the murderers and their friends. As his impassioned language did its work the multitude rose into fury. They cursed the conspirators. They cursed the Senate who had sat by while the deed was being done. They had been moved to fury by the murder of Clodius. Ten thousand Clodiuses, had he been all which their imagination painted him, could not equal one Cæsar.

They took on themselves the order of the funeral. They surrounded the body, which was reverently raised by the officers of the Forum. Part proposed to carry it to the Temple of Jupiter, in the Capitol, and to burn it under the eyes of the assassins; part to take it into the Senate-house and use the meeting-place of the Optimates a second time as the pyre of the people's friend.

A few legionaries, perhaps to spare the city a general conflagration, advised that it should be consumed where it lay. The platform was torn up and the broken timbers piled into a heap. Chairs and benches were thrown on to it, the whole crowd rushing wildly to add a chip or splinter. Actors flung in their dresses, musicians their instruments, soldiers their swords. Women added their necklaces and scarfs. Mothers brought up their children to contribute toys and playthings. On the pile so composed the body of Cæsar was reduced to

ashes. The remains were collected with affectionate care and deposited in the tomb of the Cæsars, in the Campus Martius. The crowd, it was observed, was composed largely of libertini and of provincials whom Cæsar had enfranchised. The demonstrations of sorrow were most remarkable among the Jews, crowds of whom continued for many nights to collect and wail in the Forum at the scene of the singular ceremony.

When the people were in such a mood, Rome was no place for the conspirators. They scattered over the Empire: Decimus Brutus, Marcus Brutus, Cassius, Cimber, Trebonius, retreated to the provinces which Cæsar had assigned them, the rest clinging to the shelter of their friends. The legions — a striking tribute to Roman discipline — remained by their eagles, faithful to their immediate duties, and obedient to their officers, till it could be seen how events would turn. Lepidus joined the army in Gaul; Antony continued in Rome, holding the administration in his hands and watching the action of the Senate. Cæsar was dead. But Cæsar still lived. "It was not possible that the grave should hold him." The people said that he was a god, and had gone back to heaven, where his star had been seen ascending; his spirit remained on earth, and the vain blows of the assassins had been but "malicious mockery."

"We have killed the king," exclaimed Cicero, in the bitterness of his disenchantment, "but the kingdom is with us still." . . .

In person Cæsar was tall and slight. His features were more refined than was usual in Roman faces; the forehead was wide and high, the nose large and thin,

the lips full, the eyes dark gray like an eagle's, the neck extremely thick and sinewy. His complexion was pale. His beard and mustache were kept carefully shaved. His hair was short and naturally scanty, falling off towards the end of his life and leaving him partially bald. His voice, especially when he spoke in public, was high and shrill. His health was uniformly strong until his last year, when he became subject to epileptic fits.

He was a great bather and scrupulously clean in all his habits, abstemious in his food, and careless in what it consisted, rarely or never touching wine, and noting sobriety as the highest of qualities when describing any new people. He was an athlete in early life, admirable in all manly exercises, and especially in riding.

In Gaul he rode a remarkable horse, which he had bred himself, and which would let no one but Cæsar mount him. From his boyhood it was observed of him that he was the truest of friends, that he avoided quarrels, and was most easily appeased when offended. In manner he was quiet and gentlemanlike, with the natural courtesy of high breeding. On an occasion when he was dining somewhere the other guests found the oil too rancid for them. Cæsar took it without remark, to spare his entertainer's feelings. When on a journey through a forest with his friend Oppius, he came one night to a hut where there was a single bed. Oppius being unwell, Cæsar gave it up to him, and slept on the ground.

It was by accident that Cæsar took up the profession of a soldier; yet perhaps no commander who ever

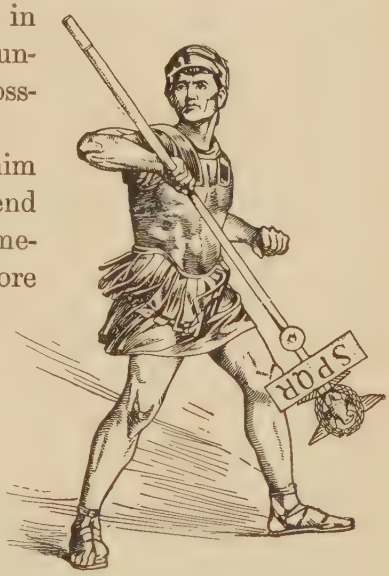
lived showed greater military genius. The conquest of Gaul was effected by a force numerically insignificant, which was worked with the precision of a machine. The variety of uses to which it was capable of being turned implied, in the first place, extraordinary forethought in the selection of materials.

Men whose nominal duty was merely to fight were engineers, architects, mechanics of the highest order. In a few hours they could extemporize an impregnable fortress on an open hillside. They bridged the Rhine in a week. They built a fleet in a month. The legions at Alesia held twice their number pinned within their works, while they kept at bay the whole force of insurgent Gaul, entirely by scientific superiority. The machine, which was thus perfect, was composed of human beings who required supplies of tools, and arms, and clothes, and food, and shelter, and for all these it depended on the forethought of its commander.

Maps there were none. Countries entirely unknown had to be surveyed; routes had to be laid out; the depths and courses of rivers, the character of mountain passes, had all to be ascertained. Allies had to be found among tribes as yet unheard of. Countless contingent difficulties had to be provided for, many of which must necessarily arise, though the exact nature of them could not be anticipated. When room for accidents is left open, accidents do not fail to be heard of. But Cæsar was never defeated when personally present, save once at Gergovia, and once at Durazzo; and the failure at Gergovia was caused by the revolt of the Ædui; and the manner in which the failure at Durazzo

was retrieved showed Cæsar's greatness more than the most brilliant of his victories.

He was rash, but with a calculated rashness, which the event never failed to justify. His greatest successes were due to the rapidity of his movements, which brought him on the enemy before they heard of his approach. He travelled sometimes a hundred miles a day, reading or writing in his carriage, through countries without roads, and crossing rivers without bridges.



Roman Standard-Bearer.

No obstacles stopped him when he had a definite end in view. In battle he sometimes rode; but he was more often on foot, bareheaded, and in a conspicuous dress, that he might be seen and recognized. Again and again by his own efforts he recovered a day that was half lost. He once seized a panic-stricken standard-bearer, turned him round, and told him that he had mistaken the direction of the enemy. He never misled his army as to an enemy's strength, or if he misstated their numbers it was only to exaggerate.

Yet he was singularly careful of his soldiers. He allowed his legions rest, though he allowed none to himself. He rarely fought a battle at a disadvantage. He never exposed his men to unnecessary danger, and

the loss by wear and tear in the campaigns in Gaul was exceptionally and even astonishingly slight. When a gallant action was performed, he knew by whom it had been done, and every soldier, however humble, might feel assured that if he deserved praise he would have it. The army was Cæsar's family.

When Sabinus was cut off, he allowed his beard to grow, and he did not shave it till the disaster was avenged. If Quintus Cicero had been his own child, he could not have run greater personal risk to save him when shut up at Charleroy. In discipline he was lenient to ordinary faults, and not careful to make curious inquiries into such things. He liked his men to enjoy themselves. Military mistakes in his officers too he always endeavored to excuse, never blaming them for misfortunes, unless there had been a defect of courage as well as judgment.

Mutiny and desertion only he never overlooked. And thus no general was ever more loved by, or had greater power over, the army which served under him. He brought the insurgent tenth legion into submission by a single word. When the Civil War began and Labienus left him, he told all his officers who had served under Pompey that they were free to follow if they wished. Not another man forsook him. . . .

When prætor Cæsar brought back money from Spain to the treasury; but he was never charged at the time with peculation or oppression there. In Gaul the war paid its own expenses; but what temples were there in Gaul which were worth spoiling? Of temples he was, indeed, scrupulously careful. Varro had taken gold from the Temple of Hercules at Cadiz. Cæsar replaced

it. Metellus Scipio had threatened to plunder the Temple of Diana at Ephesus. Cæsar protected it. In Gaul the Druids were his best friends; therefore he certainly had not outraged religion there; and the quiet of the province during the Civil War is a sufficient answer to the accusation of gratuitous oppression.

The Gauls paid the expenses of their conquest in the prisoners taken in battle, who were sold to the slave merchants; and this is the real blot on Cæsar's career. But the blot was not personally upon Cæsar, but upon the age in which he lived. The great Pomponius Atticus himself was a dealer in human chattels. That prisoners of war should be sold as slaves was the law of the time, accepted alike by victors and vanquished; and the crowds of libertini who assisted at Cæsar's funeral proved that he was not regarded as the enemy of these unfortunates, but as their special friend.

As far as his public action was concerned, he betrayed no passion save hatred of injustice; and he moved through life calm and irresistible, like a force of nature. . . .

From cant of all kinds he was totally free. He was a friend of the people, but he indulged in no enthusiasm for liberty. He never dilated on the beauties of virtue, or complimented, as Cicero did, a Providence in which he did not believe. He was too sincere to stoop to unreality.

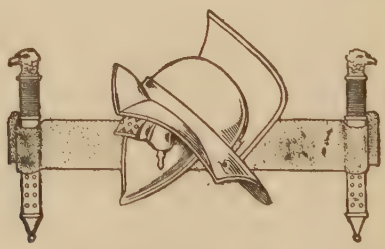
He held to the facts of this life and to his own convictions; and as he found no reason for supposing that there was a life beyond the grave he did not pretend to expect it. He respected the religion of the Roman State as an institution established by the laws. He

encouraged or left unmolested the creeds and practices of the uncounted sects or tribes who were gathered under the eagles.

But his own writings contain nothing to indicate that he himself had any religious belief at all. He saw no evidence that the gods practically interfered in human affairs. He never pretended that Jupiter was on his side. He thanked his soldiers after a victory, but he did not order *Te Deums* to be sung for it; and in the absence of these conventionalisms he perhaps showed more real reverence than he could have displayed by the freest use of the formulas of pietism.

He fought his battles to establish some tolerable degree of justice in the government of this world; and he succeeded, though he was murdered for doing it.

Strange and startling resemblance between the fate of the founder of the kingdom of this world and of the Founder of the kingdom not of this world, for which the first was a preparation. Each was denounced for making himself a king. Each was maligned as the friend of publicans and sinners; each was betrayed by those whom he had loved and cared for; each was put to death; and Cæsar also was believed to have risen again and ascended into heaven and become a divine being.



CHARLEMAGNE

(From Torch-Bearers of History.)

By AMELIA HUTCHISON STIRLING.

The Charlemagne of Epic.
(From Albrecht Dürer.)

FROM the fall of the first Roman Empire of the West to the foundation of the second by Charlemagne, in 800 A.D., the history of Europe is chiefly an account of the fights of the savage tribes of Goths and Lombards and Saxons and Franks, their settlement in the various countries of western Europe, and their gradual conversion to Christianity. Much that is most interesting gathers round the lives of the saints — the good men and women who, like Augustine and Columba in our own country, did their best to teach the gospel of Christ to the heathen tribes among whom they lived. During these three centuries most of the Saxons in Britain became Christians; but they were still very rude and uncivilized, and often at war with each other (for there were still several kings ruling in England).

One great power still remained in Europe — the Roman Empire of the East, of which Constantinople was the capital; but it was slowly passing into decay, and I do not think there is much in its history at this time which you would find interesting, or which it is important for you to know. One thing, however, which it is well to know about it is, that twice during this period Constantinople was besieged (though not taken) by the Arabs, a people who rose to great importance during the seventh century.

Meantime in Italy one rude Teutonic or German tribe followed on the footsteps of another. Odoacer, the German chief who had deposed the last emperor of Rome, was himself put to death by the Ostrogoths (East-Goths), who ruled in Italy for about sixty years. Afterwards, in 568, the Lombards or Longobards, who came from about the centre of Germany, conquered Italy, where twenty-one Lombard kings bore sway until the kingdom was finally overthrown by Charlemagne.

Charlemagne, or Charles the Great, was by race a Frank. The Franks, when first we hear of them, were a tribe of people dwelling on the east bank of the Rhine; but afterwards they conquered the country which was then called Gaul, but has since been called, from the name of its conquerors, France.

The grandfather of Charlemagne, whose name was also Charles, was a very brave and skilful warrior, and was given the surname of "Martel," or the Hammer, in consequence of the way in which he beat the Arabs at the battle of Tours, in 732 — one of the most important battles that had been fought for centuries. The Arabs

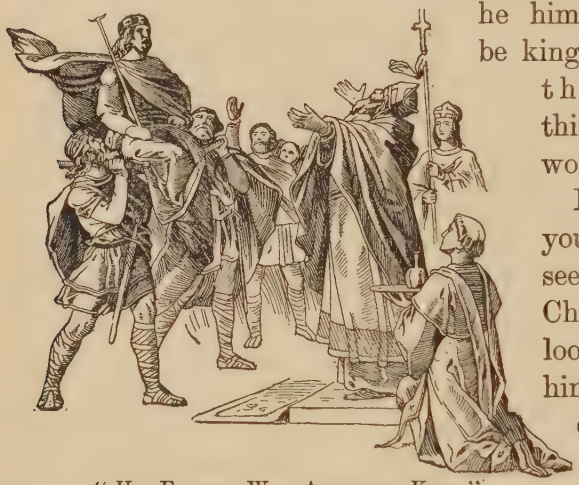
had conquered Spain early in the eighth century, and would no doubt have conquered France too, if Charles Martel had not met and defeated them at Tours so completely that never again did they venture to enter France.

Charles Martel was not king of the Franks, but only the mayor of the palace, or the chief officer of the king; but his son Pepin, the father of Charlemagne, became king with the consent of the Pope, and on his death his son ruled in his stead.

Charlemagne was born in 742. When he was a boy he was not sent to school, as all boys are now-a-days. After the fall of Rome the schools had been mostly destroyed by the attacks of the various heathen tribes that invaded the empire, and for centuries — centuries known as the Dark Ages — learning was almost forgotten, except by a few Greeks in Constantinople, or by a solitary monk here and there. But though he was not taught from books, he was taught the various arts of war; and while quite a boy he accompanied his father, who was himself a brave soldier and a skilful statesman, on a great expedition against the Lombards in Italy, and thus had an early experience of actual warfare.

It was in return for his services against the Lombards that the Pope consented to make Pepin king of the Franks. Charlemagne was only a boy of about twelve when, with solemn pomp and ceremony, his father was anointed king, and he himself was baptized, by the Pope's own hands, at Münster, a town which you will still see marked in the map of North Germany. You can imagine what a deep impression the scene must

have made on the boy's imagination, and how often afterwards he must have dreamed of the time when he himself should be king, and of all the great things that he would do.



"His Father Was Anointed King."

Pepin, as you will have seen, was a Christian, and looked upon himself as the champion of the Pope and of Christianity against the different heathen tribes.

When Charlemagne grew up and became king, which he did in 768, at the age of twenty-six, he too made it one of his greatest aims to defend and extend Christianity wherever he could, and to conquer the heathen whom he could not convert. He had not been very long king when he led his army against the Saxons, a wild people in the north of Germany, numbers of whom had gone over to Britain more than three centuries before, and were now masters there.

The object of this war, as Charlemagne himself declared, was to convert the heathen to Christianity, "the true and saving faith." To us now-a-days it seems a very strange thing that any one should have thought of preaching the gospel of peace with the edge of the sword; but Charlemagne, great though he was, did not

understand fully the true meaning of the religion of which he professed himself a follower, any more than did the fierce rabble who tore Hypatia limb from limb in Alexandria more than three hundred years before. The ugliest blot on the memory of Charlemagne is an act of cruelty which he committed upon these poor Saxons, who, if they were fierce and rude and uncultured, showed great courage in the way in which they fought and struggled for their freedom against the power of the great king.

For thirty years the struggle lasted, during which time again and again the Saxons were defeated, and they rose up again and again after Charlemagne thought they were finally settled. At last on one occasion he had hardly left their country, after making arrangements for peace with them, when he heard that they had again risen in rebellion. In great anger at this breach of the treaty just made, he hastened back and ordered about four thousand prisoners, who refused to become Christians, to be put to death. Even after that, the Saxons rose against him again under their brave leader Wittikind; but they were finally defeated, and Wittikind and his wife were obliged to be baptized and to adopt the Christian religion. Then Charlemagne, in order to divide the people, took great numbers of them from their homes, and sent them to other parts of his empire; and he was never troubled by them again.

But you must not suppose that during all these thirty years Charlemagne was fighting only with the Saxons. During that time the great kingdom which his father had left had grown on all sides. In 774, at the request of the Pope, whom the Lombards had at-

tacked, he had entered Italy, besieged the king of the Lombards in Pavia, south of Milan, and completely conquered him, after which all that large part of Italy which had belonged to the Lombards for more than two hundred years became part of his empire, and he was acknowledged as chief over the whole of northern Italy.

Four years later, some Christian chiefs in Spain begged him to come and help them against the Arabs, or Moors as they were called, who, as I told you, had conquered that country about half-a-century before. So Charlemagne got together his army, and accompanied by some of his brave paladins, as his chief nobles were called, he set out for Spain. They crossed the Pyrenees, the high mountains which, as you know, separate France from Spain, and made their way as far as the river Ebro, conquering all who opposed them. But on their journey homewards a very sad event happened, which became the favorite subject for the songs of poets centuries afterwards. This was the death of young Roland, the nephew of Charlemagne, and the noblest of his paladins.

As the story goes (but I must warn you that this is not *history*), the army of Charlemagne, in a long column, was making its way homewards through a narrow pass in the Pyrenees called Roncesvalles — Roland, who had command of the rear-guard, being far behind the front ranks, where Charlemagne himself rode. Now a wicked traitor, who hated Roland for some reason or other, had told the enemy how the French army was returning; so, when Charlemagne and the main body of the army were well in front, suddenly Roland with his small rear-

guard was attacked by thousands of armed men. For a long time the small band of the Franks defended themselves with the greatest bravery, and thousands of the enemy fell around them.

Roland had a wonderful horn, which could be heard for miles away; but he would not blow it until he saw that all was lost. Then he blew a long clear note, which echoed among the hills and reached the ears of Charlemagne himself. But the traitor, Ganelon, was with him, and persuaded him that the sound he heard was not the horn of Roland, but something else. Then again Roland blew his horn, again the great leader heard and would have turned back, but again the traitor persuaded him to advance. Then Roland blew with all the strength that remained in him, till his cheeks were nearly bursting and the veins rose big and swollen on his brow; and so loud and strong was the note he blew that this time Charlemagne knew he was not mistaken, and hastened back, only to find his brave paladin and all his followers lying dead. But terrible was the vengeance which he took upon the foe — so runs the story.

But I do not wish to write of nothing but battles, or I might tell you of another great expedition which Charlemagne led against some savage tribes dwelling in the country about the Danube; and how he planned and at once set men to work at a canal between this great river and the river Maine. If you will consult your map of Europe, you will see that this canal would connect the Black Sea and the Mediterranean with the North Sea; and you can well imagine how it would have helped to bring the different countries he had con-

quered into one united kingdom if it had been completed. But it never was. I think this scheme of the canal helps us to understand better than anything else he did in his life what was the dream of Charlemagne. His dream was, I think, the union of all the countries he had conquered — of all the heathen tribes that for centuries had been constantly at war with one another — into one great empire, the new Empire of the West, in which the power and the learning of ancient Rome should be united with the religion of Christ.

Charlemagne Crowned Emperor of Rome.

This dream must have seemed to be realized when, on Christmas-day of the year 800, in a church in Rome in which the sacred day was being celebrated with all pomp and magnificence, the Pope brought forth a crown and placed it on the head of Charlemagne, hailing him as "Emperor of Rome," while hundreds of voices with loud shouts re-echoed the words. So in the city where Julius Cæsar had fallen a sacrifice to liberty, a barbarian and a Christian assumed the crown which Cæsar's

fellow-citizens would not let him wear. The Roman Empire of the West, which had fallen more than three hundred years before, was now restored.

The remaining fourteen years of his life Charlemagne spent chiefly in strengthening the boundaries of his empire (in particular he placed forts along the coast-line, to protect the empire from the invasions of the Normans and the Danes, which had already begun), in trying to spread among his subjects a knowledge of the arts of peace, in founding schools, and in encouraging learning by every means in his power. Learned men from all countries were invited to settle in the empire; and one in particular, the great English scholar Alcuin, was persuaded to be for years the tutor of the emperor and his family.

Scarcely a year before his death, Charlemagne, feeling that he had become old and feeble, resolved to make his son Louis (the only son left to him) his colleague in the empire. There was a solemn scene one Sunday in the grand cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle, when the aged emperor publicly declared his resolution, and earnestly reminded his son of the duties of a good sovereign, bidding him put the crown on his head.

After that he retired from public life, living quietly at Aix-la-Chapelle, where he died in 814. His last words were, "Now, Lord, into thy hands I commit my spirit."

ALFRED THE GREAT

By GEORGE F. BOSWORTH, F.R.G.S.

ALFRED THE GREAT.
(From Asser's "Life of Alfred.")

ALFRED was born in the year 849 at Wantage, a little market town in Berkshire, situated in the midst of smiling meadows and clumps of trees. In those far-off days it was simply a clearing in the great forest which covered the gently undulating country. Now the train hurries through the district, and, except a statue in the market-place, there is little to remind us of the time when Alfred lived at Wantage with his royal parents. The site of the palace in which he was born is uncertain; but it is supposed to be an enclosure called the High Garden, on the south side of the little stream which runs through the town.

The father of Alfred was Ethelwulf, who was son of Egbert, a great West-Saxon king. Egbert was acknowledged by the other kings as their over-lord or

chief. He reigned thirty-seven years in England, and he gave the name of Anglia to the whole kingdom. Some years before his death he had appointed Ethelwulf, King of Kent, who reigned there with some credit, for ten years, before he became king of the most important part of England. . . .

There is no doubt that Alfred had many sorrows in his early days. Perhaps the greatest was the loss of his mother. He must also have had many troubles owing to the constant warfare with the Danes. But he experienced very great difficulty in gratifying his intense desire of learning to read and write. According to his own account, there was not a qualified teacher in the whole kindgom when he was twelve years old. We can scarcely conceive the difficulties that beset all his attempts to gain even the first elements of knowledge.

Nothing daunted, and with much toil, the boy overcame all difficulties; and he began to read in his mother tongue what he had already learnt by heart, and the old poetry became more dear to him as he understood it better. He then turned his attention to the writings and songs of the Church.

Nor did Alfred forget to practise the exercises that would strengthen his body. He loved the out-door sports, and followed the wild animals boldly and untiringly through field and wood. He even outstripped his companions in dexterity and fearlessness. Indeed, all through his life, good fortune accompanied him like a gift from God, and whatsoever he attempted, he did well and successfully. . . .

In 866 his brother Ethelbert died after an honor-

able reign, and he was buried beside his brother at Sherborne.

Ethelred, the third son of Ethelwulf, now became king over both Wessex and Kent. Alfred should have become king over the latter kingdom, but he probably thought it wise that the whole of the kingdoms should be under one ruler. We do not read of any discord between him and his brother; and we are forced to conclude that he thus set a good example of submissive obedience at a period of national trial.

As second in power, Alfred now occupied the highest position after the king, and was thus given a degree of authority over all the states. In fact, he was the crown-prince, the recognized heir to the throne and to all the royal property. His position in the kingdom was now assured, and at the age of seventeen he was able, with some degree of certainty, to look forward to the time when he should reign as king.

There are some vague hints, by some of his biographers, as to the unruly passions and excesses which showed themselves during his youth. But there is nothing definite, and while not attempting to describe this period as one of absolute perfection, it is more in accordance with facts to believe that Alfred the youth was no whit behind Alfred the king. He was busy acquiring a full knowledge of the poems and songs of his mother tongue. He was cultivating all manly exercises, such as hunting, and he was no doubt forming plans to free his country from the Danes. . . .

The *English Chronicle*, under the year 787, has the following entry: "Three strange ships came out of Denmark. And then the reeve rode to the place and

would have driven them to the king's town, because he knew not who they were, and they slew him." This year then saw the advent of the Danes, who for more than two hundred years troubled the land and spread ruin wherever they went. In fact, the descent of these three strange ships was the herald of a new conquest of Britain, and it was the beginning of a strife which was to last till the triumph of the Normans.

Danish Warrior.

These invaders, who are generally called Danes, but sometimes the Northmen and the Vikings, were men from the lands round the Baltic. They lived in the bleak and marshy lands of Jutland and Zealand, and in the pine-clad forests of Norway and Sweden. . . .

The English might outnumber them, but what could a company of Englishmen, fresh from the plough, do against such a trained host?

And yet these Northern folk were closely allied to the English in customs and in religion. The gods that were worshipped by our forefathers were the gods of the Northmen. Thor, the hammer-god, and Odin, the war-god, were the common deities of the two peoples; and many of the myths and fancies of the English would find an echo in the beliefs of the Norsemen.

The long ships in which they came were exactly

suited for them as pirates. They were of great length, with narrow beam and little depth of keel, but admirably adapted for speed. They were unmanageable in storms, and they were not adapted for long sea journeys, for there was little accommodation for crew or cargo. Thus the pirates were forced to moor at each sunset, make a raid for cattle or sheep for their meal, and sleep beneath a sail on the beach. In fighting, their ships were well fitted for their special purpose, and their stern and forecastle were used as platforms for their warriors.

When Alfred had reached his twentieth year he was married to Ethelswitha, daughter of Ethelred the Great, one of the earls of Mercia. Ethelswitha was a lady of noble birth, for she was descended from the royal family of Mercia, through her mother Eadburga, a woman worthy of all honor. Ethelred was one of the active chiefs of that district, and we are told he was great in body and old in wisdom. Thus Alfred's choice of a wife was a wise one, for he allied himself with the Mercians, and thus a bond of union was formed between the states of Wessex and Mercia.

The marriage was celebrated with much ceremony, probably at the home of Ethelswitha. The guests, both men and women, were numerous, and the wedding festivities lasted day and night. But in the midst of the feast, Alfred was suddenly seized by a sudden and great pain. We can imagine the loud mirth of the guests giving place to silence at the sight of his sufferings; and, what is very remarkable, none of the physicians could assign any cause for it. Some thought that he was fascinated or bewitched by some magic arts

used by the people around him. Others imagined that the devil, jealous of his virtue, had come to tempt him; while others conjectured that it was some kind of fever, or the return of the painful disease from which he had suffered in his youth.

Whatever the malady was, we know that it never left him to the end of his life. Asser says that, "If ever, by God's mercy, he was relieved from this infirmity for a single day or night, yet the fear and dread of that dreadful malady never left him, but rendered him almost useless, as he thought, for every duty, whether human or divine."

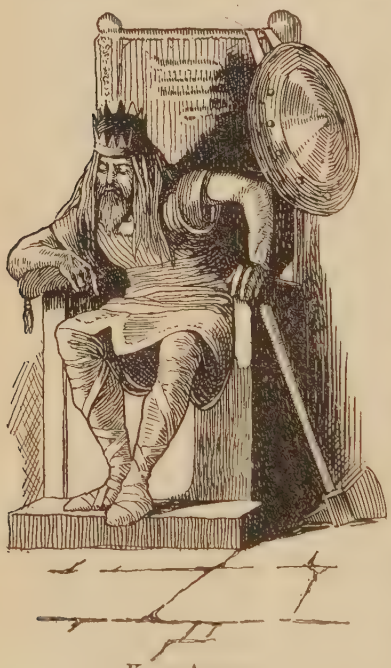
Alfred could scarcely have returned home with his wife to settle in Wessex, when messengers from Mercia arrived in hot haste entreating the speedy assistance of the West-Saxons. From this request it is evident that Mercia was in some respects a state owing allegiance to Wessex; and we also know that Alfred's sister had married the King of Mercia, while Alfred himself had also allied himself with the Mercians.

Hence the urgent request of Burhred, the warlike king of Mercia, was one which could not be denied; and now, for the first time, we are to consider Alfred as a warrior.

King Ethelred and his brother Alfred, on receiving the call to arms, did not delay for an instant. They summoned a large army from all parts of the kingdom, and with it they rapidly marched to join the Mercian troops. Bishops, abbots, and clergy, all joined the English army, so that a decisive blow might be struck at the Danish stronghold.

When the united army appeared before Nottingham,

with the earnest desire to engage in a pitched battle, the Danes kept close within the city. They were too good soldiers to be drawn into the open, so they fell back upon their usual plan of fighting behind earthworks. The defences of the fortress were so strong that the English were not prepared to attack it, consequently only a few slight skirmishes took place. Winter was also approaching, and, as the troops would soon want to return home, an agreement was entered into between the English and the Danes, by which the latter agreed to retire to York.



King Alfred.

When Alfred began to reign, the Romans had left England more than four hundred and fifty years. In that interval much had happened, for the original inhabitants, the Celts, had been driven into Wales and Cornwall, while the Teutons had peopled the main part of England. During the English conquest, we know that there were many conflicts between the Celts and the conquerors; but by Alfred's time the two races were mixing together, and the consequence was a great change in the English people. With the fancy and wit of the Celt mingling with the energy and earnestness

of the Teuton, there was in process of formation a more complex character.

With this change in the people, there had also been a change in the appearance of the country. Probably in Alfred's day not half the soil was cultivated, and means of communication between different parts of the country were not good. The Romans had made some excellent roads, but it does not appear that, in the meantime, these had been improved or increased. As the traveller passed along these roads, the main landscape before him would consist of large forests and vast tracts of moor and of fen. Even the settled districts were surrounded by woods and thickets, whence the farmer obtained wood for his household fire, his fences, and his house-building.

The harbors around the coast were becoming the centres of population and much industry, for the fishers were busy with their nets. Inland, the pastures stretched along the lower slopes of the moorland and formed grazing grounds for the cattle of the people. Near stream and river ran the meadow lands of the homesteads, which for safety were surrounded by ditch and fence. At this time English farmers were common owners of all the meadow and pasture land, as well as of the arable and waste land. Round the homestead stretched broad acres of corn-land ploughed with teams of oxen.

There was indeed much life in the little townships: the mills were grinding; the hammer was ringing in the smithy from morn till eve; the hall of the lord was in the midst of his demesne, and was known to all the townsfolk; while the little church, with its parish

priest, was constantly calling men to think of higher things.

Not only had the character and mode of life of the people changed in Alfred's time, but a great change had taken place in the moral life of the people. Slavery had once been an institution, now it was declared an evil; once drunkenness and gluttony were praised, now they were denounced. It was formerly the right thing to hate an enemy, now revenge was declared a sin. The influence of the Church and Christianity had made this revolution, and they now sought to control every circumstance of one's life from the cradle to the grave. The church was the scene of the christening, the marriage, and the funeral. No longer was the warrior buried on some lonely hill, but he took his last sleep in the lonely grave beneath the shadow of his village church.

Thus, when Alfred was king, England was being transformed. Its people had lost their love of wandering, and were settling down in town, and village, and hamlet. With a love of freedom they were ready to fight valiantly for their hearth and home, and even to make great sacrifices for their kith and kin. They were an obstinate, hard-working people, ready to do great things and to follow loyally a true king such as Alfred. . . .

The attack was carried on by land and water, the fleet of twenty-three Danish ships being commanded by Hubba. The land army marched into Wiltshire and took possession of Chippenham, a royal castle on the left bank of the Avon. Making this their headquarters, the Danes ranged the country, destroying every-

thing with fire and sword. In fact, the old chronicler says "they overspread the land like locusts, and seemed, like them, to rise out of it." . . .

And many of the people they drove beyond sea, and of the remainder the greater part they subdued and forced to obey them, except King Alfred. And he, with a small band, with difficulty retreated to the woods and to the fastnesses of the moors.

He withdrew into Somerset, where he apparently remained about three months, — from Twelfth Night to Easter. At this period all the low country of Somerset was covered with water, or was so marshy that any ground a little higher than the rest was really an island.

It was, then, in this wild and marshy district of Somerset that Alfred threw up a fort, and waited for brighter days. Ethelnoth, the alderman of the place, was with the king, and there also followed him his wife, his children, and some other relatives. This inhospitable spot has been called the cradle of English freedom, and rightly so, for here Alfred gathered his forces, formed his plans, and henceforth became the savior of the land. Even to this day, a thousand years after, Englishmen visit the lowlands of Somerset along the Parret and Tone, and remember with pride that this was the home of Alfred in the early months of 878.

The privations of this fugitive band in the Isle of Athelney were great, for little food could be obtained in the neighborhood. Asser tells us that Alfred and his friends often sallied out, and either in open contest, or secretly, they tried to get sustenance for themselves and the women and children. We may safely say that

probably no other king ever led such an insecure and needy life as our great King Alfred.

But whatever difficulties the king encountered, we are told that he "preserved a cheerful countenance, and supported his friends by his example." While in Somerset, he gained a good knowledge of the country; he secured new friends, and he revived the spirit of his people, thus preparing them for the great victory which was to crown his labors.

When the West-Saxons gained their freedom, the people heard with astonishment of the sufferings of their king, while he was a fugitive in the Forest of Selwood, during the early months of 878. Their gratitude inspired them to embellish the actual exploits and mischances of their great leader. And so out of Alfred's sojourn at Athelney we have a series of stories, which were probably invented long after the death of the king. But whether true or false they are interesting, and all serve to show in what esteem the people held their great king.

At all times Englishmen have had a love for daring and courage. Such popular heroes as Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, in Cornwall; Hereward, the last of the Saxons, defying William in the Isle of Ely; and Robin Hood, the bold outlaw in Sherwood Forest, have given rise to many legends of a more or less marvellous character, which cannot be excluded from the pages of history.

The following story about Alfred in the Isle of Athelney is first met with in a book written towards the end of the tenth century. It is often spoken of as the "Story of Alfred and the Cakes."

This tale is quite possible, but there is no evidence that it is true. It is related that there lived in the Forest of Selwood a neatherd or cowherd of the king. He was a faithful man; and although he was intrusted with the secret of Alfred's disguise, he kept it even from his wife. One day the king chanced to come to this man's hut, and, sitting down by the burning wood on the hearth, he began to mend his bow and arrows. The neatherd's wife had prepared some cakes for baking, and, as she had other work to do, she commanded the king to look after them.

Alfred and the Cakes.

But Alfred thought more of his bow and arrows than he did of the cakes, and he let them burn. The woman returned, and in a fit of anger exclaimed:

"There, don't you see the cakes on fire? Then wherefore turn them not?
You're glad enough to eat them when they are piping hot."

This story receives an addition by another writer, who says that this neatherd, who so hospitably gave shelter to Alfred, afterwards became Bishop of Winchester. It is related that his name was Denewulf, and that though he was in so lowly a position he was natu-

rally a clever man. So the king had him instructed, and then raised him to this high position.

In another story, Alfred is said to have gathered together a band of faithful comrades in his stronghold at Athelney, and then to have gone in disguise as a minstrel into the camp of the Danish king, accompanied only by one trusty servant. Alfred delighted the Danes by his skill in singing and playing the songs of his native land, and he was prevailed upon to stay among them for some days. At length he reached the royal tent, where he saw and heard the plans and proceedings of his enemies. When he had gained all the information he wanted, he stole away and returned to Athelney, where he assembled his people, made them advance silently on the Danes, and gained a great victory.

This story is probable, especially as we know that Alfred had a love for minstrelsy; but it is only right to say that the most ancient English accounts do not mention it, and that it first appears in a Norman writer.

When Alfred had completed the reorganization of the defences of his country, he had another difficult task to perform, viz., the reorganization of public justice. During the long period of warfare, when for so many years the sword alone had governed, the existing laws had protected no one, and the property of people was not more secure than their lives. Alfred's great task then was to arrange a new code of laws, to appoint judges, and to restore confidence among all classes of the community.

His biographer, Asser, gives us a picture of the oppression of the poor and the tyranny of the rich, and

assures us that, besides the king, "the poor had few or no protectors. For all the powerful and noble of the country had turned their thoughts rather to worldly than to heavenly matters; each was more bent on worldly affairs to his own profit than on the public good." That the king did his work thoroughly may be gathered from Asser's statement, that Alfred "was a minute investigator of the truth in all his judgments, and this especially for the sake of the poor, to whose interest, day and night, he was ever wonderfully attentive."

Before Alfred's time no one could venture on the highway without being armed, and was obliged to defend himself, as the law was powerless and unable to protect him. But now, we are assured, security reigned throughout the whole country. Indeed, an old chronicler says, the king ordered bracelets to be hung on trees, and no one ventured to steal them, so that the officers of the king brought back the treasures untouched. Whether this story be true or false, it points to the fact that Alfred's laws were rigidly enforced, and that the poor had a protector in their great king.

Alfred's own opinion as to his desires to see justice truly administered, was thus expressed: "For this purpose I desired materials to employ that power with, that my skill and power might not be given up and concealed. But every virtue and every power will soon become oldened and saddened if they be without wisdom. Therefore no man can bring forth any virtue without wisdom: hence, whatsoever is done through folly, man can never make that to be virtue. This I can now most truly say, that I HAVE DESIRED TO LIVE

WORTHILY WHILE I LIVED, AND AFTER MY LIFE TO LEAVE TO THE MEN THAT SHOULD BE AFTER ME MY REMEMBRANCE IN GOOD WORKS."

These are noble words, and in them we have a key to the king's character.

Alfred caused the cities and fortified places throughout the kingdom to be restored or entirely rebuilt, and he provided means of defence, consisting of walls and intrenchments, so as to be ready if a fresh invasion of the Danes should be threatened. We cannot give a list of those cities that were thus fortified; and it is probable that, in some cases, he did not proceed far with the work, owing to the indolence of his own subjects.

There is, however, one city with which his name is imperishably connected, and that is London. One of our modern historians goes so far as to say that Alfred gave us London; at any rate in the year 886 the king determined to rebuild and strengthen London, and from that period, for more than one thousand years, the metropolis of England has gone on increasing in wealth and prosperity. The origin of London is wrapt in obscurity, and is connected with the mythical characters who were probably invented by the old chroniclers. We shall not be far wrong in saying that there was a British settlement in London before the Christian Era, and that its name was perhaps Llyn Din. There was, too, a good trade carried on with foreigners, who came here to barter their goods.

Then the Romans discovered Llyn Din, and they recognized its importance by fortifying it and beautifying it after the manner of a Roman city. They called

it Londinium at first, but afterwards it was named Augusta, as were many of their cities. But when the Romans left, London fell from its high position, and was conquered and desolated by the Saxons. It lay neglected for nearly two hundred years, and then we find it the capital of the land of the East-Saxons, and the seat of a bishopric. Indeed, two famous churches, those of St. Paul and St. Peter, were raised, and testified to its new importance.

Then followed the pillage and ravages of the Danes, and for a time it was in their hands, and the seat of Guthrum's government. But in the year 886 all this was changed, and Alfred gave London another chance to develop and become the seat of national life. "In the same year," says the *Chronicle*, "Alfred honorably rebuilt the city of London and made it again habitable." We are further told that he gave it into the custody of his brave son-in-law, Ethelred, the Earl of Mercia, under whose leadership the Londoners often sallied forth and defeated the Danes.

Never again was London taken by the Danes, for the wall was rebuilt and its strength was increased, so that its citizens were able to live and trade in peace. Alfred showed himself a true statesman in recognizing the claims of London to be the metropolis of England, and for this he deserves lasting gratitude.

Alfred's opinion as to the kind of learning needed by his people may be gathered from his choice of the books which he wished to put before them in their own language. First of all it was his desire that his people should have a general knowledge of the history of the world, and also a particular knowledge of the

history and geography of their own race and country. For this purpose he chose the "History of Orosius." Secondly, he determined to give them the best book on the philosophy of life, which at that time was the "Consolations of Philosophy" by Boethius. Thirdly, he thought all the clergy should understand the principles of the true work of religion, and to attain this end he translated the "Pastoral Care" of Pope Gregory. Lastly, he determined to give his countrymen the "History of the English Church" by the Venerable Bede.

All these works he translated from the Latin into the common English speech. His work was done with great ability, and he showed considerable skill in translating. Sometimes he translated word for word; sometimes he omitted passages; and often he added sentences and paragraphs of his own composition.

"It seems better to me (says the king) if ye think so, to translate some books which are most needful for all men to know into the language which we can all understand." Then follows the memorable resolve of the king, which we shall give in full: "And I would have you do as we very easily can if we have peace enough, that is, set all the youth now in England of free men, who are rich enough to be able to devote themselves to it, to learn, as long as they are not old enough for other occupations, until they are well able to read English writing."

In these wise words Alfred struck the true note, and thereby became the first great Education Minister of England. What nobler aspiration can any English ruler have than that the youth shall learn, until they are well able to read English writing? If it was im-

portant then, it is of even greater importance now. Then, there was little English writing to read, and that little was the result of the king's hard work; now the volume of English literature is so great that all have access to it, both rich and poor. Let us always remember that to Alfred we owe the inestimable privilege of possessing the greatest wealth of literature; and therefore he may justly be styled the Father of English Prose.

It will be seen that Alfred was a man of unceasing activity, careful of every detail, and a thorough man of business. He was able to do so much work because he was methodical in the arrangement of his labors, giving to each hour its appointed task. His presence was required in every part of his dominions, so that he led a wandering life among the inhabitants of his king dom. Alfred had no capital city, no ancestral palace, but his travelling court was received in royal dwelling in different parts of Wessex. Wherever he went he was accompanied by his family, his officers, and his servants, and we may be sure that these periodical visits of Alfred were productive of much good to his people.

Not only do we know the careful arrangements Alfred made for the division of labor among his attendants, but we also have a glimpse of how he spent his money. Indeed, his budget is the first royal budget we possess; and, although the amount of money Alfred spent is very small compared with our modern national expenditure, yet it is extremely interesting as showing how wisely he distributed his money, and how wide were his sympathies.

The story of King Alfred's life comes to an end in the chronicles in the year 897, and during the next four years we hear practically nothing of importance relating to him. We may conclude from this silence that there was peace in the land, and that Alfred was doing his utmost to leave everything in order for his successor. Probably, too, the king, worn out with suffering and harassed by long warfare, was not equal to much exertion. His work was really done, and he was able to live in quietness with his wife, the Lady Ethelswitha, and his five children.

Statue of Alfred the Great at Winchester, England.

We know that his home life was a happy one, for he had been fortunate in the choice of his wife. His eldest son Edward, famous in his encounters with the Danes, proved a worthy successor to his father. Ethelwerd, his other son, was not so prominent as his brother. Of Alfred's three daughters, Ethelfleda, better known as the Lady of the Mercians, was the wife of the brave Alderman Ethelred; Ethelgiva was Abbess of Malmesbury, and Ethelfrith married the Count of Flanders, and from this marriage descended Matilda wife of William the Conqueror.

Alfred reigned over England about 30 years, and he

died in the year 901 — six days before All Saints' Day. It is generally thought that Alfred was living at Wolvesey Palace in Winchester when his death took place. He was buried in the New Minster, which he began to found, and which was finished by his son Edward. It then stood close to the Old Minster, or Cathedral, but was afterwards moved out of the city and called Hyde Abbey. His tomb was made of the most precious porphyry marble, but of this nothing remains, as his dust was turned out to make room for a prison.

Thus passed away one of our noblest and greatest kings, who, after the lapse of one thousand years, is still remembered by all Englishmen as the founder of the Empire. Reckoned by years, his life was not a long one; but, considered with respect to results of the most far-reaching consequence, we may say it was one of the most important reigns in our English history.

Alfred was a remarkable character, and it is specially noteworthy that of him nothing bad is recorded. Of course, he was not perfect, but it is evident that his virtues were so many and so great as to entirely overshadow his defects. We like to think of Alfred in all his walks of life, and we find that he was ever lovable, affable, and courteous. Especially was he fond of children, and we can picture the pride he felt when he arrayed his little grandson, Athelstan, with a purple cloak and jewelled belt, and gave him the gold-hilted sword of a royal knight.

Then, too, he was the friend of the poor and oppressed, and ever showed a desire to protect them against the tyranny of their rulers; and at the last he remembered them in his will, and ordered that

all the slaves should be freed at his death. Alfred loved to converse with all sorts of men, and he had a quick eye to discern ability and virtue in the poorest of his subjects.

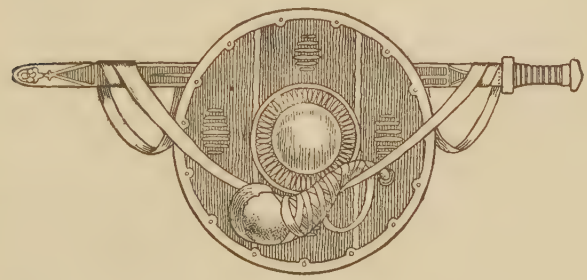
His whole life was spent in untiring energy and zeal in the welfare of his people. He set them an example — rare in a king — of patience in overcoming difficulties, and of rigid temperance in the conduct of his own life. In battle he could be brave and firm, but after a victory he could be generous, even to a fault, to his foes. Never did hero more deserve the words of Browning:

> One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
> Never doubted clouds would break,
> Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
> Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
> Sleep to wake.

Alfred's whole life was a constant struggle with sickness and with difficulties that would have dismayed many a man. But Alfred never faltered, and he had the satisfaction of achieving the greatest success. A Roman Emperor once made the proud boast that having found Rome of brick, he had left it of marble. If Alfred had been inclined to boast, he could have said that he found England a prey to the Danes, and that he left it strong; that he found its cities and churches in ruins, and he rebuilt them. He founded schools; he translated books into the English tongue; and he taught his people that religion is the groundwork of a man's character.

Alfred has many titles, but perhaps the grandest is that of the "Truth-teller," for so he was called by his friends, and in this title we have a clue to his success over the hearts of men. Many are the tributes to the memory of this great king. One old writer thus describes him: "That immovable pillar of the West-Saxons, that man full of justice, bold in arms, learned in speech, and imbued with the divine instruction." Another writes thus: "That famous, warlike, and victorious king, protector of widows, orphans, and poor; dear to his own race; affable and liberal to all; endowed with prudence, fortitude, justice, and temperance; most patient under the infirmity which he daily suffered; vigilant and devoted in the service of God." A modern historian sums up Alfred's character in equally eloquent words when he says that "Alfred was the noblest, as he was the most complete embodiment of all that is great, all that is lovable, in the English temper."

Alfred thus described his aim in life: "I have desired to live worthily while I lived, and after my life to leave to the men that should be after me my remembrance in good works."



MAHOMET, THE PROPHET OF ISLAM

By WASHINGTON IRVING.

Mahometan Warrior.

MAHOMET, the great founder of the faith of Islam, was born in Mecca, in April, in the year 569 of the Christian era. He was of the valiant and illustrious tribe of Koreish, of which there were two branches, descended from two brothers, Haschem and Abd Schems. Haschem, the progenitor of Mahomet, was a great benefactor of Mecca. The city is situated in the midst of a barren and stony country, and in former times was often subject to scarcity of provisions. At the beginning of the sixth century, Haschem established two yearly caravans, one in the winter to South Arabia or Yemen; the other in the summer to Syria. By these means abundant supplies were brought to Mecca, as well as a great variety of merchandise. The city became a commercial mart, and the tribe of Koreish, which engaged largely in these expeditions, became wealthy and powerful. . . .

As Mahomet advanced in years he was employed by different persons as commercial agent or factor in caravan journeys to Syria, Yemen, and elsewhere; all which tended to enlarge the sphere of his observation, and to give him a quick insight into character and a knowledge of human affairs.

He was a frequent attender of fairs also, which, in Arabia, were not always mere resorts of traffic, but occasionally scenes of poetical contests between different tribes, where prizes were adjudged to the victors, and their prize poems treasured up in the archives of princes. Such, especially, was the case with the fair of Ocadh; and seven of the prize poems adjudged there were hung up as trophies in the Caaba. At these fairs, also, were recited the popular traditions of the Arabs, and inculcated the various religious faiths which were afloat in Arabia. From oral sources of this kind Mahomet gradually accumulated much of that varied information as to creeds and doctrines which he afterward displayed.

There was at this time residing in Mecca a widow, named Cadijah (or Khadijah), of the tribe of Koreish. She had been twice married. Her last husband, a wealthy merchant, had recently died, and the extensive concerns of the house were in need of a conductor. A nephew of the widow, named Chuzima, had become acquainted with Mahomet in the course of his commercial expeditions, and had noticed the ability and integrity with which he acquitted himself on all occasions. He pointed him out to his aunt as a person well qualified to be her factor.

The personal appearance of Mahomet may have

strongly seconded this recommendation; for he was now about twenty-five years of age, and extolled by Arabian writers for his manly beauty and engaging manners. So desirous was Cadijah of securing his services, that she offered him double wages to conduct a caravan which she was on the point of sending off to Syria. Mahomet consulted his uncle Abu Taleb, and by his advice accepted the offer. He was accompanied and aided in the expedition by the nephew of the widow, and by her slave Maïsara, and so highly satisfied was Cadijah with the way in which he discharged his duties, that, on his return, she paid him double the amount of his stipulated wages. She afterward sent him to the southern parts of Arabia on similar expeditions, in all of which he gave like satisfaction.

Cadijah was now in her fortieth year, a woman of judgment and experience. The mental qualities of Mahomet rose more and more in her estimation, and her heart began to yearn toward the fresh and comely youth. . . .

The father of Cadijah made some opposition to the match, on account of the poverty of Mahomet, following the common notion that wealth should be added to wealth; but the widow wisely considered her riches only as the means of enabling her to follow the dictates of her heart.

She gave a great feast, to which were invited her father and the rest of her relatives, and Mahomet's uncles Abu Taleb and Hamza, together with several others of the Koreishites. At this banquet, wine was served in abundance, and soon diffused good humor round the board. The objections to Mahomet's poverty

were forgotten; speeches were made by Abu Taleb on the one side, and by Waraka, a kinsman of Cadijah, on the other, in praise of the proposed nuptials; the dowry was arranged, and the marriage formally concluded.

Mahomet then caused a camel to be killed before his door, and the flesh distributed among the poor. The house was thrown open to all comers; the female slaves of Cadijah danced to the sound of timbrels, and all was revelry and rejoicing. Abu Taleb, forgetting his age and his habitual melancholy, made merry on the occasion. He had paid down from his purse a dower of twelve and a half okks of gold, equivalent to twenty young camels. Halêma who had nursed Mahomet in his infancy, was summoned to rejoice at his nuptials, and was presented with a flock of forty sheep, with which she returned, enriched and contented, to her native valley, in the desert of the Saadites.

The marriage with Cadijah placed Mahomet among the most wealthy of his native city. His moral worth also gave him great influence in the community. Allah, says the historian Abulfeda, had endowed him with every gift necessary to accomplish and adorn an honest man; he was so pure and sincere; so free from every evil thought, that he was commonly known by the name of Al Amin, or The Faithful.

The great confidence reposed in his judgment and probity caused him to be frequently referred to as arbiter in disputes between his townsmen. An anecdote is given as illustrative of his sagacity on such occasions. The Caaba having been injured by fire, was undergoing repairs, in the course of which the sacred black stone

was to be replaced. A dispute arose among the chiefs of the various tribes, as to which was entitled to perform so august an office, and they agreed to abide by the decision of the first person who should enter by the gate al Harâm. That person happened to be Mahomet. Upon hearing their different claims, he directed that a great cloth should be spread upon the ground, and the stone laid thereon; and that a man from each tribe should take hold of the border of the cloth. In this way the sacred stone was raised equally, and at the same time by them all to a level with its allotted place, in which Mahomet fixed it with his own hands.

Four daughters and one son were the fruit of the marriage with Cadijah. The son was named Kasim, whence Mahomet was occasionally called Abu Kasim, or the father of Kasim, according to Arabian nomenclature. This son, however, died in his infancy.

For several years after his marriage he continued in commerce, visiting the great Arabian fairs, and making distant journeys with the caravans. His expeditions were not so profitable as in the days of his stewardship, and the wealth acquired with his wife diminished rather than increased in the course of his operations.

That wealth, in fact, had raised him above the necessity of toiling for subsistence, and given him leisure to indulge the original bias of his mind, a turn for reverie and religious speculation, which he had evinced from his earliest years. This had been fostered in the course of his journeyings, by his intercourse with Jews and Christians, originally fugitives from persecution, but now gathered into tribes, or forming part of the population of cities. The Arabian deserts, too, rife as

we have shown them with fanciful superstitions, had furnished aliment for his enthusiastic reveries. Since his marriage with Cadijah, also, he had a household oracle to influence him in his religious opinions. This was his wife's cousin Waraka, a man of speculative mind and flexible faith; originally a Jew, subsequently a Christian, and withal a pretender to astrology. He is worthy of note as being the first on record to translate parts of the Old and New Testament into Arabic. From him Mahomet is supposed to have derived much of his information respecting those writings, and many of the traditions of the Mishnu and the Talmud, on which he draws so copiously in his Koran. . . .

We are told that he gradually absented himself from society, and sought the solitude of a cavern on Mount Hara, about three leagues north of Mecca, where, in emulation of the Christian anchorites of the desert, he would remain days and nights together, engaged in prayer and meditation. In this way he always passed the month of Ramadhan, the holy month of the Arabs.

Such intense occupation of the mind on one subject, accompanied by fervent enthusiasm of spirit, could not but have a powerful effect upon his frame. He became subject to dreams, to ecstasies and trances. For six months successively, according to one of his historians, he had constant dreams bearing on the subject of his waking thoughts. Often he would lose all consciousness of surrounding objects, and lie upon the ground as if insensible. Cadijah, who was sometimes the faithful companion of his solitude, beheld these paroxysms with anxious solicitude, and entreated to know the

cause; but he evaded her inquiries, or answered them mysteriously.

Some of his adversaries have attributed them to epilepsy, but devout Moslems declare them to have been the workings of prophecy; for already, say they, the intimations of the Most High began to dawn, though vaguely, on his spirit; and his mind labored with conceptions too great for mortal thought. At length, say they, what had hitherto been shadowed out in dreams, was made apparent and distinct by an angelic apparition and a divine annunciation.

It was in the fortieth year of his age when this famous revelation took place. Accounts are given of it by Moslem writers as if received from his own lips, and it is alluded to in certain passages of the Koran. He was passing, as was his wont, the month of Ramadhan in the cavern of Mount Hara, endeavoring by fasting, prayer, and solitary meditation, to elevate his thoughts to the contemplation of divine truth. It was on the night called by Arabs Al Kader, or the Divine Decree; a night in which, according to the Koran, angels descend to earth, and Gabriel brings down the decrees of God. During that night there is peace on earth, and a holy quiet reigns over all nature until the rising of the morn.

Reading the Koran.

As Mahomet, in the silent watches of the night, lay wrapped in his mantle, he heard a voice calling upon him; uncovering his head, a flood of light broke upon him of such intolerable splendor that he swooned away. On regaining his senses, he beheld an angel in a human form, which, approaching from a distance, displayed a silken cloth covered with written characters. "Read!" said the angel.

"I know not how to read!" replied Mahomet.

"Read!" repeated the angel, "in the name of the Lord, who has created all things; who created man from a clot of blood. Read in the name of the Most High, who taught man the use of the pen; who sheds on his soul the ray of knowledge, and teaches him what before he knew not."

Upon this Mahomet instantly felt his understanding illumined with celestial light, and read what was written on the cloth, which contained the decrees of God, as afterward promulgated in the Koran. When he had finished the perusal, the heavenly messenger announced, "Oh, Mahomet, of a verity, thou art the prophet of God! and I am his angel Gabriel!" . . .

The greatest difficulty with which Mahomet had to contend at the outset of his prophetic career was the ridicule of his opponents. Those who had known him from his infancy — who had seen him a boy about the streets of Mecca, and afterward occupied in all the ordinary concerns of life, scoffed at his assumption of the apostolic character. They pointed with a sneer at him as he passed, exclaiming, "Behold the grandson of Abd al Motâlleb, who pretends to know what is going on in heaven!" Some who had witnessed his fits of mental

excitement and ecstasy considered him insane; others declared that he was possessed with a devil, and some charged him with sorcery and magic.

When he walked the streets he was subject to those jeers and taunts and insults which the vulgar are apt to vent upon men of eccentric conduct and unsettled mind. If he attempted to preach, his voice was drowned by discordant noises and ribald songs; nay, dirt was thrown upon him when he was praying in the Caaba. . . .

Those who were more serious in their opposition demanded of Mahomet supernatural proofs of what he asserted. "Moses and Jesus, and the rest of the prophets," said they, "wrought miracles to prove the divinity of their missions If thou art indeed a prophet, greater than they, work the like miracles."

The reply of Mahomet may be gathered from his own words in the Koran. "What greater miracle could they have than the Koran itself: a book revealed by means of an unlettered man; so elevated in language, so incontrovertible in argument, that the united skill of men and devils could compose nothing comparable. What greater proof could there be that it came from none but God himself? The Koran itself is a miracle." . . .

Abu Sofian, his implacable foe, was at this time governor of the city. He was both incensed and alarmed at the spreading growth of the new faith, and held a meeting of the chief of the Koreishites to devise some means of effectually putting a stop to it. Some advised that Mahomet should be banished from the city; but it was objected that he might gain other tribes to his interest, or perhaps the people of Medina, and return at their head to take his revenge. Others proposed to

wall him up in a dungeon, and supply him with food until he died; but it was surmised that his friends might effect his escape.

All these objections were raised by a violent and pragmatical old man, a stranger from the province of Nedja, who, say the Moslem writers, was no other than the devil in disguise, breathing his malignant spirit into those present. At length it was declared by Abu Jahl, that the only effectual check on the growing evil was to put Mahomet to death. To this all agreed, and as a means of sharing the odium of the deed, and withstanding the vengeance it might awaken among the relatives of the victim, it was arranged that a member of each family should plunge his sword into the body of Mahomet.

It is to this conspiracy that allusion is made in the eighth chapter of the Koran. "And call to mind how the unbelievers plotted against thee, that they might either detain thee in bonds, or put thee to death, or expel thee from the city; but God laid a plot against them; and God is the best layer of plots."

In fact, by the time the murderers arrived before the dwelling of Mahomet, he was apprised of the impending danger. As usual, the warning is attributed to the angel Gabriel, but it is probable it was given by some Koreishite, less bloody-minded than his confederates. It came just in time to save Mahomet from the hands of his enemies. They paused at his door, but hesitated to enter. Looking through a crevice they beheld, as they thought, Mahomet wrapped in his green mantle, and lying asleep on his couch. They waited for a while, consulting whether to fall on him

while sleeping, or wait until he should go forth. At length they burst open the door and rushed toward the couch. The sleeper started up; but, instead of Mahomet, Ali stood before them. Amazed and confounded, they demanded, "Where is Mahomet?"

"I know not," replied Ali sternly, and walked forth; nor did any one venture to molest him. Enraged at the escape of their victim, however, the Koreishites proclaimed a reward of a hundred camels to any one who should bring them Mahomet alive or dead.

Divers accounts are given of the mode in which Mahomet made his escape from the house after the faithful Ali had wrapped himself in his mantle and taken his place upon the couch. The most miraculous account is, that he opened the door silently, as the Koreishites stood before it, and, scattering a handful of dust in the air, cast such blindness upon them that he walked through the midst of them without being perceived. This, it is added, is confirmed by the verse of the 30th chapter of the Koran: "We have thrown blindness upon them, that they shall not see."

The most probable account is, that he clambered over the wall in the rear of the house, by the help of a servant, who bent his back for him to step upon it.

He repaired immediately to the house of Abu Beker, and they arranged for instant flight. It was agreed that they should take refuge in a cave in Mount Thor, about an hour's distance from Mecca, and wait there until they could proceed safely to Medina; and in the mean time the children of Abu Beker should secretly bring them food. They left Mecca while it was yet dark, making their way on foot by the light of the stars, and

the day dawned as they found themselves at the foot of Mount Thor. Scarce were they within the cave when they heard the sound of pursuit. Abu Beker, though a brave man, quaked with fear: "Our pursuers," said he, "are many, and we are but two."

"Nay," replied Mahomet, "there is a third; God is with us!"

And here the Moslem writers relate a miracle, dear to the minds of all true believers. By the time, say they, that the Koreishites reached the mouth of the cavern, an acacia-tree had sprung up before it, in the spreading branches of which a pigeon had made its nest, and laid its eggs, and over the whole a spider had woven its web. When the Koreishites beheld these signs of undisturbed quiet, they concluded that no one could recently have entered the cavern; so they turned away, and pursued their search in another direction. . . .

The Moslems of Mecca, who had taken refuge some time before in Medina, hearing that Mahomet was at hand, came forth to meet him at Koba; among these was the early convert Talha, and Zobeir, the nephew of Cadijah. These, seeing the travel-stained garments of Mahomet and Abu Beker, gave them white mantles, with which to make their entrance into Medina. Numbers of the Ansarians, or auxiliaries, of Medina, who had made their contract with Mahomet in the preceding year, now hastened to renew their vow of fidelity.

Learning from them that the number of proselytes in the city was rapidly augmenting, and that there was a general disposition to receive him favorably, he appointed Friday, the Moslem sabbath, the sixteenth day of the month Rabi, for his public entrance.

Accordingly on the morning of that day he assembled all his followers to prayer; and, after a sermon in which he expounded the main principles of his faith, he mounted his camel Al Kaswa, and set forth for that city, which was to become renowned in after ages as his city of refuge.

Boreida Ibn al Hoseib, with his seventy horsemen of the tribe of Saham, accompanied him as a guard. Some of the disciples took turns to hold a canopy of palm-leaves over his head, and by his side rode Abu Beker. "Oh, apostle of God!" cried Boreida, "thou shalt not enter Medina without a standard;" so saying, he unfolded his turban, and tying one end of it to the point of his lance, bore it aloft before the prophet.

"He Expounded the Main Principles of His Faith."

The city of Medina was fair to approach, being extolled for beauty of situation, salubrity of climate, and fertility of soil; for the luxuriance of its palm-trees, and the fragrance of its shrubs and flowers. At a short distance from the city a crowd of new proselytes to the faith came forth in sun and dust to meet the cavalcade. Most of them had never seen Mahomet, and paid rever-

ence to Abu Beker through mistake; but the latter put aside the screen of palm-leaves, and pointed out the real object of homage, who was greeted with loud acclamations.

In this way did Mahomet, so recently a fugitive from his native city, with a price upon his head, enter Medina, more as a conqueror in triumph, than an exile seeking an asylum. He alighted at the house of a Khazradite, named Abu Ayub, a devout Moslem, to whom moreover he was distantly related; here he was hospitably received, and took up his abode in the basement story.

Shortly after his arrival he was joined by the faithful Ali, who had fled from Mecca, and journeyed on foot, hiding himself in the day and travelling only at night, lest he should fall into the hands of the Koreishites. He arrived weary and wayworn, his feet bleeding with the roughness of the journey.

Within a few days more came Ayesha, and the rest of Abu Beker's household, together with the family of Mahomet, conducted by his faithful freedman Zeid, and by Abu Beker's servant Abdallah.

Such is the story of the memorable Hegira, or "Flight of the Prophet" — the era of the Arabian calendar, from which time is calculated by all true Moslems: it corresponds to the 622d year of the Christian era. . . .

The death of the prophet, according to the Moslem historians Abulfeda and Al Jannabi, took place on his birthday, when he had completed his sixty-third year. It was in the eleventh year of the Hegira, and the 632d year of the Christian era.

The body was prepared for sepulture by several of the dearest relatives and disciples. They affirmed that

a marvellous fragrance which, according to the evidence of his wives and daughters, emanated from his person during life, still continued; so that, to use the words of Ali, "it seemed as if he were, at the same time, dead and living."

The body having been washed and perfumed, was wrapped in three coverings; two white, and the third of the striped cloth of Yemen. The whole was then perfumed with amber, musk, aloes, and odoriferous herbs. After this it was exposed in public, and seventy-two prayers were offered up. . . .

Mahomet, according to accounts handed down by tradition from his contemporaries, was of the middle stature, square-built and sinewy, with large hands and feet. In his youth he was uncommonly strong and vigorous; in the latter part of his life he inclined to corpulency. His head was capacious, well shaped, and well set on a neck which rose like a pillar from his ample chest. His forehead was high, broad at the temples and crossed by veins extending down to the eyebrows, which swelled whenever he was angry or excited. He had an oval face, marked and expressive features, an aquiline nose, black eyes, arched eyebrows, which nearly met, a mouth large and flexible, indicative of eloquence; very white teeth, somewhat parted and irregular; black hair, which waved without a curl on his shoulders, and a long and very full beard.

His deportment, in general, was calm and equable; he sometimes indulged in pleasantry, but more commonly was grave and dignified; though he is said to have possessed a smile of captivating sweetness. His complexion was more ruddy than is usual with Arabs,

and in his excited and enthusiastic moments there was a glow and radiance in his countenance, which his disciples magnified into the supernatural light of prophecy.

His intellectual qualities were undoubtedly of an extraordinary kind. He had a quick apprehension, a retentive memory, a vivid imagination, and an inventive genius. Owing but little to education, he had quickened and informed his mind by close observation, and stored it with a great variety of knowledge concerning the systems of religion current in his day, or handed down by tradition from antiquity. His ordinary discourse was grave and sententious, abounding with those aphorisms and apologues so popular among the Arabs; at times he was excited and eloquent, and his eloquence was aided by a voice musical and sonorous.

He was sober and abstemious in his diet, and a rigorous observer of fasts. He indulged in no magnificence of apparel, the ostentation of a petty mind; neither was his simplicity in dress affected, but the result of a real disregard to distinction from so trivial a source. His garments were sometimes of wool, sometimes of the striped cotton of Yemen, and were often patched. He wore a turban, for he said turbans were worn by the angels; and in arranging it he let one end hang down between his shoulders, which he said was the way they wore it. He forbade the wearing of clothes entirely of silk, but permitted a mixture of thread and silk. He forbade also red clothes and the use of gold rings. He wore a seal ring of silver, the engraved part under his finger close to the palm of his hand, bearing the inscription, "Mahomet the messenger of God." He was scrupulous as to personal cleanliness, and observed fre-

quent ablutions. In some respects he was a voluptuary. . . .

From his extreme cleanliness, and the use of perfumes and of sweet-scented oil for his hair, probably arose that sweetness and fragrance of person, which his disciples considered innate and miraculous.

In his private dealings he was just. He treated friends and strangers, the rich and poor, the powerful and the weak, with equity, and was beloved by the common people for the affability with which he received them, and listened to their complaints.

He was naturally irritable, but had brought his temper under great control, so that even in the self-indulgent intercourse of domestic life he was kind and tolerant. "I served him from the time I was eight years old," said his servant Anas, "and he never scolded me for anything, though things were spoiled by me."

The question now occurs, Was he the unprincipled impostor that he has been represented? Were all his visions and revelations deliberate falsehoods, and was his whole system a tissue of deceit? . . .

His history appears to resolve itself into two grand divisions. During the first part, up to the period of middle life, we cannot perceive what adequate object he had to gain by the impious and stupendous imposture with which he stands charged. Was it riches? His marriage with Cadijah had already made him wealthy, and for years preceding his pretended vision he had manifested no desire to increase his store. Was it distinction? He already stood high in his native place, as a man of intelligence and probity. He was of the illustrious tribe of Koreish, and of the most

honored branch of that tribe. Was it power? The guardianship of the Caaba, and with it the command of the sacred city, had been for generations in his immediate family, and his situation and circumstances entitled him to look forward with confidence to that exalted trust. In attempting to subvert the faith in which he had been brought up, he struck at the root of all these advantages. On that faith were founded the fortunes and dignities of his family. To assail it must draw on himself the hostility of his kindred, the indignation of his fellow-citizens, and the horror and odium of all his countrymen, who were worshippers at the Caaba.

Was there anything brilliant in the outset of his prophetic career to repay him for these sacrifices, and to lure him on? On the contrary, it was begun in doubt and secrecy. For years it was not attended by any material success. In proportion as he made known his doctrines, and proclaimed his revelations, they subjected him to ridicule, scorn, obloquy, and finally to an inveterate persecution; which ruined the fortunes of himself and his friends; compelled some of his family and followers to take refuge in a foreign land; obliged him to hide from sight in his native city, and finally drove him forth a fugitive to seek an uncertain home elsewhere. Why should he persist for years in a course of imposture which was thus prostrating all his worldly fortunes, at a time of life when it was too late to build them up anew?

In the absence of sufficient worldly motives, we are compelled to seek some other explanation of his conduct in this stage of his most enigmatical history. . . . We have shown his enthusiastic and visionary spirit

gradually wrought up by solitude, fasting, prayer, and meditation, and irritated by bodily disease into a state of temporary delirium, in which he fancies he receives a revelation from heaven, and is declared a prophet of the Most High. We cannot but think there was self-deception in this instance; and that he believed in the reality of the dream or vision.

Once persuaded of his divine mission to go forth and preach the faith, all subsequent dreams and impulses might be construed to the same purport; all might be considered intimations of the divine will, imparted in their several ways to him as a prophet. We find him repeatedly subject to trances and ecstasies in times of peculiar agitation and excitement, when he may have fancied himself again in communication with the Deity, and these were almost always followed by revelations.

The general tenor of his conduct up to the time of his flight from Mecca is that of an enthusiast acting under a species of mental delusion; deeply imbued with a conviction of his being a divine agent for religious reform; and there is something striking and sublime in the luminous path which his enthusiastic spirit struck out for itself; the pure and spiritual worship of the one true God, which he sought to substitute for the blind idolatry of his childhood.

MAHOMET'S SEAL.

PETER THE GREAT

(From Torch-Bearers of History.)

By AMELIA HUTCHISON STIRLING.

Peter the Great.

IN the year in which William of Orange first distinguished himself by driving back from his native land the magnificent army of France, there was born in Russia a child who was destined to raise that country, which as yet had hardly taken a part in European affairs, to the position of one of the chief powers of Europe.

In order to be able to understand what Peter the Great did for his country, we must know something of the condition in which he found it. It is perhaps not too much to say that Russia was at that time centuries behind the rest of Europe in civilization. Unlike the countries of Western Europe — France, Italy, Spain, and even Britain — Russia was scarcely brought in contact with the civilization of the great Roman empire. The name Russia was unknown in classical times, the country to which we now give that

name being vaguely called Scythia. Of the history of the country almost nothing is known before the ninth century of the Christian era, when we are told that it was inhabited by a race of people known as Slavs or Slavonians, to which the greater number of the present inhabitants of Russia belong. It was during the ninth century, too, that the country was invaded by that restless race of sea-robbers who, about this time, harassed the coasts of almost every country of Europe — the Norsemen of Scandinavia. The invaders, who were headed by three Viking brothers, Rurik, Sineus, and Truvor, settled about Novgorod, which afterwards became a city of great importance. In the tenth century, Vladimir, the great-grandson of Rurik, the Norse invader, adopted the Christian religion, and forced his subjects also to adopt it.

The history of the next two centuries is the record of the quarrels and fights of the barbarous chiefs who ruled over the petty principalities into which the country was divided. Early in the thirteenth century, an event occurred which no doubt helped largely to keep back the progress of the Russians in civilization. This was the conquest of the country by the Mongols, or Tatars, a barbarous race from the centre of Asia, who, under their celebrated leader Chingis or Gengis Khan, had about this time risen to great power. For two hundred and fifty years all Russia was under the rule of these barbarians, and the Russian princes were forced to do homage to their khan or chief, and to accompany him on his military expeditions whenever he required them to do so. Though they ruled over the country for two centuries, however, the Mongols

do not seem very much to have affected either the language or the customs of the Russians. Still the Russians adopted from them a more eastern style of dress, and many Mongol words, especially for articles of dress, are found in the Russian language.

Towards the end of the long period of Mongol rule, the little principality of which Moscow was the capital had risen to considerable power. Before this time, the chief cities of Russia were Novgorod and Kiev; but Moscow was to be for centuries the capital. As early as the middle of the fourteenth century, a Grand-Duke of Moscow, Ivan II., ventured to call himself the Prince of all the Russias. The son of this Ivan defeated the Mongols in a great battle in 1380; and a century later, so powerful had the principality become that the prince of the time, Ivan III., felt himself strong enough to refuse allegiance to the Mongol khan. Ivan III., who reigned for forty-three years, was a very able and ambitious man, and did a great deal to strengthen and improve his country. He was the first Russian prince who took the title of Tsar or Czar, which seems to be derived from the Latin Cæsar. It will be remembered that the last of the Cæsars or Emperors of the East had fallen only a few years before, in 1453, at the celebrated siege of Constantinople by the Turks. The niece of this emperor, Zoe, afterwards Sophia, became the wife of Ivan III., and brought with her into Russia many learned Greeks, who had been driven from their native country by the Turkish conquest. These men helped to improve the state of learning in Russia.

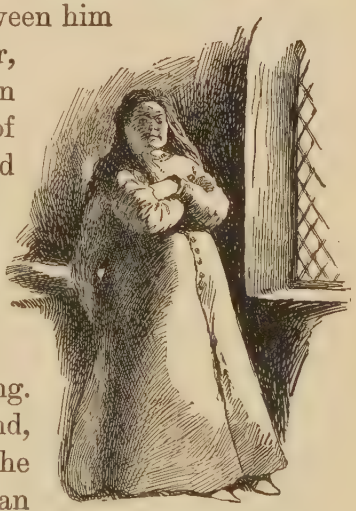
During the next century, the principality of Moscow, or Muscovy, as it was called, continued to make prog-

ress in extent and in civilization; but it was still far behind the rest of Europe, from which it was entirely cut off by its hostile neighbors. On the west lay the kingdom of Poland and the powerful principality of Lithuania, with both of which Russia was almost constantly at war; and on the south was the hostile country of the Turks. A nation, like an individual, cannot make much progress if it is entirely shut into itself. The clearness with which he saw this, the wisdom with which he resolved to connect Russia with Western Europe, and the energy and strength of will with which he carried out his resolve, make Peter I. one of the greatest monarchs that ever reigned. Long before his time, his predecessor, Ivan IV., the grandson of Ivan III., had felt the need of an outlet by which Western Europe could be reached; but he did not succeed in gaining one. It was during the reign of this tsar, however, that a communication was opened up between Russia and England. In 1553, an English vessel entered the White Sea, on the north of Russia. It was one of three which had set out on an expedition to discover a north-east passage to China and India, the crews of the other two having perished with cold. Ivan welcomed the leader of the expedition, Richard Chancellor, and gave him and his companions permission to come and go and to buy and sell in his dominions. This was the beginning of the important trade between Russia and England. Elizabeth afterwards formed a commercial alliance with Ivan, and an English ambassador resided at his court.

But for a long period after the death of Ivan IV. the progress of Russia in civilization was put back by the

struggles between the various claimants of the throne. It was during this "period of troubles," as it has been called, that the Russians came in contact with the great Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, who, it will be remembered, was able to boast, after his struggle with them, that they could not launch a single ship upon the Baltic without the permission of Sweden. But another monarch, no less great in some respects than Gustavus himself, was to change all that.

Like Gustavus, Peter was only some seventeen years old when he took the government of his country into his own hands. On the death of his father, Alexis, whose long reign had done much to improve the state of Russia, he was a child of about four years, and two elder brothers stood between him and the throne. The elder, Feodor, who was weakly in body, died after a reign of about six years, having named Peter as his successor.



The Princess Sophia.

Peter was still but a child, — only ten years old, — and his half-brother Ivan, who was some years his senior, was still living. True, Ivan was weak in mind, and quite unfit to rule; but he had a sister, Sophia, a woman of strong intellect and will, who was unwilling either that her brother should be passed over, or that she should lose an opportunity of governing the country herself under his name. By

stirring up a revolt of the Streltsi, the chief military force of the country, she contrived to carry out her object; Ivan and Peter were both crowned as tsars, while Sophia was appointed regent. For seven years she governed the country in the name of her brothers.

Meantime her young half-brother was already beginning to show that talent, energy, and strength of character which afterwards made him one of the greatest rulers of the time. His education had been extremely poor, as he afterwards complained; but there were two arts in which, even as a child, he had shown the greatest interest and had received instructions — the art of ship-building and the art of war. His instructors were three foreigners who had come to Russia during the reign of his father, the Tsar Alexis, — Timmermann, a Dutch ship-builder; Patrick Gordon, a Scotsman, who became a Russian general; and Lefort, a native of Geneva.

During the peaceful reign of James I. of England, the adventurous younger sons of English, and more especially of Scottish, families made their way to the Continent in order to take part in the Thirty Years' War; and the army of Gustavus Adolphus was largely made up of British men. About the same time, many of these bold men made their way into the then almost unknown and uncivilized country of Muscovy, where the descendants of some of them still live under names strangely altered from their original form. One of these, Patrick Gordon, was to have a great influence on the fate of Peter the Great and of Russia. It was no doubt largely owing to the teaching

of Gordon and of the Swiss Lefort that even in his early boyhood Peter showed the greatest eagerness to gather around him a regular disciplined army. Russia at that time was still so far behind the rest of Europe that it possessed no properly organized army, the Streltsi, who were the strongest force the country owned, being more like the irregular bands of a robber chief than the orderly troops of a regular army. During the regency of the Princess Sophia, before he was yet seventeen, Peter amused himself at his country palace of Preobrazhensky by forming and training a company of lads, some fifty in number. He found them all so completely without any idea of discipline, that in order to teach them what it meant he made each pass through all the different degrees, beginning from the lowest position. He himself, to set an example to the others, began as a drummer, then became a private soldier, and afterwards a sergeant. This company soon increased, and afterwards became a regiment, known as the Preobrazhensky Guards.

Even in these early days, Peter had begun to see that, if Russia was to rise to the level of the rest of Europe, it must have not only a regularly disciplined army, but also a navy. His father, Alexis, had seen this also, and had sent for ship-builders from Holland, by whom two vessels were built and afterwards taken down the river Volga to Astrakhan. But these vessels had been burned by the Cossacks of the district under their chief, who had at this time revolted from Russia. Peter had some frigates built on the borders of a great lake, on which he himself afterwards learned to navigate them.

The Princess Sophia had so little suspicion of her young brother's ambitious dreams that she regarded these early attempts to form an army and a navy as merely boyish amusements. When, however, Peter reached the age of seventeen, his powerful ruling spirit began to show itself, and Sophia is said to have plotted his assassination. At any rate, the Streltsi again revolted against him, and he was forced to take refuge in a monastery. General Gordon, however, who was now at the head of some five thousand men, mostly foreigners, marched to the help of the young tsar; the Streltsi were defeated, and Sophia was shut up in a convent, where she died some fifteen years afterwards.

Young though he was, Peter now began his independent rule. The first years of his reign were employed in forming and training an army, in which he was helped chiefly by Gordon and Lefort. In 1695, he felt himself strong enough to attack the Turks on the south of his kingdom. He was resolved to break through the barriers by which his country was cut off from Western Europe; for he saw clearly that Russia could be raised from the almost barbarous state in which she then was only by being brought into close contact with her western neighbors. He was little more than a lad, very imperfectly educated, born in a half-barbarous country, and not without the wild love of pleasure and the fierce passions of the savage race from which he was descended; yet he had an ideal which raised him far above his countrymen, and even, so to speak, above himself, — that was the welfare and civilization of the country of which he was monarch. All through his

reign he labored for this end, enduring for the sake of it toil and hardship and restraint.

The object of his expedition against the Turks was to gain possession of the Black Sea, through which he could secure that connection with the western countries of Europe which he saw to be necessary for the civilization of Russia. Gordon and Lefort commanded the army, Peter only accompanying the expedition as a volunteer, for he said he must learn before he could command. A few boats had been built, and sailed down the river Don to the town of Azov at its mouth, which the army besieged. At first, however, the siege was not successful, owing, it is said, to the treachery of the chief gunner, who deserted to the enemy. But the following year the town was a second time besieged; and this time it surrendered. In 1696, the victorious army made a triumphal entry into Moscow; and it is said that on this occasion the tsar, eager to show his nobles that military honor must be won, allowed all his generals to go before him in the procession, declaring that he held no rank in the army.

Hitherto, as we have seen, the most important work done in the country during Peter's reign had been done by foreigners — Dutchmen had built his ships, Scots and Swiss had commanded his army, which was largely composed of foreigners. Now Peter resolved that his native subjects should learn to do these things for themselves, and he therefore sent several young Russians into different countries of Europe — into Italy and Holland and Germany — to learn ship-building and the art of war.

Not content with this, he formed the startling plan

of travelling into the other countries of Europe and himself learning these arts, which he saw to be so necessary for the improvement of his country. In 1697, accompanied by Lefort and two Russian generals, he set out on his travels, passing through the Baltic provinces of Livonia and Esthonia, which at that time belonged to Sweden, but were destined to become a part of the Russian dominions.

"He Worked in the Dockyards."

At Berlin, the capital of what was to become the kingdom of Prussia, he was entertained by the future king; and it was during a feast here that he is said to have drawn his sword against his favorite Lefort in a sudden savage fit of temper. Afterwards, however, he begged pardon of Lefort, saying sadly that he, who was so anxious to reform his country, was unable to reform himself.

When he reached Holland, he settled down for a while in the village of Saardam, where there were great ship-building yards. Here he dressed himself like an ordinary Dutch workman, and under the name of Peter Mikhailov, or Peter Baas, as the Dutch called him, he worked in the dockyards, learning to make with his own hands every part of a ship. At the same

time, he occasionally attended lectures on anatomy and other scientific subjects, and studied the various mechanical arts. He also sent numbers of skilled artisans to Russia. While he was in Holland he paid a visit to William III. at Utrecht, and that wise statesman formed a very high opinion of the originality and force of character of the young tsar. This is the only meeting of two of our "torch-bearers" which we have ever had to

"He Paid a Visit to William III."

record. It is interesting to think of these two men together — both so remarkable, and yet, save in strength of purpose and energy, so utterly unlike each other in body and mind: the one weakly in health and unattractive in appearance; the other tall and striking in appearance, with a constitution powerful enough to endure any fatigue; the one calm, reserved, self-controlled; the other vehement and passionate.

In the beginning of 1698, Peter went to England, where he was well received by the king. During the three months he remained there, he spent the most of his time, as he had done in Holland, in the dockyards, studying the English method of ship-building. He also engaged the services of many men skilled in the various arts and sciences, and sent them to Russia. Amongst others were Captain Perry, an able engineer, who has left an account of Russia during Peter's reign; and a Scottish mathematician named Ferguson, who is said to have been the first person to employ arithmetic in the Russian exchequer. It gives us a vivid idea of the barbarous state in which Russia then was, to read that previous to this time the public accounts for the kingdom were kept by means of balls strung on wire!

That Peter himself, too, in spite of his powerful mind and his eager resolve to civilize his country, was in some ways little better than a barbarian is proved by the condition in which we are told the house he inhabited in England was found after his departure. The trim flower-beds, smooth lawns, and carefully-clipped holly hedges of Sayes Court, on which the owner, Evelyn, had prided himself, were all destroyed, Peter, it is said, having amused himself in his leisure moments by being driven through the holly hedge in a wheel-barrow, and by leaping and practising gymnastics on the lawn; while within the house the furniture was smashed, the curtains were torn down, and nearly every lock was broken!

During Peter's absence from his kingdom, there broke out in Russia another revolt of the Streltsi, who were bitterly opposed to his reforms, and indignant

that their tsar should have gone to foreign countries in order to learn how to govern. General Gordon marched against them, and completely defeated them; and Peter, on his arrival in Russia, inflicted most severe and cruel punishment upon them. The squares of Moscow flowed with the blood of these poor ignorant men, whose crime was that they belonged to a day that was gone and an order of things that was passing away.

Peter now set himself in earnest to carry out much needed reforms in state, in church, in education, and even in society. Roads were made, ships were built, colleges were founded, and the whole order of social entertainments was altered by permitting the presence of women, who, as is still customary in Eastern nations, used to live in the strictest seclusion.

The year after his return from his travels Peter lost his two most trusted supporters, Gordon and Lefort, who seem to have died within a year of each other.

Gen. Patrick Gordon.

These men were a great loss to the tsar, but he soon showed that he had now learned to stand alone. In 1700 he became involved in a war with Sweden. On the shores of the Baltic lay certain provinces in the possession of Sweden, some of which had at one time belonged to Russia and some to Poland. The King of Sweden, Charles XII., was little more than a boy — only fifteen years of age when, in the year of the Treaty of Ryswick and of Peter's travels, 1697, he came to the throne — and Peter thought he

saw an opportunity to recover the Baltic provinces, and thus to gain that connection with Western Europe on which all his hopes were set. He therefore formed an alliance with the King of Poland, who led an army into the province of Livonia, while the Russians marched into Esthonia.

But, young though he was, Charles showed that he was more than a match for the Kings of Poland and Russia. The "last of the Vikings," as he has been called, was full of youthful energy and daring, and burning to distinguish himself. The Russians were besieging the town of Narva in Esthonia. With an army much smaller than theirs, Charles marched against them. Taking advantage of a heavy fall of snow, which was being driven in the faces of the Russians by the wind, and prevented them from seeing the numbers of the enemy, he attacked their intrenchments, and after a few hours' fighting was completely victorious. The number of Russians who were made prisoners of war was much greater than that of their conquerors! Peter, who was not present during this battle, received the news of the defeat in a way which showed his real greatness. He was prepared, he said, knowing well of what raw material his new troops were formed, for the Swedes to conquer at first; "but they will teach us at length to conquer them." He at once began making preparations for the future: the remnants of the defeated army were gathered together; recruits were raised; church-bells were made into cannon-balls; smiths, and miners, and founders were set to work. Nor while making these preparations for the defence of his country did Peter neglect anything that could

increase its welfare or commercial prosperity. Flocks were brought into Russia from Saxony for the sake of their fleece, and wool and paper manufactories were set up. While Charles XII. was overrunning Poland, and defeating again and again the Polish king, the Russians, under the direction of their able tsar, were getting ready to defeat the conqueror.

Gradually the fortune of war changed; the Russians gained some small advantages, to which Charles paid no heed, and in 1702 their first really important victory was gained by the capture of Noteburg, a strongly fortified town which commands the river Neva. Peter, who well understood its importance, named the place Schlüsselburg, or the Key City.

The following year, while war was still going on, he began the foundation of his new capital, St. Petersburg, the situation of which he chose with a view to his main object — "to cut a window looking towards Europe." On a dreary marsh in the cold region where the Neva pours into the Gulf of Finland, the new capital of all the Russias was destined to rise. People who did not understand the tsar's main object, marvelled at his choice of such a spot on which to build a city. But heedless of what any one might say, heedless of the loss of the lives of thousands of his workmen from exposure to cold and to the unwholesome mists that rose from the marshy ground, Peter went on with the work which he believed would secure the future civilization of his dominions and the welfare of generations of Russians yet unborn. In about five months, a city — built, no doubt, of but rude materials — had risen in the midst of what had appeared an uninhabitable marsh,

and Dutch vessels were already beginning to trade with it. Soon afterwards, strong fortifications were built on the island of Kronstadt to protect the new city.

The following year, while the Swedes were carrying everything before them in Poland, Peter felt himself strong enough to attempt to wipe out the disgrace of his overthrow by them by attacking the town of Narva, where he had sustained his greatest defeat. After several assaults, the Russians made their way into the town, which they plundered and made waste, treating the inhabitants with great cruelty. It is said that the tsar did everything in his power to put a stop to this violence and cruelty, and that he even slew with his own hand two of his soldiers who had disobeyed his orders to spare the lives of the inhabitants.

After the capture of Narva, Peter was master of the province of Ingria, south of the Gulf of Finland; and he placed it under the command of Alexander Menchikof, a man who, from selling pies in the streets of Moscow, rose to be the greatest general in Russia. It was one of the tsar's greatest gifts that he could recognize talent and merit wherever he saw them, and knew how to advance those who possessed them.

While these events were going on in the north, we must not forget that Great Britain and almost all Southern Europe were engaged in a great war. It will be remembered that William III. of England had died in 1702, just when preparations were being made for a war with France, rendered necessary by the ambition and want of faith of Louis XIV.

In spite of his solemnly pledged word, Louis had acknowledged the son of James II. as King of Great

Britain and Ireland, and had taken up arms to secure the kingdom of Spain for his grandson. On the death of William, as he left no child, Anne, the second daughter of James II., was acknowledged queen by the people of Great Britain. She declared her intention of going on with the war, and Marlborough was placed in command of the British army. In the very year in which Peter the Great took possession of Narva, 1704, Marlborough, together with Prince Eugene of Savoy, gained a brilliant victory in one of the most important battles in history — the battle of Blenheim, in Bavaria.

The War of the Spanish Succession was still going on, and Marlborough had gained a second great victory at Ramillies in Belgium, when, in 1707, Charles XII. of Sweden, after completely subduing Poland and deposing her king, marched into Russia, declaring in his boastful way that he would "treat with the tsar nowhere but at Moscow." He never fulfilled his boast. Instead of marching eastward to Moscow, as he had at first intended, he was induced by Mazeppa, the chief of the Cossacks, to direct his journey southwards to the district known as the Ukraine. The severe cold of a Russian winter overtook the Swedish army as they marched onwards through a bleak and desolate country, where it was impossible to obtain either sufficient food or shelter. Hundreds of his men perished of cold and hunger before his eyes, yet the foolhardy king insisted on pushing forward, himself bravely sharing all the hardships with the humblest in his army.

And now the time had come for Peter to prove the truth of his prophecy that the Swedes would teach them through defeat to conquer them. In June, 1709,

the armies of Russia and Sweden met before the walls of the town of Poltava, or Pultowa, in the southwest of Russia. The Swedes, weakened though they were with fatigue and hardship, made a brave resistance; and their king was everywhere seen in the thick of the fight, though in consequence of a wounded foot he had to be carried in a litter. But the battle ended in victory for Russia — a victory so complete that Charles, who had hitherto carried all before him, was forced to fly for refuge into Turkey with a mere handful of followers.

There he remained for about five years, while he was gradually being stripped of all the territory which he and his great predecessor, Gustavus Adolphus, had won by conquest. The King of Poland, whom he had deposed, reascended the throne with the help of Peter, who at the same time made himself master of the provinces on the east of the Baltic which had belonged to Sweden, while the Kings of Denmark and Prussia also seized portions of the Swedish dominions. Through the wisdom and military skill of one great king, Sweden had risen to a high position among the states of Europe; through the rashness and imprudence of another, she lost all that she had gained, and ceased to be one of the great European powers.

Meantime, under the careful government of the tsar, Russia was rapidly becoming a powerful and civilized nation. His schemes of reform were for a while interrupted by a war with the Sultan of Turkey in 1711.

In this war he and his army were on one occasion saved from utter destruction through the prudent counsel of his wife, who had accompanied him on the ex-

pedition. Like Peter's great general, Menchikof, the Empress Catherine was of humble birth. Taken prisoner by the Russians at the siege of the town of Marienburg, she became a waiting-maid of the Princess Menchikof, and while in the service of that princess attracted the notice of the tsar. Just before setting out on his Turkish campaign in 1711, Peter privately acknowledged her as his wife. She accompanied him on the expedition, sharing all his fatigues and dangers, and supporting him with her lively spirits and good sense.

She did more than this; for when the Russian army, weakened with long marches and scarcity of provisions, was surrounded by a Turkish army much superior in numbers, and cut off from supplies both of food and water, it was Catherine who managed to secure the safety of her husband and his followers when it appeared most hopeless. She gathered together all the jewels she had with her, and all the money which she could collect, and sent these by a trusty messenger to the Grand Vizier, who was in command of the Turkish army, with proposals of peace. The proposals were accepted, and the Russians were saved; Peter was preserved to carry on for some years yet his work of civilizing his country. His new navy and his new city continued to grow rapidly, and thousands of families were induced to leave their homes in other parts of Russia and to settle in St. Petersburg.

On his return from the Turkish campaign, his marriage with Catherine was publicly celebrated, and she accompanied him on his second European journey, in 1716. This time he visited Amsterdam, Copenhagen,

and Paris, taking back with him to Russia skilled workers of all sorts. His work of civilization continued to grow; but there were those in Russia who liked the old barbarous order of things better than all the tsar's reforms, and these formed plots and conspiracies against him.

Amongst them, it is said, was Peter's own son by his first marriage, Alexis by name. The story of this prince forms the darkest part of his father's life. In the midst of his constant efforts to raise his country, the bitter thought would often cross the mind of Peter that, after his death, the work to which he had devoted his life would be undone, and Russia once more sink into barbarism. For Alexis, whose days were passed in idle and base pleasures, took no interest in war or in politics, and was even known to dislike all his father's reforms, and to declare that when he was king he should make Moscow his capital once more. Peter several times rebuked his son for his idle and useless life, and at length, just before setting out on his second journey in Europe, informed him that, as he was not fit to govern, he must give up his claim to the throne of Russia and retire into a monastery. Alexis declared himself ready to do this; but when his father had started on his journey he fled to Germany, where he remained concealed for some time. When he was discovered, he was brought to trial by Peter's orders, and condemned to death for treason. The manner of his death is not known, but it has left a dark blot on the character of the tsar, his father.

For some seven years after the death of his unhappy son, Peter carried on his labors for the improvement of

his country. He died in 1725, at the age of fifty-three, worn out with his life of constant hard work and anxiety. Half-savage though he was, no monarch ever desired more eagerly than Peter the Great to raise his country from barbarism; none ever saw more clearly how this was to be done, or with more energy did it. In spite of his faults of character, the fact that he devoted his life to the fulfilment of a great and worthy end gives him a just claim to his title of the Great.

FREDERICK THE GREAT

(From Torch-Bearers of History.)

By AMELIA HUTCHISON STIRLING.

Frederick the Great.

WHILE Peter the Great was carrying on his work of strengthening and civilizing the barbarous country of which he was monarch, another kingdom had arisen, west of Russia, which was afterwards to become one of the greatest in Europe. This was the kingdom of Prussia, which dates from the year 1700. The country previously known as Prussia is the low stretch of land, covered with lakes and forests, — boggy in some parts and sandy in others, but mostly rich and pastoral, — which lies on the south of the Baltic, and is watered by the river Vistula. Here, during the Middle Ages, when the Crusades were going on, and the minds of all the Christians in Europe were turned towards the Holy Land, there dwelt a heathen tribe or tribes of people — Letts or Lithuanians — a fierce and warlike people of whom but little was known to the rest of Europe, except that

they seemed to live chiefly by fishing for and selling the amber that is found on the Baltic shores. Long after their neighbors the Poles had become Christians, the inhabitants of Prussia still clung to their heathen faith, whatever it was. Several attempts were made to convert them, but without success, the first being by St. Adalbert in the tenth century. In the thirteenth century a number of the Teutonic order of knights resolved to settle in Prussia, and to endeavor to teach the natives Christianity.

This order of knights had been founded during the Third Crusade — the one in which Richard Cœur-de-Lion took part — by some German merchants at the siege of Acre in Palestine, who, out of pity for the sufferings of the sick and wounded in the crusading army, formed out of the sails of their ships tents to shelter them, and did all in their power to relieve them. On their return home after the Crusade was over, their grand master had his headquarters at Venice, and it was while he was there that he was requested to send some of his knights into Prussia for the conversion of the people. So to Prussia the knights went, and there they fought, and taught, and grew strong, and conquered. German colonists followed them into the wild country; the land was ploughed and cultivated, cities were built, and all seemed prosperous. But after a while prosperity was followed, as it was in the days of Rome's greatness, by love of ease and luxury. Gradually the knights sank; they lost their ideal, their spirit of chivalry, and then their strength. Meantime their neighbors the Poles were becoming stronger, and in 1410 defeated them completely in the battle of Tannenburg. Little more

than half a century later, so weak had the knights become that they were forced to give up to Poland the best part of their territory, West Prussia.

To the southwest of Prussia proper lies the province of Brandenburg, in which Berlin is situated. Just at the time when the Teutonic order had begun rapidly to sink, this province had passed into the possession of a powerful family, the house of Hohenzollern; and as the knights sank lower and lower, Brandenburg continued steadily to increase in strength. In the beginning of the sixteenth century — about the time of the Reformation — Albert, a younger son of the house of Brandenburg, was chosen grand master of the Teutonic order. But so weak and corrupt did he find the order that, after consultation with the great reformer Luther, whose views he had adopted, he resolved to disband the knights, and to form Prussia into a dukedom.

A century later this dukedom came into the possession of the reigning Duke or Elector of Brandenburg, and the two provinces, together with the other possessions of the house, formed a powerful electorate. The union of the two provinces took place in the first year of the Thirty Years' War, 1618. It will perhaps be remembered that Gustavus Adolphus married a daughter of the house of Brandenburg, and that he was afterwards hampered by the weak policy of his brother-in-law, the Elector George William.

The son of this George William was a very different man from his father. Frederick William is known as the "Great Elector"; and no doubt he did much to earn the title. The electorate, which had fallen very low in consequence of the weak government of his

father and the terrible ravages of the long war, he restored to strength and prosperity. He fought battles, drained bogs, cut canals, encouraged trade; and died in the year 1688, just when William, Prince of Orange, was thinking of setting out for England to become William III. of Great Britain. The wife of the Great Elector was the aunt of William III., being a princess of that house of Orange-Nassau from which so many distinguished persons have sprung. She was also the great-grandmother of Frederick the Great.

It was the son of the Great Elector who, in 1700, became the first King of Prussia — Frederick I. of Prussia. He was not yet king when Peter the Great, on his first journey through Europe, visited Berlin. Before Peter's second journey, in 1716–17, Frederick I. had died. He died in the year 1713, the year when the Treaty of Utrecht was concluded, which put an end to the War of the Spanish Succession. In this war the troops of Prussia had taken part on the side of the allies against France; and the crown-prince, afterwards King Frederick William, the father of our "torch-bearer," had himself fought with Marlborough.

This Frederick William was a strange man — rude, and fierce, and passionate. He has sometimes been called the "miser king," in consequence of his extreme carefulness in money matters both in private and public affairs. His father had loved to surround himself with splendor and luxury; Frederick William had everything about him, from his clothes to the furniture of his palace and his retinue, as plain and even as bare as possible. He showed the same thrift and carefulness in the management of his kingdom. No penny that

could be saved was spent on external pomp and splendor; while the revenues of the kingdom were used to improve the land, set up manufactures, and, above all, to increase and strengthen his army. His army was Frederick William's great hobby — he had a perfect passion for drilling and recruiting it. Carlyle says of him that he drilled the whole people, and names him the "drill-sergeant of the Prussian nation." The most remarkable part of his army were his Potsdam Guards, a regiment of foot composed of the tallest men that could be bought or stolen in any country of Europe: all of them, we are told, were well over six feet in height, and some even over eight! Many of them came from Russia; others from Norway, and Ireland, and different parts of Germany. If Frederick William was sparing of money in general, he does not seem to have grudged to spend it liberally in forming and supporting this giant regiment. He had agents all over Europe engaged in searching for tall men and bribing them to join the Prussian army, and we are told that it cost him £1,200 to get one very tall Irishman shipped to Prussia!

Though he devoted so much of his time and money to strengthening his army, Frederick William does not seem to have been anxious for war; indeed, he rather avoided it. Only one war do we hear of in his reign — the war with Sweden in 1715, to which allusion was made in the last chapter. The year of this war is memorable as being the last of the long reign of Louis XIV. of France, who died after having, for more than half a century, held all Europe in awe. The year before had died Queen Anne of England, the younger daugh-

ter of James II., leaving no family; and she had been succeeded by George Louis, Elector of Hanover, as George I. of Great Britain and Ireland. It will be remembered how, more than a century before, Elizabeth, daughter of James I., had married the Elector Palatine, who for one short year was King of Bohemia. Their daughter Sophia had married the Elector of Hanover, and her son, George Louis, great-grandson of James I., was now the nearest *Protestant* heir to the English throne. The sister of George I. married Frederick I. of Prussia, and became the mother of Frederick William; and Sophia, the daughter of George I., became the wife of Frederick William, her cousin, and the mother of Frederick the Great, so that in the veins of our "torch-bearer" there flowed some of the same blood as in those of Queen Victoria.

"And Many were the Violent Scenes that Took Place Between Them."

Considering his father's love of drill, it is only what we should expect that the little Frederick, when only five years old, should already have begun to be subjected to a sort of military discipline. He was placed in a mimic regiment of little boys, and was regularly drilled, until in two or three years he was able to drill the regiment himself. Perhaps being

forced to this sort of work so early, gave the boy a distaste for it. At any rate, Frederick William does not seem to have thought that his son showed sufficient love of soldiering, and accused him of having "effeminate tastes," because the boy loved music, and verses, and tales, and did not care for hunting. As he grew up, his father seemed to take almost a dislike to him, and many were the violent scenes that took place between them. The poor young prince's life was very unhappy; and at length, when he was eighteen, he seems to have made up his mind to escape in disguise from Prussia — being driven to this, it is said, by a caning which the king had administered to him. While on a journey with his father, he, with one or two friends, arranged a plan of flight; but on the very morning that he was to make his escape, the secret was discovered. The anger of the king was furious. Frederick, who had become major in the Potsdam Guards before he was quite fifteen, was now colonel of that regiment; and his attempted escape was regarded as desertion from the army. He was treated as a deserter, arrested, and imprisoned in the fortress of the little town of Küstrin. Here he passed several months in a single room, bare of furniture; while all who had been friendly to him in any way were punished by banishment or imprisonment, and one who had aided in his

"And Imprisoned in the Fortress."

plan of flight, Lieutenant Katte, was by the king ordered to be put to death at Küstrin. The young prince, we are told, saw him pass his window to the scaffold, and fainted at the sight. Frederick himself had been tried by court-martial, and condemned to death; but his life was spared through the entreaties of the king's ministers and the request of foreign courts. In less than a fortnight after the death of his friend Katte, he was ready to express penitence for what he had done, and to swear an oath of submission to the king in future. He was now released from prison; but he was not, till some time after, restored to his old position in the army.

Frederick, as Colonel of the Potsdam Guards.

After this terrible lesson in the duty of obedience, he contrived to get on better with the king. How far he had been to blame in the past it is not easy to tell, but there can be no doubt that he was not entirely blameless — that his life was not free from sins and follies. Then, like his mother and his sister Wilhelmina, he was eager for a double marriage alliance with England, of which the king did not approve; and besides this, his love of refinement and culture was offensive to the blunt, half-savage king.

But after his release from imprisonment there were no more outbreaks between him and his father. For the next six years he lived a very quiet, peaceful life, occupied with drilling the regiment of which he was colonel, with study, and even with writing. He corresponded with many literary men, amongst others with the great French writer, Voltaire. When, in 1740, Frederick William lay on his deathbed at Potsdam, he was able to say, as he put his arms round the prince's neck, that he was content to die since he was leaving behind him so worthy a son and successor.

The death of Frederick William was followed, in a few months, by another, which was to be the cause of much disturbance in Europe — that of the Emperor Charles VI. Charles left no son; but by a law passed some years before, known as the Pragmatic Sanction, his daughter, the beautiful Maria Theresa, was regarded as his successor in the hereditary dominions of the house of Austria — in the dukedom of Austria and the kingdoms of Hungary and Bohemia. Though, at the time it was passed, all the European powers had consented to the Pragmatic Sanction, there were now many who were ready to dispute the succession of Maria Theresa in some part or other of the Austrian dominions.

To the south-east of Prussia proper lies the province of Silesia. At the time of the death of Charles VI. this province was in the possession of Austria; but the house of Brandenburg had old claims to it. Frederick II. thought the time had now come to make good these claims; and, thanks to his father's careful management, he had everything ready. Before the year

1740 had ended, he had marched into Silesia with a large part of his splendidly drilled army; and on the first day of the new year he took possession of Breslau, the capital of the province. So far, he had met with but little opposition, as the natives were largely Protestants, and were inclined to favor a Protestant king.

Meantime an ambassador had been sent to Vienna to offer to Maria Theresa the support of Prussia against all attacks upon the dominions of Austria, provided that she would give up Silesia to Frederick. These offers were refused, and Frederick now formed an alliance with France against Austria, and continued to advance into Silesia. In the spring of 1741, the Prussian soldiers showed the good results of their years of drill in the victory over the Austrian forces at Mollwitz.

While the Prussians were marching into Silesia, Austria was about to be attacked from another quarter. Charles Albert, Elector of Bavaria, had laid claim to a part of the Austrian dominions. The French resolved to support his claim. Their reason for doing so was no doubt the desire to weaken Austria. Since the time of Richelieu, the policy of French statesmen had been to try to keep their country supreme in Europe, and to allow no other to rival her. They preferred that Germany should be divided into a number of small states rather than that one strong power should grow up there. True to this policy, France now formed an alliance with Spain and the Elector of Bavaria. At the head of an army lent by France, the elector entered Austria, and after carrying everything before him, had himself crowned King of Bohemia at Prague, the capital of that country.

The unfortunate Maria Theresa, attacked on all sides, appealed for help to her Hungarian subjects, by whom she was crowned Queen of Hungary in 1741. Soon a Hungarian army was in the field; and help, too, came from England — the only country which at this time supported the cause of the young queen. In order to be able to employ all her strength against the French, she now, though very reluctantly, made a treaty of peace with Frederick, by which he kept Silesia. Thus the first Silesian war was brought to an end, and Frederick was free for a while to turn his attention to making up the losses in his army and strengthening the position he had won.

The war between France and Austria continued. Early in 1742, the Elector of Bavaria was elected Emperor of Germany, a title which Maria Theresa had hoped would be bestowed upon her husband, the Grand-Duke of Tuscany. At the time when the election took place, however, fortune had begun to favor the young queen — the French were driven out of Bohemia, and the Austrian army carried the war into the dominions of the new emperor. In the following year, 1743, an army of English and Austrians gained an important victory over the French at Dettingen. This battle is interesting to English people chiefly as being the last at which an English king was present in person. George II., who had joined the army shortly before the battle took place, has gained much credit for the courage which he displayed on the occasion, though his nephew, Frederick the Great, who was naturally inclined to be sarcastic, gives a rather comic picture of him.

Maria Theresa ought now to have been content to put an end to the war. She had recovered the dominions of the house of Austria, and even obtained possession of Bavaria—the Emperor of Germany was almost a pauper. But she was resolved to strip him of his title as well as of his land, and also to punish France for the part it had taken against her. The cause of Maria Theresa was now no longer the cause of justice, the cause of the oppressed, and it has been said that the English should now have given it up. But they did not. The following year, 1744, the French, who had hitherto taken part in the war only as the allies of Bavaria, now openly declared war against England and Austria, and fighting began in the Austrian Netherlands. In the same year, the second Silesian war broke out. Frederick had given his vote, as Elector of Brandenburg, for Charles Albert, and he no doubt held himself bound to some extent to support the emperor whom he had helped to elect; but perhaps his real motive for renewing the war was that he feared that Austria, now that she had become so strong, would try to recover Silesia. He knew well how unwillingly Maria Theresa had ceded it to him.

During the two years of peace he had devoted his attention to making up the losses of his army, and had very much improved his cavalry, which in his father's time had been much inferior to the infantry. All his arrangements were so good that he was able to take the field almost at any moment. "Some countries," it was said, "have a longer sword than Prussia, but none can unsheathe it so soon." The second Silesian war lasted about two years; in 1746 it was brought to an end by

the Treaty of Dresden. It was on his return home after this war that the title of "the Great" was bestowed on Frederick. During the two years of the war he had shown so much courage and military skill, so much moderation and prudence, that he had gained the respect and admiration, not only of his own subjects, but also of all Europe. By the Peace of Dresden, Frederick kept possession of Silesia, while he consented to acknowledge the husband of Maria Theresa as Emperor of Germany, under the title of Francis I. Charles Albert had died in the previous year.

It was while the second Silesian war was going on that, in Great Britain, the last great attempt was made by the dethroned Stuarts to regain the crown. We all know the romantic story of Charles Edward, the grandson of James II., the Young Pretender, as he was called to distinguish him from his father, who was known as the Old Pretender. We all know how he landed in the north of Scotland in 1745 — the year that was celebrated afterwards as the 'Forty-five; how he set up his standard and gathered round him some Highlanders faithful to his house; how he entered Edinburgh, and proclaimed his father king; how he defeated an English army at Prestonpans, and was himself defeated hopelessly at Culloden; how he wandered in disguise about the country with a price upon his head; and how he escaped at length through the courage and devotion of the famous Flora Macdonald.

For ten years after the close of the second Silesian war, Prussia enjoyed peace; but the war in Europe went on for some two years longer, till it was ended in 1748 by the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. During those

ten years of peace, Frederick was far from idle. He was occupied with the improvement of his country in every respect — of its laws, its administration, its army, and above all its manufactures; and he also devoted much time to learning and literature. He was himself an author, and wrote a "Memoir of the House of Brandenburg," and a poem on "The Art of War." Both are written in French, the language which Frederick generally spoke and wrote.

It was well that, during these years of peace, Frederick did not neglect to strengthen and practise his army, and to study the art of war, for a formidable union of his enemies was preparing against him. Maria Theresa was still bitterly grieving for the loss of Silesia, which she was resolved to recover. The Empress Elizabeth of Russia, daughter of Peter the Great, was indignant at some sarcastic remarks of Frederick's about herself, which had been reported to her; and besides, she thought that Prussia was becoming too powerful a neighbor, as did also Poland and Saxony.

Even France, which had been his ally during the last wars, was now no longer friendly to him, in consequence, it is said, of his having given offence to Madame de Pompadour, a lady who had great power over the king, Louis XV. Their common enmity to Frederick drew together France and Austria, who had been enemies for centuries, and they formed an alliance against him, which was joined by Russia, Poland, Saxony, and Sweden. The territories of Prussia were to be divided among the other powers, Silesia being restored to Austria, while Frederick was to be allowed to keep only the duchy of Brandenburg.

In the year 1753, Frederick discovered what was preparing for him, through the disclosures of a government clerk at Dresden, whom the Prussian minister there bribed to give him copies of the government papers. One can imagine how he felt when he discovered that he, alone and unsupported by any ally, was to be attacked by so many great powers of Europe, and how all his thoughts were bent on the question of how he was to meet the threatened blow. Meantime, a war broke out between England and France. It began with disputes between the two countries about their colonies in India and America, and ended in the great Seven Years' War, in which Frederick the Great was the chief actor. Early in the year 1756, knowing with what he was threatened, Frederick made an alliance with England, which during the Seven Years' War was the only country that supported him.

Frederick has been blamed for striking the first blow in his third war, as he had done in his first and second. But we must remember that he knew that Austria and the countries allied with her were only waiting till their preparations were complete in order to attack him. He decided wisely that it was better to meet his foes one by one than all together. In August, 1756, when England and France were fighting at sea, he dashed into Saxony with a large and powerful army. But his first year's campaign did not do much for him. It gave Saxony into his hands; but his forces had been spent in reducing the weakest of his foes, and Austria was as strong as ever.

It was now that Frederick showed his real strength and greatness. He was surrounded by enemies; the

empire had declared against him; France, Austria, Poland, Russia, and Sweden were armed or arming against him; England seemed at the moment capable of giving him but little help; his kingdom was new and comparatively small, and its dominions, separated by portions of hostile territory, were easy to attack but difficult to defend. Yet in spite of all the odds against him, Frederick resolved to maintain the independence of his kingdom, which was destined to become the centre of a united and Protestant German empire. That he was fully alive to the terrible danger of his position we know from his secret instructions to one of his ministers, and also from this, that he carried about with him some poison, which he intended to take, should his fortunes become desperate, rather than live to see the downfall of his kingdom.

In the following year, 1757, he again began the war with an invasion of his enemies' territory; but it was against his strongest foe, Austria, that he made his second attack. Early in the year he led his troops into Bohemia, and there, before the walls of the capital, he gained a brilliant victory over the Austrian army. But this victory was not gained without the loss of a large part of the Prussian troops; and when, a month later, they met a new Austrian army near the small town of Kolin, they were utterly defeated and put to flight. The losses of his army were so great that Frederick was forced to retire from Bohemia into Saxony.

It now seemed as if Prussia must be completely crushed by the great forces arrayed against her in her weakened condition. All but Frederick himself looked

upon her position as hopeless. He, indeed, was plunged into deep gloom, but he was not in despair. When, the day after the defeat at Kolin, what was left of his favorite regiment of foot passed before him, silent tears rolled down his cheeks as he missed one after another of the men, all of whom he knew personally; yet it was during the retreat that he is said to have remarked, "Don't you know, then, that every man must have his reverses? It appears I am to have mine."

Meantime a French army had entered North Germany, and was carrying everything before it, though the son of George II., the Duke of Cumberland, had been stationed with an army of Hanoverians and English to prevent its progress. On all sides Prussia was threatened: on the east a large Russian army was already laying waste the province of East Prussia; on the south, the Austrian forces lay ready to invade Silesia; on the west and north-west the armies of France and the empire were threatening Brandenburg itself; and on the north Sweden was making preparations to invade Pomerania. Only a man of the greatest strength of character could even have thought of attempting to extricate his country from such a situation; only a man of the greatest military genius could have accomplished the task. It was just after the defeat at Kolin that the news reached the king of the death of his mother, the only person, except perhaps his sister

"His Sister Wilhelmina."

Wilhelmina, whom he seems to have deeply loved. Even amid all the cares and anxieties which at that time occupied his mind, the news overwhelmed him with grief, and for two or three days he retired into solitude.

The defeat at Kolin took place in June. By the beginning of September, Frederick was marching westwards to meet the allied French and Imperial army under General Soubise. But it was not till the beginning of November that the two armies encountered each other at Rossbach. Hearing that Frederick was advancing against him, the French general had retreated among the hills of Thuringia, where it was almost impossible to attack him; and it was not till after two weary months of waiting that the King of Prussia had the opportunity he was longing for of meeting his foe in the open field. Rossbach is a village a few miles west of Lützen, where Gustavus Adolphus so nobly fell. Here Frederick, with some twenty-two thousand men, gained, over an army almost three times that number, the most splendid victory he had yet won — one of the most brilliant and important victories in history. The victory was entirely due to the skill with which the Prussian king took advantage of a mistaken movement on the part of the enemy.

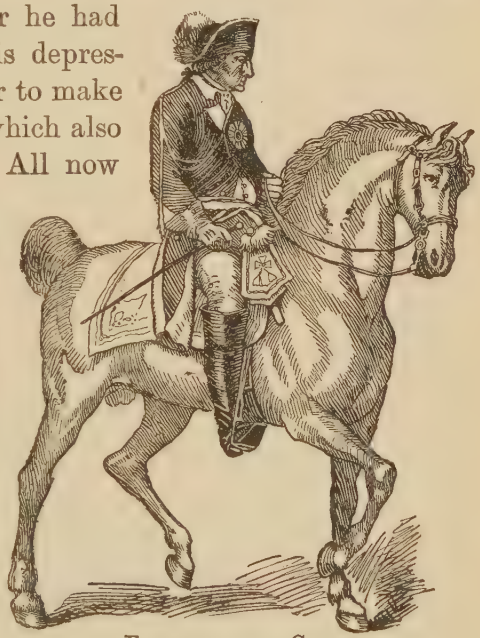
A few days after the battle, Frederick was on his way back to Silesia with the best part of his army. During his absence the Austrians had entered that province, and the Prussian general who had been left in command had lost one strong position after another. On the tenth day of his march, Frederick learned that Breslau had fallen into the hands of the enemy; but he

still advanced, though the Austrians laughed at the idea of his encountering them with his "Potsdam guard-parade," as they called his small army. "But I will attack them if they stand on the steeples of Breslau!" said Frederick. And he did — at Leuthen, on 5th December, just a month after Rossbach — and won a victory which Napoleon Buonaparte afterwards said was enough to have placed him among the greatest generals in history, even if he had done nothing else. The result was that he recovered Silesia.

Rossbach and Leuthen had saved Prussia from instant destruction, but that was all. She was still surrounded on all sides by powerful foes. The following year a great Russian army made its way into Brandenburg, pillaging, burning, and destroying all that came in its way. In a battle at Zorndorf, Frederick defeated it, but not without the loss of a great number of his best forces; and scarcely two months later he was himself defeated by the Austrian army at Hochkirch, in Saxony. But the Austrian general did not take advantage of his success, as he might have done, and Frederick still remained in possession of Saxony. Things now looked very dark for Prussia. The veterans of the army had nearly all been killed or incapacitated, and where were men to be found to supply their place in a small country like Prussia? Then money began to fail, and had it not been for the sums received from England, Frederick must have come to a stand-still for want of means to carry on the war.

The next year, 1759, the fortunes of Prussia reached their lowest ebb. At Kunersdorf, near Frankfort, the Prussian army met with the most crushing defeat it

had yet encountered, from an army of Russians and Austrians. It was now for the first time that Frederick, who has been blamed for the loss of the battle, gave way to utter despair. Ever in the thick of the fight, he was heard to exclaim bitterly, "Is there not a bullet that can reach me?" After the battle he even gave up the command to one of his generals. But two or three days later he had recovered from his depression, and was eager to make another attempt, which also proved a failure. All now believed that Prussia must be completely crushed. Meanwhile, in the north-west, Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, with an army of Hanoverians and English, had won a splendid victory over the French at Minden, due chiefly to the valor of the six English regiments, which ever since have born "Minden" on their colors.



Frederick the Great.

In the campaign of 1760, Frederick showed his enemies that he was not yet exhausted, though, as he said himself, ill-luck still seemed to follow him like his shadow, and the year began with failures and disappointments. But just when everything seemed black-

est, two victories, those of Liegnitz in Silesia and Torgau in Saxony, saved Prussia once more. At Liegnitz, three hostile armies almost surrounded the Prussians, and it seemed as if they must soon be completely hemmed in; but Frederick succeeded not only in getting them out of their perilous position, but in defeating and dispersing his enemies.

But all the skill of Frederick could not have saved Prussia much longer against the united forces of the greatest nations of Europe; and when, in the following year, England refused to help him any longer with money, it appeared as if the king must be forced to give up the struggle for want of means to carry it on. But an unexpected stroke of luck prevented this. In the very beginning of 1762, the Tsarina Elizabeth of Russia died, and was succeeded by her nephew, Peter III., a weak young man, who had a boyish admiration of Frederick. No sooner did he ascend the throne of Russia than he hastened to make peace with Prussia; and not content with that, ordered his army in Germany to support Frederick. Peter only reigned some six months, being deposed by his wife, the celebrated Catherine II., and afterwards strangled; but Catherine, though she did not support the King of Prussia, confirmed the peace with him. Frederick thus got rid of one of his powerful enemies, and in the next year they dropped off one by one, till only Austria was left. In 1763, the Seven Years' War was ended by the Peace of Hubertsburg between Austria and Prussia. By this war Austria had gained nothing, and Frederick had lost nothing — nothing, that is, but his finest troops and the revenues of his country — and he had won the

reputation of being the greatest general of his time. He still kept hold of Silesia, for the sake of which the war had been begun.

In spite of the terrible hardships through which he had passed, the fatigues, anxieties, and worries he had endured, Frederick continued to live for three and twenty years after the end of the war, occupied, as he said himself, "like a dog that has fought bitterly until he is worn out," in "*licking his wounds*," or rather, the wounds of his unfortunate country. Such a miserable Prussia as he found when he was able to look about him! Houses and even whole villages in ruins; fields untilled and unsown; people reduced to starvation; no horses to plough, no seed to sow. Frederick set himself to try to remedy all this. Fortunately, he was not in debt, and he had a large sum put by for the next campaign, which never came off. This sum he employed in building up the ruined houses, and in buying corn for the starving people and seed for the unsown land. And gradually peace and prosperity smiled once more on Prussia.

One action has stained the memory of Frederick's last years — that is, his share in the partition of Poland. At the close of the war he formed a close alliance with Russia, the only country which was now friendly with him. The tsarina, Catherine II., looked with eyes of longing on Poland, her western neighbor; and when the King of Poland died, and difficulties and divisions arose among the people, she found an opportunity for interfering in the affairs of the country. Gradually Poland came almost completely under the control of Russia, and at length some patriotic Poles rose up in arms to

set their country free. Catherine sent Russian troops against them, and Frederick helped his ally Russia with money. The Turks supported the Poles, and Austria, too, threatened to take the field against Russia. To prevent this, the bribe of part of the territory of Poland was offered to her. The noble Maria Theresa was indignant at the offer, but she was not now all-powerful in her country. Austria accepted the bribe. While all the other countries of Europe cried out against the injustice of the act, Russia, Prussia, and Austria divided among them the territory of unhappy Poland. Frederick received for his share West Prussia, which, it will be remembered, was taken from the Teutonic Knights by Poland in the fifteenth century. The possession of West Prussia formed the kingdom of Prussia into a continuous stretch of country on the shores of the Baltic, instead of a number of separate dominions.

No great wars occurred during the remaining years of Frederick's life. He for his part was anxious to avoid war, knowing how much his country required a long peace. In 1777, he led an army into the field against the Emperor Joseph, the son of Maria Theresa; but the dispute was settled without bloodshed. The last important action of his life was the formation of the Fürstenbund, or League of Princes, which was an alliance of the princes of Germany to resist the power of Austria. We remember how, during the Thirty Years' War, the great misfortune of Germany was that it was not a united *nation*, but consisted of a number of independent little states, often at war with one another. The great importance of Frederick in the history of Europe — what entitles him to be called a "torch-

bearer" — depends on this, that he prepared the way for the union of Germany, for the formation of one German-speaking *nation* out of a number of small independent principalities. It cannot be said that this was his ideal — was what he fought for during the Seven Years' War — but the formation of the League of Princes shows that there had risen in his mind at least a far-off dream of a united Germany — a dream which was to be realized in our own century by the great Prince Bismarck.

Be that as it may, no one can read the story of the Seven Years' War, or look at the map of Prussia before and after Frederick's reign, and refuse to admit his claim to be called, as his people styled him in his own lifetime, Frederick *the Great*. He died in 1786, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, having reigned nearly forty-seven years.

WILLIAM THE SILENT

(From The Rise of The Dutch Republic.)

By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

William the Silent.

IN the summer of 1584, William of Orange was residing at Delft, where his wife, Louisa de Coligny, had given birth, in the preceding winter, to a son, afterwards the celebrated stadholder, Frederic Henry. The child had received these names from his two godfathers, the Kings of Denmark and of Navarre, and his baptism had been celebrated with much rejoicing on the 12th of June, in the place of his birth.

It was a quiet, cheerful, yet somewhat drowsy little city, that ancient burgh of Delft. The placid canals by which it was intersected in every direction were all planted with whispering, umbrageous rows of limes and poplars, and along these watery highways the traffic of the place glided so noiselessly that the town seemed the abode of silence and tranquillity. The

streets were clean and airy, the houses well built, the whole aspect of the place thriving.

One of the principal thoroughfares was called the old Delft street. It was shaded on both sides by lime trees, which in that midsummer season covered the surface of the canal which flowed between them with their light and fragrant blossoms. On one side of this street was the "old kirk," a plain, antique structure of brick, with lancet windows, and with a tall, slender tower, which inclined, at a very considerable angle, towards a house upon the other side of the canal. That house was the mansion of William the Silent. It stood directly opposite the church, being separated by a spacious courtyard from the street, while the stables and other offices in the rear extended to the city wall. A narrow lane, opening out of Delft street, ran along the side of the house and court, in the direction of the ramparts. The house was a plain, two-storied edifice of brick, with red-tiled roof, and had formerly been a cloister dedicated to Saint Agatha, the last prior of which had been hanged by the furious Lumey de la Marck.

The news of Anjou's death had been brought to Delft by a special messenger from the French court. On Sunday morning, the 8th of July, 1584, the Prince of Orange, having read the despatches before leaving his bed, caused the man who had brought them to be summoned, that he might give some particular details by word of mouth concerning the last illness of the Duke.

The courier was accordingly admitted to the Prince's bed-chamber, and proved to be one Francis Guion, as

he called himself. This man had, early in the spring, claimed and received the protection of Orange, on the ground of being the son of a Protestant at Besançon, who had suffered death for his religion, and of his own ardent attachment to the Reformed faith. A pious, psalm-singing, thoroughly Calvinistic youth he seemed to be, having a Bible or a hymn-book under his arm whenever he walked the street, and most exemplary in his attendance at sermon and lecture. For the rest, a singularly unobtrusive personage, twenty-seven years of age, low of stature, meagre, mean-visaged, muddy complexioned, and altogether a man of no account — quite insignificant in the eyes of all who looked upon him. If there were one opinion in which the few who had taken the trouble to think of the puny, somewhat shambling stranger from Burgundy at all coincided, it was that he was inoffensive, but quite incapable of any important business. He seemed well educated, claimed to be of respectable parentage, and had considerable facility of speech, when any person could be found who thought it worth while to listen to him; but on the whole he attracted little attention.

"A Bible or Hymn-Book Under His Arm."

Nevertheless, this insignificant frame locked up a desperate and daring character; this mild and inoffen-

sive nature had gone pregnant seven years with a terrible crime, whose birth could not much longer be retarded. Francis Guion, the Calvinist, son of a martyred Calvinist, was in reality Balthazar Gérard, a fanatical Catholic, whose father and mother were still living at Villefans in Burgundy. Before reaching man's estate, he had formed the design of murdering the Prince of Orange, "who, so long as he lived, seemed like to remain a rebel against the Catholic King, and to make every effort to disturb the repose of the Roman Catholic Apostolic religion."

When but twenty years of age, he had struck his dagger with all his might into a door, exclaiming, as he did so, "Would that the blow had been in the heart of Orange!" For this he was rebuked by a bystander, who told him it was not for him to kill princes, and that it was not desirable to destroy so good a captain as the Prince, who, after all, might one day reconcile himself with the King.

As soon as the Ban against Orange was published, Balthazar, more anxious than ever to execute his long-cherished design, left Dôle and came to Luxemburg. Here he learned that the deed had already been done by John Jaureguy. He received this intelligence at first with a sensation of relief, was glad to be excused from putting himself in danger, and believing the Prince dead, took service as clerk with one John Duprel, secretary to Count Mansfeld, governor of Luxemburg. Ere long, the ill success of Jaureguy's attempt becoming known, the "inveterate determination" of Gérard aroused itself more fiercely than ever. . . .

While in France, Gérard could rest neither by day

nor night, so tormented was he by the desire of accomplishing his project, and at length he obtained permission, upon the death of the Duke, to carry this important intelligence to the Prince of Orange. The despatches having been entrusted to him, he travelled post-haste to Delft, and, to his astonishment, the letters had hardly been delivered before he was summoned in person to the chamber of the Prince. Here was an opportunity such as he had never dared to hope for. The arch-enemy to the Church and to the human race, whose death would confer upon his destroyer wealth and nobility in this world, besides a crown of glory in the next, lay unarmed, alone, in bed, before the man who had thirsted seven long years for his blood.

Balthazar could scarcely control his emotions sufficiently to answer the questions which the Prince addressed to him concerning the death of Anjou, but Orange, deeply engaged with the despatches, and with the reflections which their deeply-important contents suggested, did not observe the countenance of the humble Calvinist exile, who had been recently recommended to his patronage by Villers. Gérard had, moreover, made no preparation for an interview so entirely unexpected, had come unarmed, and had formed no plan for escape. He was obliged to forego his prey when most within his reach, and after communicating all the information which the Prince required, he was dismissed from the chamber.

It was Sunday morning, and the bells were tolling for church. Upon leaving the house he loitered about the courtyard, furtively examining the premises, so that a sergeant of halberdiers asked him why he was

waiting there. Balthazar meekly replied that he was desirous of attending divine worship in the church opposite, but added, pointing to his shabby and travel-stained attire, that, without at least a new pair of shoes and stockings, he was unfit to join the congregation. Insignificant as ever, the small, pious, dusty stranger excited no suspicion in the mind of the good-natured sergeant. He forthwith spoke of the wants of Gérard to an officer, by whom they were communicated to Orange himself, and the Prince instantly ordered a sum of money to be given him. Thus Balthazar obtained from William's charity what Parma's thrift had denied — a fund for carrying out his purpose!

"A Sergeant of Halberdiers."

Next morning, with the money thus procured he purchased a pair of pistols, or small carabines, from a soldier, chaffering long about the price because the vender could not supply a particular kind of chopped bullets or slugs which he desired. Before the sunset of the following day that soldier had stabbed himself to the heart, and died despairing, on hearing for what purpose the pistols had been bought.

On Tuesday, the 10th of July, 1584, at about half-past twelve, the Prince, with his wife on his arm, and followed by the ladies and gentlemen of his family, was

going to the dining-room. William the Silent was dressed upon that day, according to his usual custom, in very plain fashion. He wore a wide-leaved, loosely-shaped hat of dark felt, with a silken cord round the crown — such as had been worn by the Beggars in the early days of the revolt. A high ruff encircled his neck, from which also depended one of the Beggar's medals, with the motto, "*Fidèles au roy jusqu'à la besace*," while a loose surcoat of gray frieze cloth, over a tawny leather doublet, with wide, slashed under-clothes, completed his costume.

Gérard presented himself at the doorway, and demanded a passport. The Princess, struck with the pale and agitated countenance of the man, anxiously questioned her husband concerning the stranger. The Prince carelessly observed that "It was merely a person who came for a passport," ordering, at the same time, a secretary forthwith to prepare one. The Princess, still not relieved, observed in an under-tone that "she had never seen so villanous a countenance." Orange, however, not at all impressed with the appearance of Gérard, conducted himself at table with his usual cheerfulness, conversing much with the burgomaster of Leewarden, the only guest present at the family dinner, concerning the political and religious aspects of Friesland. At two o'clock the company rose from table. The Prince led the way, intending to pass to his private apartments above. The dining-room, which was on the ground floor, opened into a little square vestibule, which communicated, through an arched passage-way, with the main entrance into the court-yard. This vestibule was also directly at the

foot of the wooden staircase leading to the next floor, and was scarcely six feet in width.

Upon its left side, as one approached the stairway, was an obscure arch, sunk deep in the wall, and completely in the shadow of the door. Behind this arch a portal opened to the narrow lane at the side of the house. The stairs themselves were completely lighted by a large window, half way up the flight. The Prince came from the dining-room, and began leisurely to ascend. He had only reached the second stair, when a man emerged from the sunken arch, and, standing within a foot or two of him, discharged a pistol full at his heart. Three balls entered his body, one of which, passing quite through him, struck with violence against the wall beyond. The Prince exclaimed in French, as he felt the wound, "O my God, have mercy upon my soul! O my God, have mercy upon this poor people!" . . .

The Assassin.

These were the last words he ever spoke, save that when his sister, Catherine of Schwartzburg, immediately afterwards asked him if he commended his soul to Jesus Christ, he faintly answered, "Yes." His master of the horse, Jacob van Maldere, had caught

him in his arms as the fatal shot was fired. The Prince was then placed on the stairs for an instant, when he immediately began to swoon. He was afterwards laid upon a couch in the dining-room, where in a few minutes he breathed his last in the arms of his wife and sister.

The murderer succeeded in making his escape through the side door, and sped swiftly up the narrow lane. He had almost reached the ramparts, from which he intended to spring into the moat, when he stumbled over a heap of rubbish. As he rose, he was seized by several pages and halberdiers, who had pursued him from the house. He had dropped his pistols upon the spot where he had committed the crime, and upon his person were found a couple of bladders, provided with a piece of pipe with which he had intended to assist himself across the moat, beyond which a horse was waiting for him. He made no effort to deny his identity, but boldly avowed himself and his deed. He was brought back to the house, where he immediately underwent a preliminary examination before the city magistrates. He was afterwards subjected to excruciating tortures; for the fury against the wretch who had destroyed the Father of the country was uncontrollable, and William the Silent was no longer alive to intercede — as he had often done before — in behalf of those who assailed his life.

The organization of Balthazar Gérard would furnish a subject of profound study, both for the physiologist and the metaphysician. Neither wholly a fanatic, nor entirely a ruffian, he combined the most dangerous elements of both.

The reward promised by Philip to the man who should murder Orange was paid to the heirs of Gérard. Parma informed his sovereign that the "poor man" had been executed, but that *his father and mother* were still living, to whom he recommended the payment of that "merced" which "the laudable and generous deed had so well deserved." This was accordingly done, and the excellent parents, ennobled and enriched by the crime of their son, received instead of the twenty-five thousand crowns promised in the Ban, the three seignories of Lievremont, Hostal, and Dampmartin, in the Franche Comté, and took their place at once among the landed aristocracy.

Thus the bounty of the Prince had furnished the weapon by which his life was destroyed, and his estates supplied the fund out of which the assassin's family received the price of blood.

At a later day, when the unfortunate eldest son of Orange returned from Spain after twenty-seven years' absence, a changeling and a Spaniard, the restoration of those very estates was offered to him by Philip the Second, provided he would continue to pay a *fixed proportion of their rents to the family of his father's murderer.* The education which Philip William had received, under the King's auspices, had however, not entirely destroyed all his human feelings, and he rejected the proposal with scorn. The estates remained with the Gérard family, and the patents of nobility which they had received were used to justify their exemption from certain taxes, until the union of Franche Comté with France, when a French governor tore the documents in pieces and trampled them under foot.

William of Orange, at the period of his death, was aged fifty-one years and sixteen days. He left twelve children. By his first wife, Anne of Egmont, he had one son, Philip, and one daughter, Mary, afterwards married to Count Hohenlo. By his second wife, Anna of Saxony, he had one son, the celebrated Maurice of Nassau, and two daughters, Anna, married afterwards to her cousin, Count William Louis, and Emilie, who espoused the Pretender of Portugal, Prince Emanuel. By Charlotte of Bourbon, his third wife, he had six daughters; and by his fourth, Louisa de Coligny, one son, Frederic William, afterwards stadholder of the Republic in her most palmy days. The Prince was entombed on the 3d of August, at Delft, amid the tears of a whole nation. Never was a more extensive, unaffected, and legitimate sorrow felt at the death of any human being. . . .

The history of the rise of the Netherland Republic has been at the same time the biography of William the Silent. This, while it gives unity to the narrative, renders an elaborate description of his character superfluous. That life was a noble Christian epic; inspired with one great purpose from its commencement to its close; the stream flowing ever from one fountain with expanding fulness, but retaining all its original purity. A few general observations are all which are necessary by way of conclusion.

In person, Orange was above the middle height, perfectly well made and sinewy, but rather spare than stout. His eyes, hair, beard, and complexion were brown. His head was small, symmetrically-shaped, combining the alertness and compactness characteristic

of the soldier, with the capacious brow furrowed prematurely with the horizontal lines of thought, denoting the statesman and the sage. His physical appearance was, therefore, in harmony with his organization, which was of antique model.

Of his moral qualities, the most prominent was his piety. He was more than anything else a religious man. From his trust in God, he ever derived support and consolation in the darkest hours. Implicitly relying upon Almighty wisdom and goodness, he looked danger in the face with a constant smile, and endured incessant labors and trials with a serenity which seemed more than human. While, however, his soul was full of piety, it was tolerant of error. Sincerely and deliberately himself a convert to the Reformed Church, he was ready to extend freedom of worship to Catholics on the one hand, and to Anabaptists on the other, for no man ever felt more keenly than he, that the Reformer who becomes in his turn a bigot is doubly odious.

His firmness was allied to his piety. His constancy in bearing the whole weight of struggle as unequal as men have ever undertaken, was the theme of admiration even to his enemies. The rock in the ocean, "tranquil amid raging billows," was the favorite emblem by which his friends expressed their sense of his firmness.

From the time when, as a hostage in France, he first discovered the plan of Philip to plant the Inquisition in the Netherlands, up to the last moment of his life, he never faltered in his determination to resist that iniquitous scheme. This resistance was the labor of his life. To exclude the Inquisition, to maintain the

ancient liberties of his country, was the task which he appointed to himself when a youth of three-and-twenty. Never speaking a word concerning a heavenly mission, never deluding himself or others with the usual phraseology of enthusiasts, he accomplished the task, through danger, amid toils, and with sacrifices such as few men have ever been able to make on their country's altar; — for the disinterested benevolence of the man was as prominent as his fortitude.

A prince of high rank and with royal revenues, he stripped himself of station, wealth, almost at times of the common necessities of life, and became, in his country's cause, nearly a beggar as well as an outlaw. Nor was he forced into his career by an accidental impulse from which there was no recovery. Retreat was ever open to him.

Not only pardon but advancement was urged upon him again and again. Officially and privately, directly and circuitously, his confiscated estates, together with indefinite and boundless favors in addition, were offered to him on every great occasion. On the arrival of Don John, at the Breda negotiations, at the Cologne conferences, we have seen how calmly these offers were waved aside, as if their rejection was so simple that it hardly required many words for its signification, yet he had mortgaged his estates so deeply that his heirs hesitated at accepting their inheritance, for fear it should involve them in debt.

Ten years after his death, the account between his executors and his brother John amounted to one million four hundred thousand florins due to the Count, secured by various pledges of real and personal property, and it

was finally settled upon this basis. He was besides largely indebted to every one of his powerful relatives, so that the payment of the incumbrances upon his estate very nearly justified the fears of his children.

While on the one hand, therefore, he poured out these enormous sums like water, and firmly refused a hearing to the tempting offers of the royal government, upon the other hand he proved the disinterested nature of his services by declining, year after year, the sovereignty over the provinces; and by only accepting, in the last days of his life, when refusal had become almost impossible, the limited, constitutional supremacy over that portion of them which now makes the realm of his descendants. He lived and died, not for himself, but for his country: "God have mercy upon this poor people!" were his dying words.

His intellectual faculties were various and of the highest order. He had the exact, practical, and combining qualities which make the great commander, and his friends claimed that, in military genius, he was second to no captain in Europe. This was, no doubt, an exaggeration of partial attachment, but it is certain that the Emperor Charles had an exalted opinion of his capacity for the field. His fortification of Philippeville and Charlemont, in the face of the enemy — his passage of the Meuse in Alva's sight — his unfortunate but well-ordered campaign against that general — his sublime plan of relief, projected and successfully directed at last from his sick bed, for the besieged city of Leyden — will always remain monuments of his practical military skill.

Of the soldier's great virtues — constancy in disaster,

devotion to duty, hopefulness in defeat — no man ever possessed a larger share. He arrived, through a series of reverses, at a perfect victory. He planted a free commonwealth under the very battery of the Inquisition, in defiance of the most powerful empire existing. He was therefore a conqueror in the loftiest sense, for he conquered liberty and a national existence for a whole people.

The contest was long, and he fell in the struggle, but the victory was to the dead hero, not to the living monarch. It is to be remembered, too, that he always wrought with inferior instruments. His troops were usually mercenaries, who were but too apt to mutiny upon the eve of battle, while he was opposed by the most formidable veterans of Europe, commanded successively by the first captains of the age. That, with no lieutenant of eminent valor or experience, save only his brother Louis, and with none at all after that chieftain's death, William of Orange should succeed in baffling the efforts of Alva, Requesens, Don John of Austria, and Alexander Farnese — men whose names are among the most brilliant in the military annals of the world — is in itself sufficient evidence of his warlike ability. At the period of his death he had reduced the number of obedient provinces to two; only Artois and Hainault acknowledging Philip, while the other fifteen were in open revolt, the greater part having solemnly forsworn their sovereign.

The supremacy of his political genius was entirely beyond question. He was the first statesman of the age. The quickness of his perception was only equalled by the caution which enabled him to mature

the results of his observations. His knowledge of human nature was profound. He governed the passions and sentiments of a great nation as if they had been but the keys and chords of one vast instrument; and his hand rarely failed to evoke harmony even out of the wildest storms. The turbulent city of Ghent, which could obey no other master, which even the haughty Emperor could only crush without controlling, was ever responsive to the master-hand of Orange. His presence scared away Imbize and his bat-like crew, confounded the schemes of John Casimir, frustrated the wiles of Prince Chimay, and while he lived, Ghent was what it ought always to have remained, the bulwark, as it had been the cradle, of popular liberty. After his death it became its tomb.

Ghent, saved thrice by the policy, the eloquence, the self-sacrifices of Orange, fell within three months of his murder into the hands of Parma. The loss of this most important city, followed in the next year by the downfall of Antwerp, sealed the fate of the Southern Netherlands. Had the Prince lived, how different might have been the country's fate! If seven provinces could dilate, in so brief a space, into the powerful commonwealth which the Republic soon became, what might not have been achieved by the united seventeen? a confederacy which would have united the adamantine vigor of the Batavian and Frisian races with the subtler, more delicate, and more graceful national elements in which the genius of the Frank, the Roman, and the Romanized Celt were so intimately blended. As long as the Father of the country lived, such a union was possible. His power of managing men was so unques-

tionable, that there was always a hope, even in the darkest hour, for men felt implicit reliance, as well on his intellectual resources as on his integrity.

This power of dealing with his fellow-men he manifested in the various ways in which it has been usually exhibited by statesmen. He possessed a ready eloquence — sometimes impassioned, oftener argumentative, always rational. His influence over his audience was unexampled in the annals of that country or age; yet he never condescended to flatter the people. He never followed the nation, but always led her in the path of duty and of honor, and was much more prone to rebuke the vices than to pander to the passions of his hearers.

He never failed to administer ample chastisement to parsimony, to jealousy, to insubordination, to intolerance, to infidelity, wherever it was due, nor feared to confront the states or the people in their most angry hours, and to tell them the truth to their faces. This commanding position he alone could stand upon, for his countrymen knew the generosity which had sacrificed his all for them, the self-denial which had eluded rather than sought political advancement, whether from king or people, and the untiring devotion which had consecrated a whole life to toil and danger in the cause of their emancipation.

While, therefore, he was ever ready to rebuke, and always too honest to flatter, he at the same time possessed the eloquence which could convince or persuade. He knew how to reach both the mind and the heart of his hearers. His orations, whether extemporaneous or prepared — his written messages to the states-general,

to the provincial authorities, to the municipal bodies — his private correspondence with men of all ranks, from emperors and kings down to secretaries, and even children — all show an easy flow of language, a fulness of thought, a power of expression rare in that age, a fund of historical allusion, a considerable power of imagination, a warmth of sentiment, a breadth of view, a directness of purpose — a range of qualities, in short, which would in themselves have stamped him as one of the master-minds of his century, had there been no other monument to his memory than the remains of his spoken or written eloquence.

The bulk of his performances in this department was prodigious. Not even Philip was more industrious in the cabinet. Not even Granvelle held a more facile pen. He wrote and spoke equally well in French, German, or Flemish; and he possessed, besides, Spanish, Italian, Latin. The weight of his correspondence alone would have almost sufficed for the common industry of a lifetime, and although many volumes of his speeches and letters have been published, there remain in the various archives of the Netherlands and Germany many documents from his hand which will probably never see the light. If the capacity for unremitted intellectual labor in an honorable cause be the measure of human greatness, few minds could be compared to the "large composition" of this man. The efforts made to destroy the Netherlands by the most laborious and painstaking of tyrants were counteracted by the industry of the most indefatigable of patriots.

Thus his eloquence, oral or written, gave him almost boundless power over his countrymen. He possessed,

also, a rare perception of human character, together with an iron memory which never lost a face, a place, or an event, once seen or known. He read the minds, even the faces of men, like printed books. No man could overreach him, excepting only those to whom he gave his heart. He might be mistaken where he had confided, never where he had been distrustful or indifferent. He was deceived by Renneberg, by his brother-in-law Van den Berg, by the Duke of Anjou. Had it been possible for his brother Louis or his brother John to have proved false, he might have been deceived by them. He was never outwitted by Philip, or Granvelle, or Don John, or Alexander of Parma. Anna of Saxony was false to him, and entered into correspondence with the royal governors and with the king of Spain; Charlotte of Bourbon or Louisa de Coligny might have done the same had it been possible for their natures also to descend to such depths of guile.

Anna of Saxony.

As for the Aerschots, the Havrés, the Chimays, he was never influenced either by their blandishments or their plots. He was willing to use them when their interest made them friendly, or to crush them when their intrigues against his policy rendered them dangerous. The adroitness with which he converted their schemes in behalf of Matthias, of Don John, of Anjou, into so many additional weapons for his own cause, can never be too often studied. It is instructive to observe

the wiles of the Macchiavelian school employed by a master of the craft, to frustrate, not to advance, a knavish purpose. This character, in a great measure, marked his whole policy.

He was profoundly skilled in the subtleties of Italian statesmanship, which he had learned as a youth at the Imperial court, and which he employed in his manhood in the service, not of tyranny, but of liberty. He fought the Inquisition with its own weapons. He dealt with Philip on his own ground. He excavated the earth beneath the King's feet by a more subtle process than that practised by the most fraudulent monarch that ever governed the Spanish empire, and Philip, chain-mailed as he was in complicated wiles, was pierced to the quick by a keener policy than his own.

Ten years long the King placed daily his most secret letters in hands which regularly transmitted copies of the correspondence to the Prince of Orange, together with a key to the ciphers and every other illustration which might be required. Thus the secrets of the King were always as well known to Orange as to himself; and the Prince being as prompt as Philip was hesitating, the schemes could often be frustrated before their execution had been commenced.

The crime of the unfortunate clerk, John de Castillo, was discovered in the autumn of the year 1581, and he was torn to pieces by four horses. Perhaps his treason to the monarch whose bread he was eating, while he received a regular salary from the King's most determined foe, deserved even this horrible punishment, but casuists must determine how much guilt attaches to the Prince for his share in the transaction. This history

is not the eulogy of Orange, although, in discussing his character, it is difficult to avoid the monotony of panegyric. Judged by a severe moral standard, it cannot be called virtuous or honorable to suborn treachery or any other crime, even to accomplish a lofty purpose; yet the universal practice of mankind in all ages has tolerated the artifices of war, and no people have ever engaged in a holier or more mortal contest than did the Netherlands in their great struggle with Spain.

Orange possessed the rare quality of caution, a characteristic by which he was distinguished from his youth. At fifteen he was the confidential counsellor, as at twenty-one he became the general-in-chief, to the most politic, as well as the most warlike potentate of his age, and if he at times indulged in wiles which modern statesmanship, even while it practises, condemns, he ever held in his hand the clew of an honorable purpose to guide him through the tortuous labyrinth. . . .

As far as can be judged by a careful observation of undisputed facts, and by a diligent collation of public and private documents, it would seem that no man — not even Washington — has ever been inspired by a purer patriotism. At any rate, the charge of ambition and selfseeking can only be answered by a reference to the whole picture which these volumes have attempted to portray. The words, the deeds of the man are there. As much as possible, his inmost soul is revealed in his confidential letters, and he who looks in a right spirit will hardly fail to find what he desires.

Whether originally of a timid temperament or not, he was certainly possessed of perfect courage at last. In siege and battle, in the deadly air of pestilential

cities, in the long exhaustion of mind and body which comes from unduly protracted labor and anxiety, amid the countless conspiracies of assassins, he was daily exposed to death in every shape. Within two years five different attempts against his life had been discovered. Rank and fortune were offered to any malefactor who would compass the murder. He had already been shot through the head, and almost mortally wounded.

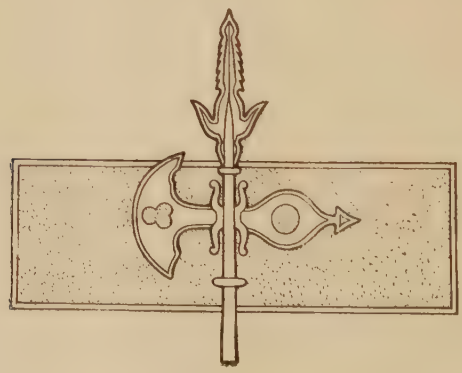
Under such circumstances even a brave man might have seen a pitfall at every step, a dagger in every hand, and poison in every cup. On the contrary, he was ever cheerful, and hardly took more precaution than usual. "God in his mercy," said he, with unaffected simplicity, "will maintain my innocence and my honor during my life and in future ages. As to my fortune and my life, I have dedicated both, long since, to his service. He will do therewith what pleases him for his glory and my salvation."

Thus his suspicions were not even excited by the ominous face of Gérard, when he first presented himself at the dining-room door. The Prince laughed off his wife's prophetic apprehension at the sight of his murderer, and was as cheerful as usual to the last.

He possessed, too, that which to the heathen philosopher seemed the greatest good — the sound mind in the sound body. His physical frame was after death found so perfect that a long life might have been in store for him, notwithstanding all which he had endured. The desperate illness of 1574, the frightful gunshot wound inflicted by Jaureguy, in 1582, had left no traces. The physicians pronounced that his body presented an aspect of perfect health.

His temperament was cheerful. At table, the pleasures of which, in moderation, were his only relaxation, he was always animated and merry, and this jocoseness was partly natural, partly intentional. In the darkest hours of his country's trials he affected a serenity which he was far from feeling, so that his apparent gayety at momentous epochs was even censured by dullards, who could not comprehend its philosophy, nor applaud the flippancy of William the Silent.

He went through life bearing the load of a people's sorrows upon his shoulders with a smiling face. Their name was the last word upon his lips, save the simple affirmative, with which the soldier who had been battling for the right all his lifetime, commended his soul in dying "to his great captain, Christ." The people were grateful and affectionate, for they trusted the character of their "Father William," and not all the clouds which calumny could collect ever dimmed to their eyes the radiance of that lofty mind to which they were accustomed to look for light. As long as he lived, he was the guiding-star of a whole brave nation.

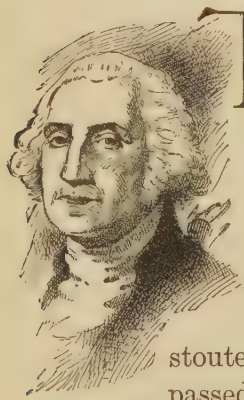


THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON

(From the Eulogy on Washington.)

By GENERAL HENRY LEE.

General Henry Lee was born at Leesylvania, Virginia, Jan. 29, 1756. Graduating from Princeton, he entered the Continental Army, and commanded a troop known as "Lee's Legion." He entered Congress in 1787, and was governor of Virginia 1792–95. He sat again in Congress at the time of Washington's death, in 1799, and was appointed by Congress to deliver an oration upon the character of Washington. He died at Cumberland Island, Georgia, Nov. 25, 1818.

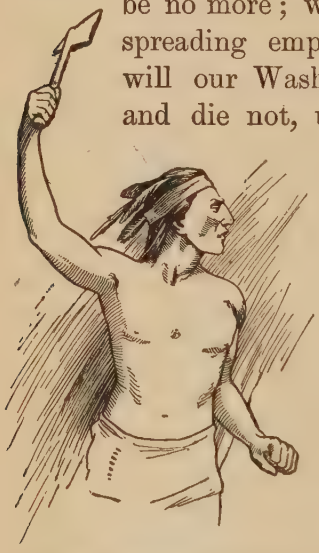


Washington.

THE founder of our federate republic, our bulwark in war, our guide in peace, is no more! O that this were but questionable! Hope, the comforter of the wretched, would pour into our agonizing hearts its balmy dew. But, alas! there is no hope for us; our Washington is removed forever! Possessing the stoutest frame and purest mind, he had passed nearly to his sixty-eighth year in the enjoyment of high health, when, habituated by his care of us to neglect himself, a slight cold, disregarded, became inconvenient on Friday, oppressive on Saturday, and, defying every medical interposition

before the morning of Sunday, put an end to the best of men.

An end did I say?—his fame survives! bounded only by the limits of the earth and by the extent of the human mind. He survives in our hearts, in the growing knowledge of our children, in the affection of the good throughout the world: and when our monuments shall be done away; when nations now existing shall be no more; when even our young and far-spreading empire shall have perished, still will our Washington's glory unfaded shine and die not, until love of virtue cease on earth, or earth itself sinks into chaos.



"The Conquering Savage Foe."

How, my fellow-citizens, shall I signal to your grateful hearts his pre-eminent worth? Where shall I begin in opening to your view a character throughout sublime? Shall I speak of his warlike achievements, all springing from obedience to his country's will, all directed to his country's good?

Will you go with me to the banks of the Monongahela, to see your youthful Washington supporting, in the dismal hour of Indian victory, the ill-fated Braddock, and saving by his judgment and by his valor the remains of a defeated army, pressed by the conquering savage foe; or when oppressed America, nobly resolving to risk her all in defence of her violated

WASHINGTON AND HIS MOTHER

rights, he was elevated by the unanimous voice of Congress to the command of her armies?

Will you follow him to the high grounds of Boston, where to an undisciplined, courageous, and virtuous yeomanry his presence gave the stability of system and infused the invincibility of love of country; or shall I carry you to the painful scenes of Long Island, York Island, and New Jersey, when, combating superior and gallant armies, aided by powerful fleets, and led by chiefs high in the roll of fame, he stood, the bulwark of our safety, undismayed by disaster, unchanged by change of fortune?

Or will you view him in the precarious fields of Trenton, where deep gloom, unnerving every arm, reigned triumphant through our thinned, worn-down, unaided ranks; himself unmoved? Dreadful was the night. It was about this time of winter; the storm raged; the Delaware, rolling furiously with floating ice, forbade the approach of man. Washington, self-collected, viewed the tremendous scene; his country called; unappalled by surrounding dangers, he passed to the hostile shore; he fought; he conquered. The morning sun cheered the American world. Our country rose on the event; and her dauntless chief, pursuing his blow, completed, in the lawns of Princeton, what his vast soul had conceived on the shores of Delaware.

Thence to the strong grounds of Morristown he led his small but gallant band; and through an eventful winter, by the high efforts of his genius, whose matchless force was measurable only by the growth of difficulties, he held in check formidable hostile legions,

conducted by a chief, experienced in the art of war and famed for his valor on the ever-memorable heights of Abraham, where fell Wolfe, Montcalm, and since, our much-lamented Montgomery, all covered with glory. In this fortunate interval, produced by his masterly conduct, our fathers, ourselves, animated by his resistless example, rallied around our country's standard and continued to follow her beloved chief through the various and trying scenes to which the destinies of our Union led.

Who is there that has forgotten the vales of Brandywine, the fields of Germantown, or the plains of Monmouth? Everywhere present, wants of every kind obstructing, numerous and valiant armies encountering, himself a host, he assuaged our sufferings, limited our privations, and upheld our tottering republic. Shall I display to you the spread of the fire of his soul by rehearsing the praises of the hero of Saratoga and his much-loved compeer of the Carolinas? No; our Washington wears not borrowed glory. To Gates, to Greene, he gave without reserve the applause due to their eminent merit; and long may the chiefs of Saratoga and of Eutaw receive the grateful respect of a grateful people.

Moving in his own orbit he imparted heat and light to his most distant satellites; and, combining the physical and moral force of all within his sphere, with irresistible weight he took his course, commiserating folly, disdaining vice, dismaying treason, and invigorating despondency; until the auspicious hour arrived when, united with the intrepid forces of a potent and magnanimous ally, he brought to submission the since

conqueror of India; thus finishing his long career of military glory with a lustre corresponding to his great name, and in this, his last act of war, affixing the seal of fate to our nation's birth.

To the horrid din of battle sweet peace succeeded; and our virtuous chief, mindful only of the common good, in a moment of tempting personal aggrandizement hushed the discontents of growing sedition, and, surrendering his power into the hands from which he had received it, converted his sword into a ploughshare, teaching an admiring world that to be truly great you must be truly good.

Lord Cornwallis.
"The Since Conqueror of India."

Were I to stop here the picture would be incomplete and the task imposed unfinished. Great as was our Washington in war, and as much as did that greatness contribute to produce the American republic, it is not in war alone his pre-eminence stands conspicuous. His various talents, combining all the capacities of a statesman with those of a soldier, fitted him alike to guide the councils and the armies of our nation. Scarcely had he rested from his martial toils, while his invaluable parental advice was still sounding in our ears, when he who had been our shield and our sword was called forth to act a less splendid but more important part.

Possessing a clear and penetrating mind, a strong and sound judgment, calmness and temper for delibera-

tion, with invincible firmness and perseverance in resolutions maturely formed; drawing information from all; acting from himself with incorruptible integrity and unvarying patriotism; his own superiority and the public confidence alike marked him as the man designed by Heaven to lead in the great political as well as military events which have distinguished the era of his life.

The finger of an overruling Providence pointing at Washington was neither mistaken nor unobserved; when, to realize the vast hopes to which our Revolution had given birth, a change of political system became indispensable.

How novel, how grand the spectacle! Independent States, stretched over an immense territory, and known only by common difficulty, clinging to their union as the rock of their safety, deciding by frank comparison of their relative condition to rear on that rock, under the guidance of reason, a common government through whose commanding protection, liberty and order, with their long train of blessings, should be safe to themselves and the sure inheritance of their posterity.

This arduous task devolved on citizens selected by the people from knowledge of their wisdom and confidence in their virtue. In this august assembly of sages and of patriots Washington, of course, was found; and, as if acknowledged to be the most wise where all were wise, with one voice he was declared their chief. How well he merited this rare distinction, how faithful were the labors of himself and his compatriots, the work of their hands and our union, strength and prosperity, the fruits of that work, best attest.

But to have essentially aided in presenting to his country this consummation of her hopes neither satisfied the claims of his fellow-citizens on his talents, nor those duties which the possession of those talents imposed. Heaven had not infused into his mind such an uncommon share of its ethereal spirit to remain unemployed; nor bestowed on him his genius unaccompanied with the corresponding duty of devoting it to the common good. To have framed a constitution was showing only, without realizing, the general happiness.

This great work remained to be done; and America, steadfast in her preference, with one voice summoned her beloved Washington, unpractised as he was in the duties of civil administration, to execute this last act in the completion of the national felicity. Obedient to her call, he assumed the high office with that self-distrust peculiar to his innate modesty, the constant attendant of pre-eminent virtue. What was the burst of joy through our anxious land on this exhilarating event is known to us all. The aged, the young, the brave, the fair, rivalled each other in demonstrations of their gratitude; and this high-wrought, delightful scene was heightened in its effect by the singular contest between the zeal of the bestowers and the avoidance of the receiver of the honors bestowed.

Commencing his administration, what heart is not charmed with the recollection of the pure and wise principles announced by himself as the basis of his political life! He best understood the indissoluble union between virtue and happiness, between duty and advantage, between the genuine maxims of an honest and magnanimous policy and the solid rewards of public

prosperity and individual felicity; watching with an equal and comprehensive eye over this great assemblage of communities and interests, he laid the foundations of our national policy in the unerring, immutable principles of morality based on religion, exemplifying the pre-eminence of a free government by all the attributes which win the affection of its citizens or command the respect of the world.

O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint![1]

Leading through the complicated difficulties produced by previous obligations and conflicting interests, seconded by succeeding Houses of Congress, enlightened and patriotic, he surmounted all original obstruction and brightened the path of our national felicity.

The presidential term expiring, his solicitude to exchange exaltation for humility returned with a force increased with increase of age; and he had prepared his farewell address to his countrymen, proclaiming his intention, when the united interposition of all around him, enforced by the eventful prospects of the epoch, produced a further sacrifice of inclination to duty. The election of President followed, and Washington, by the unanimous vote of the nation, was called to resume the chief magistracy. What a wonderful fixture of confidence! Which attracts most our admiration, a people so correct, or a citizen combining an assemblage of talents forbidding rivalry and stifling even envy itself? Such a nation ought to be happy, such a chief must be forever revered.

War, long menaced by the Indian tribes, now broke

[1] O too fortunate if they recognize the good things they have.

out; and the terrible conflict, deluging Europe with blood, began to shed its baneful influence over our happy land. To the first outstretching his invincible arm, under the order of the gallant Wayne, the American eagle soared triumphant through distant forests. Peace followed victory; and the melioration of the condition of the enemy followed peace. God-like virtue, which uplifts even the subdued savage!

Gen. Anthony Wayne.

To the second he opposed himself. New and delicate was the conjuncture and great was the stake. Soon did his penetrating mind discern and seize the only course, continuing to us all the felicity enjoyed. He issued his proclamation of neutrality. This index to his whole subsequent conduct was sanctioned by the approbation of both Houses of Congress and by the approving voice of the people.

To this sublime policy he inviolably adhered, unmoved by foreign intrusion, unshaken by domestic turbulence.

> Justum et tenacem propositi virum,
> Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
> Non vultus instantis tyranni,
> Mente quatit solida.[1]

Maintaining his pacific system at the expense of no duty, America, faithful to herself and unstained in her

[1] The just man, tenacious of his purpose, is not shaken in his well-formed convictions by the ill-timed zeal of aggressive citizens or by the angry face of the tyrant.

honor, continued to enjoy the delights of peace, while afflicted Europe mourns in every quarter under the accumulated miseries of an unexampled war; miseries in which our happy country must have shared had not our pre-eminent Washington been as firm in council as he was brave in the field.

Pursuing steadfastly his course, he held safe the public happiness, preventing foreign war and quelling internal discord, till the revolving period of a third election approached, when he executed his interrupted but inextinguishable desire of returning to the humble walks of private life.

The promulgation of his fixed resolution stopped the anxious wishes of an affectionate people from adding a third unanimous testimonial of their unabated confidence in the man so long enthroned in their hearts. When before was affection like this exhibited on earth? Turn over the records of ancient Greece; review the annals of mighty Rome; examine the volumes of modern Europe; you search in vain. America and her Washington only afford the dignified exemplification.

The illustrious personage called by the national voice in succession to the arduous office of guiding a free people had new difficulties to encounter. The amicable effort of settling our difficulties with France, begun by Washington and pursued by his successor in virtue as in station, proving abortive, America took measures of self-defence. No sooner was the public mind roused by the prospect of danger than every eye was turned to the friend of all, though secluded from public view and gray in public service. The virtuous veteran, following his plough, received the unexpected summons with

mingled emotions of indignation at the unmerited ill-treatment of his country and of a determination once more to risk his all in her defence.

The annunciation of these feelings in his affecting letter to the President, accepting the command of the army, concludes his official conduct.

First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, he was second to none in the humble and endearing scenes of private life. Pious, just, humane, temperate, and sincere; uniform, dignified, and commanding, his example was as edifying to all around him as were the effects of that example lasting.

To his equals he was condescending; to his inferiors kind; and to the dear object of his affections exemplarily tender. Correct throughout, vice shuddered in his presence and virtue always felt his fostering hand; the purity of his private character gave effulgence to his public virtues.

His last scene comported with the whole tenor of his life: although in extreme pain, not a sigh, not a groan escaped him; and with undisturbed serenity he closed his well-spent life. Such was the man America has lost! Such was the man for whom our nation mourns!

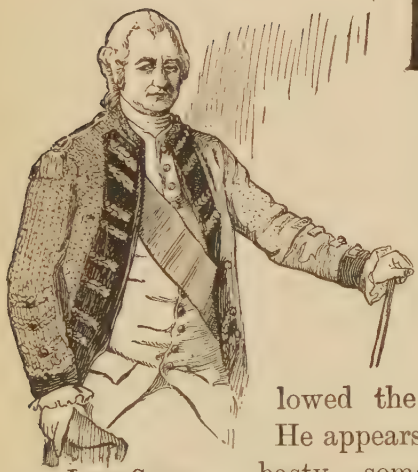
Methinks I see his august image and hear, falling from his venerable lips, these deep sinking words:

"Cease, sons of America, lamenting our separation: go on, and confirm by your wisdom the fruits of our joint councils, joint efforts, and common dangers. Reverence religion; diffuse knowledge throughout your land; patronize the arts and sciences; let liberty and order be inseparable companions; control party spirit, the bane of free government; observe good faith to,

and cultivate peace with, all nations; shut up every avenue to foreign influence; contract rather than extend national connection; rely on yourselves only; be American in thought and deed. Thus will you give immortality to that Union which was the constant object of my terrestrial labors. Thus will you preserve, undisturbed to the latest posterity, the felicity of a people to me most dear: and thus will you supply (if my happiness is now aught to you) the only vacancy in the round of pure bliss high heaven bestows."

LORD CLIVE

By COLONEL SIR CHARLES WILSON.



Lord Clive.

ROBERT, Lord Clive, was born at Styche, near Market Drayton, in Shropshire, on Sept. 29, 1725. His father, Richard Clive, finding the income from the old family estate of Styche too small for the support of a large family, followed the profession of the law. He appears to have been a man of hasty, sometimes violent, temper, who never appreciated his son's merits until he had made himself famous, though he was afterwards so unduly elated by his success that he could talk and write of nothing but "Bobby's" triumphs. His mother, to whom he always said that he owed more than to any school, was a lady remarkable for her virtues, her talents, and her sterling good sense. She was a daughter of Mr. Gaskill of Manchester, and of her sisters one married Mr. Bayley of Hope Hall, near Manchester, and another Hugh, eleventh Lord Sempill.

In early life Clive's waywardness and his neglect of school studies appear to have produced an unfavorable impression upon his masters. One indeed, Dr. Eaton, had the happy foresight to predict, "If that lad should live to be a man, and an opportunity be given for the exertion of his talents, few names will be greater than his." To the others he was only "the most unlucky boy they had ever had in their schools."

Yet strong indications of future character were not wanting in the lad's imperious temper, his insensibility to danger, his impatience of control, his dislike to the drudgery of the desk, and his keen desire to excel in all boyish pursuits. Before he was seven years old his temper was the subject of anxious care to his relations. "I am satisfied," Mr. Bayley writes, "that his fighting (to which he is out of measure addicted) gives his temper [such] a fierceness and imperiousness that he flies out upon every trifling occasion; for this reason I do what I can to suppress the hero, that I may help forward the more valuable qualities of meekness, benevolence, and patience."

When at Market Drayton he is said to have been the leader of a band of youthful Mohawks in all their mischievous tricks, now levying blackmail on anxious shopkeepers trembling for the security of their windows; now turning his body into a temporary dam across the street gutter, to flood the shop of an offending tradesman. It was in the same town that, on one occasion, he climbed out to obtain a smooth stone that lay in one of the dragon-headed gargoyles of the old Gothic church, and calmly seated himself in mid-air, to the wondering alarm of his companions.

Clive left England in 1743, and, after a delay of nine months in the Brazils, reached Madras towards the end of 1744. . . .

After his arrival in India, Clive was fortunate enough to obtain access to an excellent library in Government House, and he must have made good use of the opportunity. There is no record of the manner in which he fitted himself for his work in life; but before Madras surrendered he seems to have made himself a fair Latin scholar, and to have acquired that intimate acquaintance with the politics and character of the natives which contributed so largely to his successful career.

His strong, decided character is said to have "rendered his appointment as troublesome to his superiors as it was irksome to himself;" and his abhorrence of compulsion is amusingly illustrated by his reply to an invitation from the Governor's secretary, to whom he had been ordered to apologize: "No, sir, the Governor did not command me to dine with you."

Yet when he obtained a commission he never complained of military discipline, and never grew impatient under its yoke. During this period he is said, either in a fit of despair or of low spirits, to have attempted suicide. A companion, coming into his room on one occasion, was requested to take up a pistol and fire it out of the window. He did so; whereupon Clive, who was in one of his gloomy moods, sprang up, and exclaimed:

"Well, I am reserved for something! I have twice snapped that pistol at my own head."

The disgraceful surrender of Madras to the French,

and the infraction of the terms of the capitulation by Dupleix, mark a turning-point in Clive's career. The proud spirit of the young civilian could ill bear the humiliating position at Madras. He disguised himself in native attire and fled, with Edmund Maskelyne, his future brother-in-law, to Fort St. David, where the British flag still waved over men determined to uphold the honor of their country. . . .

"He Disguised Himself in Native Attire."

In 1747 he asked for and obtained a commission as ensign; and in the following year he showed, at the siege of Pondicherry, some of those soldierly qualities which, in after years, won for him the admiration and confidence of the troops.

Upon one occasion, whilst the French were making a vigorous sortie, he ran back from the advanced trench to bring up powder to the battery in which he was serving. The incident gave rise to a remark that he had quitted his post from fear.

Clive, on hearing what had been said, went with a friend to the officer who had made the remark, and insisted upon instant satisfaction. As they were retiring to settle the dispute, the officer, who was following, struck him on the ear. He at once drew, and his

example was followed by his opponent, but before they had crossed swords they were separated.

A court of inquiry was held, and the officer who had defamed Clive was ordered to beg his pardon at the head of the battalion. The court, however, unwilling to break him, took no notice of the blow.

After the siege had been raised, and the troops had retired upon Fort St. David, Clive demanded satisfaction for this last insult, and when it was refused he laid his cane on the officer's head, and told him he could not think of thrashing such a contemptible coward. The next day the officer resigned his commission.

In these early incidents of his career Clive never appears as the aggressor. He expresses his opinion firmly and decidedly, and he is ever ready to resent an insult; but he never seeks a quarrel. If he had possessed the turbulent disposition with which he has been credited, he would, in an age when duelling prevailed, have degenerated into a bully. The haughty reserve of his manner was ill calculated to make him popular with the young writers and ensigns who were his daily companions, and with whom there must have been frequent sources of quarrel, yet his worst enemies were unable to bring forward any anecdote to his dishonor or discredit. . . .

In this, the first period of his career, Clive had shown that he possessed, in its fullest extent, that most striking of all human qualities — true valor. He had rendered himself conspicuous by volunteering for all services of danger, and by exhibiting in them a rare combination of daring courage, sound judgment, quickness of apprehension, and readiness of resource. To

personal danger he was absolutely indifferent; for death he had a lofty contempt; in sudden emergencies his presence of mind was remarkable; his heroic spirit rose superior to the depressing influences of disease; when hostilities were imminent the gloom that overshadowed his life disappeared; the din of battle, the smell of powder, steadied his nerves and cleared his head, and the excitement of action served but to increase the activity of his mind.

Born with an undoubted genius for war, he never received that training which would have made him a great general. He was no consummate master of the art of war, like Marlborough, Napoleon, or Wellington. There is little trace of skilful combination in his plans, and on some occasions he appears to have neglected the most obvious military precautions.

To seek the enemy and, on finding him, to attack with headlong valor, seems to have been his guiding principle, and his successes were due rather to his personal intrepidity, and to his power of inspiring large masses of men with confidence, than to studied plans or dexterous manœuvres. His influence over natives was unbounded; and he possessed in an eminent degree the qualities requisite in a successful leader of native troops. No man more fully understood their character, or more completely won their confidence. His insensibility to danger and his reckless courage exerted such magic influence over their minds that they were ready to follow him in the most desperate enterprises. His men believed that wherever he went glory and victory followed; throughout India he was known as Sabat Jung (Daring in War); and it may be

said of him, as it was of Napoleon, that his presence on the field of battle was equivalent to forty thousand men.

In some sense he seems to have looked upon himself as an instrument of the Divine Will. Speaking long afterwards in the House of Commons he is reported to have said: "In this critical situation I was called forth, and it pleased God to make me the instrument of their (the Company's) delivery."

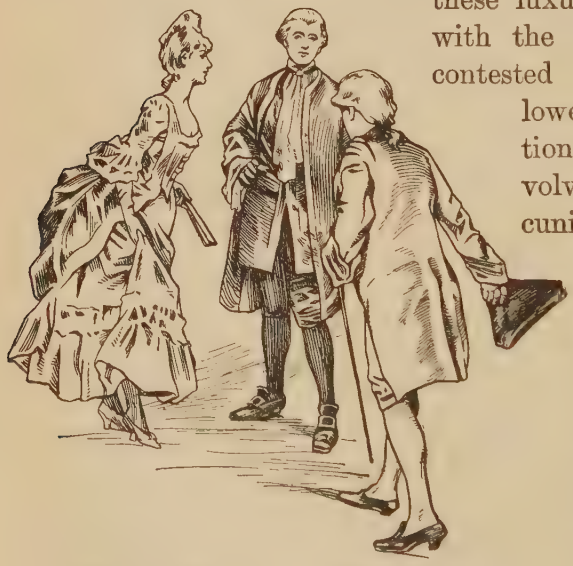
It was indeed patent to every one that British interests in India had been saved from destruction by the genius and energy of one man, and the "hero of Arcot," on reaching England, was received with those flattering marks of regard which are so freely offered to the successful soldier.

The fame of his exploits had preceded him. His father, who, on first hearing of his son's success, had remarked that "the booby had some sense after all," had lost no opportunity of sounding his praises. His brave conduct and his success were the talk and wonder of the public; and, in the conversation of the day, he was compared to the great generals of former times. The Court of Directors had written to the Governor of Fort St. David of "the great regard" they had "for the merit of Captain Clive, to whose courage and conduct the late turn in our affairs has been mainly owing; he may be assured of our having a just sense of his services."

They had toasted him at their banquets as "General" Clive; and, after his return to England they voted him a diamond-hilted sword, worth £500, "as a token of their esteem, and of his singular services to the Company on the coast of Coromandel." With rare good

taste and feeling he declined this last distinction unless a similar honor were conferred upon his master in the art of war — Stringer Lawrence.

Clive had brought home a fair fortune, and his first use of it was to clear off the encumbrances on the family estate and pay his father's debts. He was, however, soon carried away by the attention paid to him in society, and, partly from vanity, partly from ambition, led a life of extravagance far beyond his means. His dress, his liveries, his carriages and his horses were brilliant and costly even for those times; and his outlay on these luxuries, combined with the expense of a contested election followed by a petition, nearly involved him in pecuniary difficulties.



"The Attention Paid to Him in Society."

While Clive's name was in every mouth, Henry Pelham, who had been almost uninterruptedly Prime Minister since the fall of Walpole, died, and was succeeded in the Government by the Duke of Newcastle. On April 8th, 1754, Parliament was dissolved, and in the elections that followed — those rendered memorable by the pictures of Hogarth

— Clive stood for the borough of St. Michael's in Cornwall, which then returned two members. Newcastle hoped to secure the return of both, but he was opposed by Lord Sandwich and Fox. Clive, who had attracted the favorable notice of Fox, was brought forward in the Sandwich interest, and, thanks to a large expenditure of money, was returned. . . .

The five years that followed Clive's departure from Calcutta in 1760 are the most shameful in the history of British India. Strong measures were necessary to put an end to abuses that his successors had more than tolerated, and he did not flinch from these in his effort to cleanse what he called the Augean stable. The services which Clive rendered to his country during his second administration have rarely been equalled — they have never been surpassed. During the brief space of twenty months he reformed the civil service and increased its efficiency, after having suppressed a combination amongst the civil servants hostile to his policy.

He reorganized the army and quelled a serious mutiny amongst the officers; concluded an advantageous peace with the Nawab-Vizier of Oude; and acquired the *diwani* of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa for the Company, whereby they obtained a revenue of two millions, while the whole political power came into the hands of the English. He reduced expenses; paid off most of the Company's debts in India; checked misrule; set bounds to the cupidity of the ruling caste; and brought trade and commerce back into their wonted channels.

When Clive reached India the strongest human motives — love of power, love of reputation, love of

money — were enlisted against him. He stood alone. Every one, from the senior member of Council to the last-joined clerk, was against him. He was often weary, often depressed, often sorely tried, but his iron will was never diverted from its object. "Let me," he writes, "but have health sufficient to go through with the reformation we intend, and I shall die with satisfaction and in peace."

He shrank from nothing when he believed he was acting for the public good; and the strong measures he adopted created a host of powerful enemies. His reforms in the civil and military services, though they left them, after all reductions, the most liberally paid in the world, were the real cause of the virulent attacks made upon him after his return to England, and of the Parliamentary inquiry into his conduct. Had some of his schemes been adopted instead of being opposed by the Directors, the history of British India during the next few years would have been very different.

Clive's organization and administration of the Indian army are remarkable proofs of his inborn military talent. His army reforms, especially those connected with the amalgamation of the troops of the three presidencies in Bengal, increased the number of his enemies; and the stern measures which he was compelled to take in crushing the mutiny roused deep feelings of animosity, which found expression after his death in one of the most scandalous attempts to defame the memory of a brave man that have ever been published. . . .

On returning to England in 1767 his great wish had been to assist the Government to complete the work he

had commenced. His serious illness prevented him from carrying out his design, and when he recovered it was abandoned. "I soon perceived," he wrote to Wedderburn, "that unless a settled administration, possessed of both resolution and power adequate to the object, undertook thoroughly to engage Parliament in the business, no material advantage could be gained for the nation by any light I could give."

He continued, however, to take great interest in Indian affairs; wrote frequently to Verelst and his other friends in India; and even when on the worst terms with Ministers and Directors he was always ready to give them the benefit of his experience.

Parliament had hitherto paid little attention to the manner in which the East India Company governed its possessions in India. The weak administrations that had followed each other in rapid succession since the death of George the Second were too much occupied with their own quarrels, the riots in the country and the insurrectionary movements in America, to study the politics of India. When they did interfere in matters of which they were profoundly ignorant, it was in an irresolute, half-hearted manner.

The financial difficulties of the Company brought on a crisis. The Ministry could no longer neglect Indian affairs, and arrangements were made for submitting a scheme for their future management to Parliament. In May, and again in October, 1771, Government sought information and advice from Clive through his friend Wedderburn, who had become Solicitor-General. These proceedings could not be concealed from Clive's enemies in the India House, who, knowing they could

not justify their own conduct, determined to attack him in his place in Parliament. On January 7th, 1772, a fortnight before Parliament met, Clive received an intimation from the Company's secretary that charges had been made against him in connection with his government of Bengal; and shortly afterwards the storm which had so long been gathering over his head broke.

On March 30th Mr. Sulivan brought in a Bill "for the better regulation of the affairs of the East India Company, and of their servants in India, and for the due administration of justice in Bengal." The speeches in support of the Bill were directly aimed at Clive, and he rose at once to reply.

Whilst defending himself he carried the attack into the enemy's camp; and his speech was declared by Lord Chatham, who was present during the debate, to have been "one of the most finished pieces of eloquence he had ever heard in the House of Commons."

It so effectually disposed of the charges made against his second government of Bengal that the attacks of his enemies were afterwards confined to the earlier periods of his life. The speech, which was afterwards printed under Clive's direction, is one of singular power.

Clive was followed by Governor Johnston, brother of the Mr. Johnston who had accepted money from Meer Jaffier's successor, who, in a speech of great violence, declared that all the evils that had arisen were the natural result of Clive's action when governor. Leave having been given to introduce the Bill, it was brought in by Mr. Sulivan, on April 13th, and on this occasion Colonel Burgoyne moved that "a Select Committee be

appointed to inquire into the nature, state, and condition of the East India Company, and of the British affairs in the East Indies."

The motion was carried without a division, and a Committee was appointed with Burgoyne as chairman. When the Committee met, Burgoyne had no plan; but this was supplied by Governor Johnston, and it soon became evident that the inquiry would be pointedly directed against Clive. It was not concluded when the House rose, and was continued in the following session.

During the recess Clive was installed as a Knight of the Bath, and was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of the county of Shropshire; and, in the following December, Lord-Lieutenant of Montgomeryshire.

Meanwhile the Company was obliged to borrow money from the Bank, and to apply to Government for a loan. They were referred to Parliament, and when it reassembled, in November, 1772, Lord North, seeing that the Select Committee had directed its inquiries to charges of a personal nature, "moved that a Committee of Secrecy be appointed to inquire into the state of the East India Company." The two Committees sat at the same time; and the returns and documents laid before them were compiled in the India Office under influences hostile to Clive and its interests. Grave errors of fact, such as the statement that Clive received his *jagir* at the time of the revolution in favor of Meer Jaffier, were published; and false charges of suppressing important documents were made. An unfavorable impression was thus produced which it was difficult to counteract and destroy.

On May 10th, 1773, the charges against Clive came

before the House in a definite form. The resolutions were carried; and, on May 17th, Burgoyne gave effect to them by moving: "That it appears to this House, that the Right Honorable Lord Clive, Baron of Plassey in the Kingdom of Ireland, about the time of the deposition of Surajah Dowlah and the establishment of Meer Jaffier on the *musnud*, through the influence of the powers with which he was entrusted as a member of the Select Committee and Commander-in-Chief of the British forces, did obtain and possess himself of two lacs of rupees as Commander-in-Chief, a further sum of two lacs and eighty thousand rupees as member of the Select Committee, and a further sum of sixteen lacs or more under the denomination of private donation; which sums, amounting together to twenty lacs and eighty thousand rupees, were of the value in English money of £234,000; and that, in so doing, the said Robert Lord Clive abused the power with which he was entrusted, to the evil example of the servants of the public, and to the dishonor and detriment of the State." . . . .

During the long and heated debate that followed Lord North spoke in favor of the words of censure on Clive. The Attorney-General attacked, the Solicitor-General defended. The courtiers went different ways. A majority of the Opposition supported Clive. Eventually the House resolved that Clive, as Commander-in-Chief, had received large sums of money from Meer Jaffier, but, when it was asked to affirm "That Lord Clive did, in so doing, abuse the powers with which he was entrusted, to the evil example of the servants of the public," the motion was rejected without a division.

At last, about five in the morning, Wedderburn moved "That Robert Lord Clive did at the same time render great and meritorious services to his country," and his motion was carried unanimously.

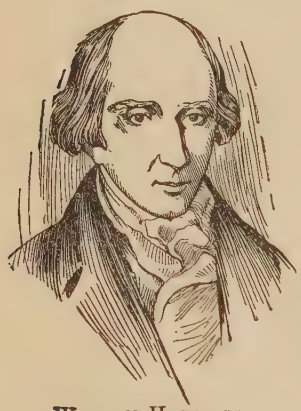
Clive was now secure in the enjoyment of his wealth and honors. He was happy in his family and surrounded by warm friends. His reputation as a soldier and statesman was high. His political influence was considerable, and he was still in the prime of life. While the inquiry and debates were proceeding he had displayed the greatest firmness, challenging the most minute investigation of his conduct, concealing nothing, avowing everything, and even boasting of what he had done. Neither the efforts of his enemies nor the combined attack upon him in Parliament could daunt his courage.

But the strain had been too great for his shattered constitution. When the excitement of combat was over the fits of depression from which he had suffered through life returned with increasing frequency. He could not forget the manner in which he had been treated while under examination by the Committee. It was not sufficient to have been acquitted and applauded; he brooded over the indignity of having been accused. There were moments when his friends hoped that his gloom might be dispersed, and Ministers appear to have wished to avail themselves of his services in America. But it was not to be. On November 22d, 1774, in a moment of feverish irritability induced by intense physical suffering, he died by his own hand. He had just completed his forty-ninth year.

The extent and variety of Clive's work in India are

remarkable. Few men, with the notable exception of Napoleon, have accomplished so much in such a brief space of time, or have displayed greater capacity for civil and military administration. All the measures of his government were his own; and in enforcing their adoption he was not only resolute but stern.

All opposition was contemptuously swept aside; no allowance was made for the weakness or indecision of subordinates; and every one who did not act up to his high sense of duty was openly censured in the severest terms. In selecting men for important duties he showed great discrimination. He possessed the happy faculty of distinguishing men of merit, and had the good sense to employ them even when, as in the case of Colonel Richard Smith, he personally disliked them.



Warren Hastings.

Rennell, a young subaltern of engineers, was made Surveyor-General, and encouraged to carry out a survey of the Bengal provinces; Gladwin was introduced into the service to become the first on a long roll of oriental scholars; Warren Hastings, who was to preserve and extend the Indian Empire, was selected for political work; and men who had acquired a knowledge of the language, habits, and customs of the people received rapid advancement.

One of the few instances in which his judgment seems to have been at fault is that of the distinguished soldier Sir Eyre Coote, whom he believed to be mer-

cenary, given to intrigue, and unfit for high command. When a man had once won Clive's confidence it was rarely withdrawn; and he advocated the claims to advancement of those who assisted him in his onerous duties with the greatest boldness and pertinacity. He was entirely free from petty jealousy and meanness; and was not one of those men who, when their plans fail, seek to excuse themselves at the expense of a subordinate. All that he did or said, whether in praise or blame, was open and straightforward. He was ever ready to take upon himself the whole responsibility in military and civil affairs, and always acted in the spirit in which he wrote to Carnac, "If there be anything which can occasion you the least uneasiness, for God's sake let the whole weight fall upon my shoulders."

All Clive's minutes and official letters are written with great force and clearness. They are sometimes egotistical, sometimes boastful, and there is a tendency to exaggerate when an object has to be gained; but they are manly in tone, go straight to the point, and never leave the reader in the least doubt as to their meaning. Praise is given ungrudgingly where praise is due, and censures are conveyed in the strongest language. His private letters to his friends are written in the formal style of the period. They are always kind, always thoughtful, but there is occasionally an unpleasant tone of superiority and a marked deficiency of feeling. His home letters, though wanting in warmth, are written in affectionate terms, and contain many references to the scenes of his early boyhood and to his numerous relations, which show that he was strongly attached to his home and family.

Clive never allowed his private interests to influence his conduct of public affairs. Although he felt no scruples about enriching himself when the public did not ostensibly suffer, his policy was never dictated by the hope of personal gain. After Plassey he had ample opportunities of adding to his wealth, but, excepting the *jagir*, he accepted nothing. His expenditure in India was on a lavish scale, his hospitality was unbounded, he betted freely at cards and in the cockpit, his horses and equipages were of the very best, and amongst his orders for dress is one for "two hundred shirts, the wristbands worked, some of the ruffles worked with a border either in squares or points, and the rest plain; stocks, neckcloths, and handkerchiefs in proportion; three *corse* (sixty pairs) of stockings; several pieces of plain and spotted muslin, etc. . . ."

Directly he took the field he adopted the simple habits of a soldier; he was constantly on horseback, carried little baggage, lived on the plainest fare, was always in uniform, and shared in all the hardships of his soldiers.

In England Clive lived in a style of great splendor. He was enormously rich, and purchased estates in different parts of the country to increase his Parliamentary interest. At Walcot Sir Thomas Chambers built him a noble mansion; and extensive improvements were carried out at Claremont, and at the old family seat at Styche. At Bath he bought the lease of Lord Chatham's house, and his town residence in Berkeley Square was fitted up in a style of oriental magnificence. His carriages, horses, and footmen eclipsed those of the nobility; his dress was extravagantly rich; his hospi-

tality was ostentatious; and in everything he sought to indulge his passion for display.

He was at one time in great favor at Court. The Queen was godmother to one of his children, and the King was pleased to accept from him an elephant and other animals which he had procured from India. At a later period George the Third seems to have listened to the popular clamor against him, and the honor of an English peerage, which he had always coveted, was never granted.

Of other honors he had his full share; his statue was placed in the India Office with those of Lawrence and Pocock; a special medal, to commemorate Plassey and its results, was struck in his honor by the Society for Promoting Arts and Sciences. He was Lord-Lieutenant of two counties, a Major-General in India, M. P. for Shrewsbury, a Fellow of the Royal Society, and a Doctor of Laws. Voltaire at one time thought of writing a history of his career in India, and asked for the necessary documents, but for some reason the idea was abandoned. And his friend Orme made him the central figure in his history of the struggle between the English and French for supremacy in India.

In his domestic and family relations Clive was singularly happy. He was married to a lady of great beauty and accomplishments, to whom he was sincerely attached, and to her constant care much of the comfort and happiness of his life was due. His sincere love and regard for his parents and family is one of the most pleasing traits in his character. He delighted in sharing his wealth with them, and during the busiest periods of his life he was constantly giving them fresh proofs of

his love and attachment. His father and mother were given sufficient to enable them to live in comfort and independence, and he was equally liberal in his gifts to his wife's relations. His elevation to high rank made no difference in his relations with friends and family, and he never forgot those who had assisted him in his career.

Clive was one of the most liberal and generous of men, and his gifts were made in such a manner as to enhance their value. He marked his gratitude to Stringer Lawrence by settling £500 a year upon him for life; he promised to leave £500 a year to his friend General Carnack if he retired; and he presented Mr. Wedderburn, afterwards Lord Loughborough, with a house and grounds in Surrey, that he might have a pleasant neighbor when living at Claremont. Always kind and considerate to those in distress, he gave large sums of money to the French officers who were prisoners in India, and in 1766 he assisted several of the mutinous officers, who were in pecuniary difficulties, to return to England after their dismissal. He considered that every one connected with him was entitled to share in his good fortune, and it is computed that he gave away one-sixth of his wealth to his relations and friends. His noble gift of Meer Jaffier's legacy to the hospital at Poplar enabled provision to be made for the worn-out soldiers of the Company.

Clive, whose character was rapidly developed in the rude school of war, soon gained an ascendency over all around him, and raised himself early in life, by sheer force of talent, to a foremost place in the nation. He gives the impression of a man who had set before him-

self a high ideal, and who acted up to it according to his lights; a man of indomitable courage, iron determination, and extraordinary energy, who pursued the immediate object in view with undoubting confidence and unflinching resolution.

He possessed a well-balanced mind, which was never led astray by the promptings of ambition or the intoxication of success; and a warm temper, apt to provoke hostility and quick to take offence, which was always kept under the most perfect control. He may have committed errors, he may sometimes have been mistaken in his policy, but he was animated by a high sense of honor and duty, and by a passionate love of England. In all that he did he was honest, sincere, and straightforward, and because he was so, he was hated and misunderstood. Even in the most questionable action of his life, the fabrication of a fictitious treaty to deceive Omichund, he attempted no concealment. The fact was recorded in the minutes of the Select Committee, and he openly justified himself afterwards on the plea of necessity.

There was little refinement in Clive's manner. At times stern and imperious, at times stubborn and dogged, he was blunt and outspoken even to rudeness; and he frequently gave great offence by his impatience of opposition, and his openly expressed contempt for mediocrity. He loved praise, and was very susceptible to flattery; while detraction at once roused all his combative faculties. Those who agreed with him were lauded to the skies; while those who differed from him were roundly abused, even when they happened to be old friends like Mr. Sumner and Mr. Vansittart. "His

person," we are told, "was of the largest of the middle size, his countenance inclined to sadness, and the heaviness of his brow imparted an unpleasing expression to his features."

Although silent and reserved in society, when the conversation turned upon a subject in which he was interested, he would rouse himself and take part in it with the greatest animation; while among his intimates he could be pleasant and merry enough. The prejudice created against him by the incredible stories of the atrocities and crimes he was said to have committed in India was undoubtedly increased by the peculiarity of his manner. Afflicted with a painful disease, which was aggravated by the opium taken to alleviate it, and subject to periods of nervous depression, he would sit for hours in moody silence, as if there were some heavy load on his mind which he could not shake off.

Yet he has never been accused of a single act of cruelty. Few men have had every action of their lives submitted to such close and hostile scrutiny, and none has passed more triumphantly through the trying ordeal. If, on the one hand, we have reason to regret that, on one occasion, a man so great should have stooped so low, we have, on the other, abundant cause to be thankful that Clive was not a Cortez or a Pizarro, and that he was not sufficiently modernized to pledge English honor and break it without the slightest compunction.

Clive's career in India is divided into three periods. During the first, in the full freshness of his youth, his honor and good faith are beyond question. Filled with a noble ardor for the glory of his country, the welfare

of the Company, and the humiliation of the French, he dared everything, and, chaining victory to his standards, saved the British settlements from destruction. In the second period he studied the interests of the Company without neglecting his own; and, while giving an Empire to England, sullied his fair fame by an act of treachery which is without excuse.

During the third, in his mature manhood, he manifested a sincere desire to reform abuses, and rendered services of transcendent value to his country by consolidating the empire he had won. In England, during his lifetime, the hero of Arcot was welcomed with applause: the victor of Plassey was an object of envy and jealousy; and the reformer of the civil and military services in Bengal was held up to public execration.

Among the many illustrious men India has produced none is greater than the first of her soldier-statesmen, whose successful career marks an era in the history of England and of the world. Great in council, great in war, great in his exploits, which were many, and great in his faults, which were few, Clive will ever be remembered as the man who laid deeply the foundations of the Indian Empire, and who in a time of national despondency restored the tarnished honor of the British arms.

NELSON

By THOMAS CARLYLE.

Nelson.

HORATIO VISCOUNT NELSON was born 29th September, 1758, at Burnham Thorpe, a village in Norfolkshire, of which his father was rector.

Catharine Suckling, the mother, was grand-daughter to an elder sister of Sir Robert Walpole, and to this connection Nelson owed the name Horatio, bestowed in honor of his god-father, the first Lord Walpole. To his mother it was further owing, indirectly, that he adopted the profession of a seaman. From his earliest years the boy had evinced a quickness of understanding and a generous energy of spirit, which promised to raise him high in almost any department of human activity. It was the circumstance of Maurice Suckling, his uncle, being a captain in the British navy which concentrated all those powers towards that single object, in prosecuting which Nelson acquired so lasting and hard-earned a reputation.

He was only about twelve years old when, being at home during the Christmas holidays and happening to read in a country newspaper that Captain Suckling was appointed to command the Raisonnable, sixty-four guns, at that time put under commission in the prospect of a quarrel with Spain about the Falkland Islands — he instantly made known to his father, then at Bath, a strong wish "to go to sea with Uncle Maurice." In consequence of a promise to provide for one of his brother-in-law's children, rather than from any choice in the proposed individual, Captain Suckling acceded to this request; and shortly after, Horatio took leave of North Walsham School, of William, his playmate and brother, and set out for Chatham, where the ship was stationed.

It was early in the spring of 1771 that Nelson first set his foot on board of a king's ship. The reception was sufficiently disheartening. His uncle was not present at the time; no one had been apprised of the boy's coming, and he paced the deck for many hours without finding any person to receive or notice him. Nor did his subsequent experience soon belie the forebodings of so hard a commencement.

A frame naturally delicate and still more weakened by agues, was ill calculated to endure the physical hardships of a sailor's life, the rough tumult of which was, moreover, sickening to a young and tender heart. Nelson felt wretched during the first years of his continuance at sea, and ever after retained a strong recollection of those early sufferings.

His situation was indeed uncomfortable, and the hopes of bettering it were distant and feeble. He did

not sail in the Raisonnable, which was paid off, the dispute with Spain being settled; but he had already learned practical seamanship during a voyage to the West Indies in a merchant vessel, and undergone the fatigues and dangers of Captain Phipps's celebrated northern expedition as coxswain in the Carcass, and gone out to India in the Seahorse of twenty guns, part of Sir Edward Hughes's squadron, before his good conduct procured him even the rank of a midshipman; and about eighteen months after his arrival in India a disorder attacked him which resisted all the powers of medicine, and left no hope except in an immediate return to Europe.

His voyage home, it may well be supposed, was gloomy and desponding. Under the kind attentions of Captain Pigot, health was indeed slowly returning, but the anxiety and depression which frequently attend an affectionate melancholy character on entering upon active life, had ample means to prey upon him.

"I felt impressed," he said long afterwards, "with a feeling that I should never rise in my profession. My mind was staggered with a view of the difficulties I had to surmount, and the little interest I possessed. I could discover no means of reaching the object of my ambition. After a long gloomy reverie, in which I almost wished myself overboard, a sudden glow of patriotism was kindled within me, and presented my king and country as my patron. 'Well then!' I exclaimed, 'I will be a hero! and confiding in Providence, I will brave every danger.'"

From that time a radiant orb, as Nelson expressed

it, was suspended in his mind's eye which urged him onwards to renown.

Fortunate circumstances occurred to second this determination. His uncle had in the interim been made Comptroller of the Navy. On the 8th of April, 1777, Nelson passed his examination with credit for a lieutenancy, and next day received a commission in the Lowestoffe frigate, then fitting out for Jamaica. His merits and the interest he had now acquired soon advanced him to a similar post in the Bristol flagship under Sir P. Parker, from this to be commander of the Badger brig, and next, on the 11th of June, 1779, to the rank of post-captain in the Hinchinbrook of twenty-eight guns. His services here during General Dalling's expedition to Fort San Juan, in the Isthmus of Panama, were such as to attract universal attention, but the climate, which had ruined the whole undertaking, well nigh proved fatal to him likewise, so that his appointment to the Janus of forty-four guns turned out a fruitless remuneration, and to save his life Nelson was obliged once more to return to England without delay.

"The Lowestoffe Frigate."

Nelson's promotion, though hitherto comparatively

speaking rapid, was far from keeping pace with the ardor of his character. Succeeding events were little calculated to soothe that impatience.

His appointment to command the Albemarle, twenty-eight, in the North Seas immediately after partial recovery from the tropical disease, accorded with his wants rather than his wishes, and when the ship was paid off, soon after the conclusion of the American war, he had still to seek consolation in the hope that "true honor predominated in his mind far above riches."

A short visit to France quickly tired him of idleness, and (March, 1799) he was glad to accept the Boreas, twenty-eight, ordered to the Leeward Islands as a cruiser on the peace establishment. His conduct on this station exhibited the same firmness and activity which had always distinguished him. By repressing the abuses and evasions of law prevalent among the traders of that quarter, he acquired the esteem of all such as were fitted to appreciate the strong rectitude and bold decision of his character, but he acquired also the persevering hatred of numerous individuals whose peculations he had detected and exposed.

Government *thanked* the commander-in-chief for what Nelson had done in direct opposition to his orders, the calumnies of his enemies preceded his return to England, and the Boreas on arriving was kept four months at the Nore serving as a slop-ship. Nelson never stirred from on board, he performed the duty with strict and sullen faithfulness, and on the 30th of November, 1787, when orders were received to pay off the ship, he said it was a joyful order because it would release him

forever from an ungrateful service with which he was unalterably determined never to engage any more. He would resign his commission instantly on reaching London.

The friend to whom he spoke wrote privately to Lord Home of the Admiralty, and prevented this passionate resolution from coming to effect. Nelson continued in the navy, and during the period of inactivity endeavored to occupy his mind with rural pursuits at his father's parsonage of Burnham Thorpe.

A few months before, he had married Mrs. Nisbet, a young lady, the widow of Dr. Nisbet, and niece of the President of Nevis, which latter had stood his warm friend in his disputes with the planters of the Leeward Islands. This connection — long a source of deep enjoyment to him — helped to dispel the tedium of seclusion; the father was satisfied with the preferment, and delighted with the presence of his son; but the restless inquietude of Nelson's mind could not brook continued indolence, and this impatience was aggravated by the inattention of Government to his demands, and by menaced prosecutions on the part of his enemies in the West Indies, which on one occasion nearly induced him to forsake his country forever.

After many fruitless, though earnest applications, he was at length gratified by an appointment to command the Agamemnon, of sixty-four guns. This appointment, which took place immediately after the commencement of the war with France, was procured by the interest of Lord Hood and the Duke of Clarence. The latter had known him and admired his talents for a number of years; the former, whom he accompanied

to the blockade of Toulon, had an early opportunity of estimating his worth, with which he was yet only acquainted by hearsay.

The occupation of Toulon was soon discontinued; but in the reduction of Corsica Nelson obtained, what he so greatly longed for, an occasion of showing his powers. He partly commanded the seamen employed in taking Bastia and Calvi, at the latter of which he lost his right eye, and during the whole of those operations his ardor and skill excited universal attention.

His subsequent proceedings on the coast of Genoa were not less creditable to him, and the Austrian general with whom he was appointed to co-operate vainly attempted to impute, in the remotest degree, the results of his own misconduct to misconduct on the part of his allies. Nelson was made a commodore, obtained the entire confidence of Sir John Jervis, the new admiral, and contributed essentially to the great victory which that officer gained over the Spaniards at Cape St. Vincent on the 14th of February, 1787.

Naval men unanimously assert that a manœuvre which the commodore executed at his own risk with eminent peril and dexterity was the main cause of the success on that occasion. Before the news reached England he had been advanced to the rank of rear-admiral, and his gallant conduct in the engagement was further rewarded by the Order of the Bath.

Nelson's fame had long been high in the Mediterranean, it was now fast rising in his own country. The failure of an enterprise against Teneriffe, in which he lost his right arm, could not, when all things were considered, sensibly diminish this feeling; and his next

achievement raised the admiration of his countrymen to enthusiasm, and gave him the character of a hero over all Europe.

Early in 1798, Nelson, now rear-admiral — his wound being cured after a short stay in England — proceeded in the Vanguard to join Sir J. Jervis, now Earl St. Vincent, in the Tagus. He was soon despatched with a small squadron to learn the object intended by the French expedition from Toulon. Being reinforced in the Gulf of Lyons by ten sail of the line, Sir Horatio proceeded towards Egypt in search of the enemy.

His masts were seen from the French fleet near Malta during a haze, and had Nelson been properly supplied with frigates — "eyes of the fleet" as he called them while bitterly regretting their absence — Bonaparte would probably have been captured in the beginning of his career, and Europe might have escaped its succeeding convulsions.

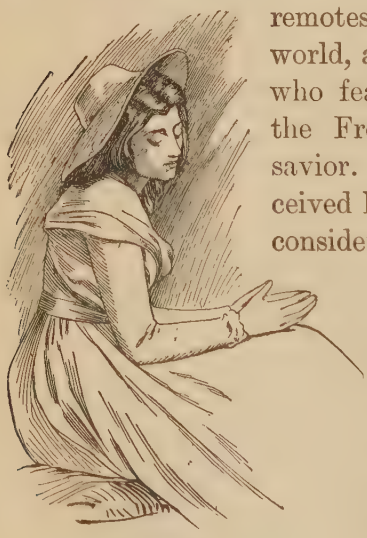
As it was, Sir Horatio managed the pursuit with an eager sagacity analogous to the boldness displayed in battle. The French had followed a devious track to Egypt, and he found them at last, on his second inspection of the Alexandrian coast, strongly moored across the entrance of Aboukir Bay.

About seven o'clock in the evening of August 1st, 1798, the English fleet moved forward to the attack. Admiral Brueys had previously expressed a private opinion that the English missed him because, not being superior in force, they did not think it prudent to hazard an engagement. The event fatally proved his mistake. In spite of his greater numbers and his excellent

position, the piercing intellect of his antagonist had already conceived its plan. Before ten o'clock Brueys was dead, his ship l'Orient was blown into the air, the fleet which he lately commanded was totally ruined and dispersed.

On first beholding the French, Nelson had exclaimed, "A peerage or Westminster Abbey!" The better part of his anticipations was now fulfilled; he received the title of Baron Nelson of the Nile, with an annuity of two thousand pounds, and the general voice more than sanctioned this reward.

From the scene of his victory, where crowds of Arabs and Egyptians filled the coast with rejoicings, to the remotest extremities of the civilized world, all who had been injured or who feared injury at the hands of the French, blessed him as their savior. The Neapolitan Court received him with open arms. For a considerable period he took an active share in all their proceedings, in resisting the French invasion of their territory, in transporting the Royal Family to Palermo and back again to Naples. They made him Duke and Feudatory of Bronte; his admirers would wish that such decorations had been all he acquired in their service. It is unnecessary to dilate upon the only stain that deforms the history of Nelson — his



LADY HAMILTON.
(From painting by Romney.)

execution of Carraccioli, and his fervid though pure attachment to Lady Hamilton. The former had the show, not the substance, of justice; and the latter made his subsequent domestic life alternately a scene of bitterness and of rapture, in which the bitterness greatly prevailed.

We see him with more pleasure once again upon the ocean adding fresh laurels to his already glorious wreath. In the month of March, 1801, Nelson, now promoted to be vice-admiral of the blue, sailed towards the Baltic for the purpose of checking the armed confederation entered into by Denmark, Sweden, and Russia, against the naval rights of Britain. For reasons which the public did not understand or relish, the first command was given to Sir Hyde Parker, and Nelson acted only in a secondary capacity. His advice was consulted, however, in all emergencies, and never deviated from without disadvantage.

The time spent in negotiation and other vacillating transactions allowed the enemy to prepare their defensive works; this was galling to the mind of Nelson, but on the 2d of April he nobly redeemed all those errors of his coadjutors before the batteries of Copenhagen. The battle was long and bloody, and several of our ships ran aground and deranged the vice-admiral's measures; Sir Hyde, who with a part of the fleet lay at a distance from the scene of action, even made the signal to retreat. The signal was indignantly neglected; Nelson gained the victory, and used it with a clemency suitable to the valor with which he won it.

In order to stop the effusion of blood, he despatched a letter to the Prince Royal of Denmark, for whom the

contest had now become hopeless, and next day he went ashore, amid the murmurs and admiration of the Danish people, to settle the terms of an armistice, securing all the objects for which England had taken up the quarrel. He was soon appointed commander-in-chief in the Baltic, and his subsequent proceedings were equally spirited and decisive.

Having thus effectually defeated the purposes of the northern confederacy, he returned home to enjoy the fresh renown with which those services had illustrated his name. Government exalted him to the rank of viscount, and the public followed him with an affectionate veneration which few individuals have ever enjoyed in a nearly equal degree.

The next duty in which Nelson engaged was gratifying, rather as it proved the confidence which his countrymen reposed in him than as it afforded room for the display of naval abilities. Immediately after his arrival (July, 1801), he was commissioned to guard the southern coast against the threatened French invasion. His attempt to cut out the shipping at Boulogne failed of success, not from want of skill in planning or of bravery in executing it, but from the untowardness of circumstances which render boat warfare at all times precarious. Two months after this event the Peace of Amiens delivered him from an employment to which his mind never felt any inclination.

But the greatest of his victories was yet behind. During the short continuance of peace he had occupied himself chiefly in rural improvements at Merton, giving occasional attendance at the House of Lords, where his few speeches were no less remarkable

for the correct information than for the uprightness and integrity displayed in them.

On the renewal of hostilities in 1803, he was instantly appointed commander in the Mediterranean. The principal duty of this post was to watch the movements of the large fleet lying in Toulon Harbor. Nelson waited long and anxiously, till at length his tedious and strict watch was suspended by intelligence that Vice-Admiral Villeneuve had put to sea on the 10th January, 1805. Nelson steered for Egypt, but the enemy had returned to port. They again sailed on the 31st March, and the sagacity with which he divined their intentions, the rapidity with which he pursued them from Europe to the West Indies, and from the West Indies back again to Europe, are unrivalled in the records of naval history.

The terror of his name had saved our colonies, and Villeneuve's fleet returned home with all possible speed. Nelson too returned home, but it was only to enjoy a brief respite from fatigue. In August, news arrived that Villeneuve was at Cadiz, and Nelson immediately volunteered to go and meet him. The English fleet kept out at sea to hide their force, and Nelson's arrival was not known to the combined armament, when, on the morning of October 19th, the signal was given that the enemy were coming out of port.

After a variety of movements, the contending fleets came in sight of each other near Cape Trafalgar, at daybreak on the 21st. The details of a sea-fight are not often interesting to general readers, but the victory which terminated the illustrious career of Nelson was so striking in its acquisition, so important in its con-

sequences, that a few particulars from Southey's "Life of Nelson" respecting it seem worthy of remembrance.

"Soon after daylight Nelson came upon deck. The 21st of October was a festival in his family, because on that day his uncle, Captain Suckling, in the Dreadnought, with two other line-of-battle-ships, had beaten off a French squadron of four sail of the line and three frigates. Nelson, with that sort of superstition from which few persons are entirely exempt, had more than once expressed his persuasion that this was to be his day of battle also, and he was well pleased at seeing his prediction about to be verified. The wind was now from the west, light breezes, with a long heavy swell. Signal was made to bear down upon the enemy in two lines, and the fleet set all sail. Collingwood in the Royal Sovereign led the lee line of thirteen ships, the Victory led the weather line of fourteen.

"Blackwood went aboard the Victory about six. He found Nelson in good spirits, but very calm, not in that exhilaration which he had felt on entering into battle at Aboukir and Copenhagen. He knew that his own life would be particularly aimed at, and seems to have looked for death with almost as sure an expectation as for victory. His whole attention was fixed upon the enemy. They tacked to the northward and formed their line on the larboard tack, thus bringing the shoals of Trafalgar and St. Pedro under the lee of the British, and keeping the port of Cadiz open for themselves. This was judiciously done, and Nelson, aware of all the advantages which it gave them, made signal to prepare to anchor.

"Villeneuve was a skilful seaman, worthy of serving

a better master and a better cause. His plan of defence was as well conceived and as original as the plan of attack. He formed the fleet in a double line, every alternate ship being about a cable's length to windward of her second, a-head and a-stern.

"Nelson, certain of a triumphant issue to the day, asked Blackwood what he should consider as a victory. That officer answered that, considering the handsome way in which battle was offered by the enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength and the situation of the land, he thought it would be a glorious result if fourteen ships were captured. He replied, 'I shall never be satisfied with less than twenty.' Soon afterwards he asked him if he did not think there was a signal wanting. Captain Blackwood made answer that he thought the whole fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about.

"These words were scarcely spoken before the signal was made, which will be remembered as long as the language or even the memory of England shall endure — Nelson's last signal — 'England expects every man to do his duty.' It was received throughout the fleet with a shout of answering acclamation, made sublime by the spirit which it breathed and the feeling which it expressed. 'Now,' said Lord Nelson, 'I can do no more; we must trust to the great Disposer of all events, and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty.'

"He wore that day, as usual, his admiral's frock-coat, bearing on the left breast four stars of the different orders with which he was invested. Ornaments which rendered him so conspicuous a mark for the enemy,

were beheld with ominous apprehension by his officers. It was known that there were riflemen on board the French ships, and it could not be doubted but that his life would be particularly aimed at.

"They communicated their fears to each other, and the surgeon, Mr. Beattie, spoke to the chaplain, Dr. Scott, and to Mr. Scott, the public secretary, desiring that some person would entreat him to change his dress or cover the stars; but they knew that such a request would highly displease him. 'In honor I gained them,' he said, when such a thing had been hinted to him formerly, 'and in honor I will die with them.' Mr. Beattie, however, could not have been deterred by any fear of exciting his displeasure from speaking to him himself upon a subject in which the weal of England, as well as the life of Nelson, was concerned, but he was ordered from the deck before he could find an opportunity.

"This was a point upon which Nelson's officers knew that it was hopeless to remonstrate or reason with him; but both Blackwood and his own captain, Hardy, represented to him how advantageous to the fleet it would be for him to keep out of action as long as possible; and he consented at last to let the Leviathan and the Temeraire, which were sailing abreast of the Victory, be ordered to pass ahead.

"Yet even here the last infirmity of this noble mind was indulged; for these ships could not pass ahead if the Victory continued to carry all her sail; and so far was Nelson from shortening sail, that it was evident he took pleasure in pressing on, and rendering it impossible for them to obey his own orders. A long swell was setting into the Bay of Cadiz; our ships, crowding

all sail, moved majestically before it, with light winds from the south-west. The sun shone on the sails of the enemy, and their well-formed line, with their numerous three-deckers, made an appearance which any other assailants would have thought formidable; but the British sailors only admired the beauty and the splendor of the spectacle, and, in full confidence of winning what they saw, remarked to each other, 'What a fine sight yonder ships would make at Spithead!'"

A few minutes before twelve o'clock several French ships ahead of the Victory began to fire single guns at her to ascertain the distance. When Nelson saw the shots pass beyond him he desired Blackwood and Captain Prowse of the Sirius to repair to their respective frigates; and as the former took leave, expressing a hope that he would soon return and find the commander in possession of twenty ships, Nelson squeezed his hand, and said, "God bless you, Blackwood! I shall never see you more."

Collingwood's line was first engaged. Nelson, steering about two points nearer the north, soon after received a single shot through his main-top gallant sail, on observing which the enemy immediately opened their broadsides, aiming chiefly at the rigging in order to disable the Victory before she could close with them. They had also planted riflemen in the shrouds, and by those means considerable havoc was made among Nelson's men before he could run on board the Redoutable, on his way to which he passed near the bows of an "old acquaintance," the Santissima Trinidad, memorable for the attack he had made on her long before at Cape St. Vincent.

The Redoutable received him with a broadside, and then instantly let down her lower deck-ports, in fear of being boarded through them. She used her great guns no more, though the Victory kept up a tremendous fire on all sides, her larboard shot striking the Santissima Trinidad, and Villeneuve's ship the Bucentaure; while Captain Harvey in the Temeraire had also on the opposite quarter come alongside the Redoutable which was thus placed between him and Nelson, the Temeraire herself having in like manner another enemy close to leeward. Of the four ships thus fearfully commingled, the two British alone made use of their cannon; they fired with a diminished charge in the lower guns, lest one might transmit her shot to the other, and the fireman of each gun stood ready with a bucket of water to dash into the hole where a ball entered to prevent the timber from inflaming. The French again trusted to their riflemen, by whose efforts, though the battle could not be gained, it might be rendered bloodier to their opponents. Nelson had always despised this mode of warfare, which he looked upon as dastardly and indecisive, yet the destruction it occasioned could not make him forget the dictates of humanity, and he twice ordered the firing to cease, supposing the Redoutable, which carried no flag, to have struck, as her great guns were silent.

It was to this ship that he owed his death. In the heat of the action, about a quarter past one, a musket ball[1] from her mizzen-top, which was not then above

[1] The man who fired it did not live to boast of his success. Being observed by an old quartermaster, he was again easily recognized from his glazed cocked hat and white frock when but himself and another remained

fifteen yards from him, struck the epaulette of his left shoulder, and he fell prostrate on the spot still wet with the blood of Mr. Scott, his secretary, who had been struck down at his hand before the Victory's firing commenced.

Nelson felt that he was mortally wounded, and said so to Hardy; yet such was his composure, that, having observed the tiller ropes to be shot away, he stopped the men who were carrying him down to the cockpit, and gave orders to repair the damage, and then took out a handkerchief to cover his face and stars that he might not be noticed by the crew.

On reaching the cockpit, which was crowded with wounded and dying men, Nelson desired the surgeon to leave him and attend to others for whom his services might be useful. He was laid on a pallet, and all that could be done for him was to fan his face and give him frequent draughts of lemonade to allay the death-thirst. He lay in great pain, but this bodily pain extended not to his mind. The Victory's crew cheered loudly as often as an enemy struck, and at each cheer a gleam of pleasure was observed to illuminate his countenance. It was about an hour before Hardy, for whose appearance he had now got very impatient, could come down to him. They shook hands in silence; Nelson inquired how the day went, to which Hardy answered that ten ships had already struck, and more were likely to follow them.

alive in the Redoutable's shrouds. The quartermaster, standing beside two midshipmen, was also killed by him, whilst crying out eagerly, "That's he! that's he!" and next moment the rifleman was in his turn shot through the head and heart at once by those two officers.

Nelson again shook hands with him and sent him upon deck, from which in about fifty minutes he once more returned to soothe the dying moments of his commander with intelligence of a complete and signal victory; fifteen ships at least had struck. "It is well," said Nelson, "but you know I bargained for twenty." It is somewhat remarkable that twenty was the actual number that surrendered, though, owing to unfavorable circumstances, only four of them could be saved. With a greater emphasis he bade Hardy anchor; then said in a lower tone that he wished to be buried near his parents, and solemnly charging this affectionate and agitated friend with the care of Lady Hamilton, he took farewell of him forever. Soon afterwards his articulation became difficult; he was, however, distinctly heard to whisper, "Thank God, I have done my duty!" He repeated the words oftener than once, and never uttered more. The last gun was fired at the enemy about two minutes before he departed, with great calmness — three hours and a quarter after being wounded.

Death of Nelson.

The victory of Trafalgar, the greatest ever gained, completed the fabric which a succession of brave men since the time of Queen Elizabeth had been slowly rear-

ing with their toils and their blood. It stamped with increased importance and durability, as it were, the deeds of our Drakes and Frobishers, our Blakes and Benbows, and rendered the English flag indisputably triumphant in every sea. The man at whose expense it was purchased — and as we thought dearly purchased — had merited to stand at the head of such a list. His life was a series of triumphs nobly earned by the unremitting exertion of a mind gifted with the most acute penetration, the loftiest ardor, the most inflexible determination; and the last scene of it was fitly, though mournfully, adapted to its general tenor.

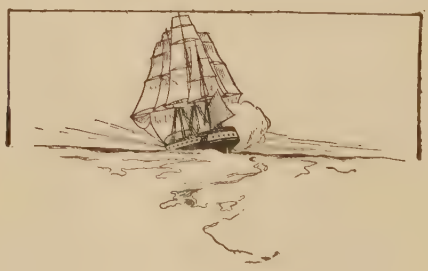
But in estimating the character of Nelson a defective judgment would be formed were he viewed only as a great captain. Whoever inspects his history minutely, will find in it traces of a spirit possessing a higher and more general species of excellence. His mind, it is true, was not unfolded by personal education or by intercourse with cultivated men; his understanding turned almost exclusively on naval tactics; his enthusiasm was bent towards the attainment of naval honor; his sense of rectitude embodied itself in a feeling of loyalty to the King of England and of hatred to all Frenchmen.

Yet the high powers of genius existed in him, less palpably indeed, but not less certainly, for being obscured and distorted by his professional habits. The quick intellect was there, the fervid imagination, the keen susceptibility nourished by it — and contributing to impart that force of will which nothing could oppose. As a necessary consequence, there was also the restless inquietude which great objects alone, and those but for

a time, could satisfy or assuage. Now and then this latter peculiarity might be unpleasantly manifested; in vulgar natures it would have been named discontent; but with him it was the impulse to generous feeling and daring enterprise.

Melancholy experience has never ceased to show that great warlike talents, like great talents of any kind, may be united with a coarse and ignoble heart. But in Nelson the sterner qualities of a conqueror were embellished by all that is elevated in a sense of honor, and tempered by all that is soft and romantic in human affections.

Time has abated the first glow of our admiration for his exploits — exploits of a more exciting character have occupied men's thoughts and cast his glories partially into the shade. The period is advancing when the naval superiority which he completed will pass away; but Nelson's name will always occupy a section in the history of the world, and be pronounced wherever it is understood, as that of a hero.



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

By GENERAL LORD ROBERTS, V.C.

Duke of Wellington.

ARTHUR WELLESLEY, the fourth son of the first Earl of Mornington, was born in 1769, and was educated first at a private school in Chelsea, and subsequently for a short time at Eton, whence he was removed to a military college at Angers, in France, presided over by an engineer officer, the Marquis of Pignerol. Being looked upon as the dunce of the family, and described by his mother as being "food for powder and nothing more," it was determined, according to the custom of those days, to provide him with a livelihood in the army, and at the age of seventeen he obtained an ensigncy in the 41st Foot.

His family interest being powerful, he was rapidly promoted, becoming a lieutenant after nine months' service as ensign, a captain after three-and-a-half years' service as lieutenant, a major after less than two years'

service as captain, a lieutenant-colonel after five months' service as major, and a colonel at the age of twenty-seven, after less than three years' service as lieutenant-colonel. He was attached to the cavalry as well as the infantry, being transferred from the 41st Foot to the 12th Light Dragoons, thence to the 76th Foot, the 18th Light Dragoons, and finally to the 33d Foot, of which he obtained the command in 1793.

While stationed at home he sat in the Irish House of Commons as member for Trim, and was also for some time aide-de-camp to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

In 1794 he accompanied his regiment to Antwerp, where it joined the force under the command of the Duke of York, and took part in the movement on Breda, and the engagement at Boxtel, a village on the river Dommel. On this occasion Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley behaved with conspicuous judgment and gallantry — so much so, in fact, that he attracted the favorable notice of General Dundas, who afterwards entrusted him with the duty of covering the retreat of the British army.

This retreat was conducted under great difficulties by Count Walmoden, a Hanoverian general, to whom the Duke of York had handed over his command; and after suffering the most grievous hardships and privations during the winter of 1794–95, the troops reached Bremen and re-embarked for England early in 1795.

This first experience of field service was, no doubt, extremely valuable to Wellington in after years. It must have taught him that soldiers even of the best quality, well drilled, disciplined and equipped, cannot hope to be successful unless proper arrangements are

made for their supply and transport; and unless those who direct the operations have formed some definite plan of action, and have sufficient zeal and professional knowledge to carry it out. If the French generals had taken full advantage of the opportunities which the incapacity of the English and German commanders threw in their way, the British force must have been annihilated. As it was, Wellington considered it "a marvel that any one belonging to the force escaped."

On its return to England Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley's regiment was quartered at Warley, while he proceeded on leave to Ireland. Apparently disgusted at the mismanagement of the troops employed in the Low Countries, he made up his mind to leave the army, and in June 1795 applied to Lord Camden, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, for a civil post under the Irish Goverment. He wrote: "You will probably be surprised at my desiring a civil instead of a military office. It is certainly a departure from the line which I prefer; but I see the manner in which the military offices are filled, and I don't wish to ask you for that which I know you cannot give me."

This application was unsuccessful; and in the autumn of the same year Wellesley's regiment was ordered to join in an expedition directed against the French settlements in the West Indies. The ships in which the troops embarked were driven back by stress of weather to Spithead, and the proposed operations being abandoned, the 33d Foot was landed and quartered at Poole.

A few months later the regiment was ordered to India, and arrived in Calcutta in February, 1797.

Shortly after Colonel Wellesley had reached India, the Governor-General, Sir John Shore, offered him the command of an expedition which was intended for the capture of Manila; and, all the necessary arrangements being complete, the troops embarked and proceeded as far as Penang. Owing, however, to apprehensions of danger within India itself, the force was recalled, and Colonel Wellesley returned to Calcutta. . . .

In February, 1805, Wellesley asked to be allowed to return to England, his health not having improved, and prolonged service in India being extremely distasteful to him. The Government and the military authorities raised no objection, and he embarked at Madras towards the end of March. Before leaving India he received news of his appointment to be an extra Knight Companion of the Bath, which, under the original constitution of the order, was a higher distinction than the Grand Cross of the Bath is at present, and the thanks of the King and Parliament were communicated to him in a general order by the Governor-General in Council.

There can, I think, be little doubt that much of Wellington's subsequent success in the Peninsula was due to the experience he gained in India as a soldier, a politician, and an administrator. The dunce of the family, the somewhat frivolous aide-de-camp to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the young man whom his mother considered to be only food for powder, was able to show in the retreat from Antwerp to Bremen that he knew how to manœuvre his battalion, and to command a rear-guard. On his arrival in India he found himself in a country where in almost every matter the power and influence of the Governor-General were supreme,

and the Governor-General being his brother, he was quickly placed in a position of responsibility, which gave him the opportunity of developing his talents as a soldier and statesman in the best of all schools — the school of practice.

It cannot be denied that in early life Wellington owed much to family influence, and to a system of promotion which would now be stigmatized as jobbery. On the other hand, he took full advantage of every chance that was thrown in his way, and by his industry and capacity fully justified the exceptional favor with which he was treated.

From the time of Clive up to the present day India has been a valuable training school for the British army, and to none were its lessons of greater advantage than to the illustrious soldier who in the Peninsula and the Netherlands adhered to the principles and methods which he had learnt in the East.

Natives of India.

The rapid development of Wellington's administrative talents is in the highest degree remarkable. Placed, at the age of thirty, at the head of the civil and military government of Mysore, he quickly restored order throughout that conquered province, and though, in his

opinion, the natives of India, both Hindus and Mohammedans, were incurably vicious, cruel, and deceitful, he acted towards them with such fairness and liberality that they accepted his rule as a welcome change from the tyranny of their own princes.

He displayed the same equitable and indulgent spirit in his dealings with the Nizam and the Mahratta chiefs, and it was mainly owing to the confidence which he inspired in the minds of Sindhia and the Raja of Berar that he was able to conclude treaties with them so advantageous to the East India Company. He had to be constantly on his guard against the treachery and duplicity of the Native rulers, who, while nominally the Allies of the British Government, did their utmost to defeat his plans and embarrass his movements.

Nevertheless he uniformly acted in the most conciliatory manner towards them, and by maintaining the strictest order and discipline among the troops under his command, did all in his power for the protection of the life and property of the people of the country. He thus established British prestige and the influence of the British Government throughout the Deccan and Southern India.

Another point deserving of notice is Wellington's correct appreciation of our position as an alien Power controlling a vast and heterogeneous Oriental population. He pointed out, in words as true now as when they were written, that the Government of India depends for its stability on the sword, and that, as our responsibilities become greater with the extension of our territory, the cost of the army must proportionately increase. To use his own words, "the conclusion of

the most successful foreign war in India, that by which the most formidable enemy may have been subdued, if it gives an accession of territory, must bring with the territory a necessity to increase the army, because the government must be established in the new territory, and supported, as well as in the old, by the power of the sword. The want of knowledge, or rather of recollection of these facts, is the cause of all the complaints of high military establishments and expenses." Is not this the case at the present time?

The first three volumes of "Wellington's Despatches," which relate to India, throw considerable light on his personal character. He seems to have been an ambitious man, with a high opinion of his own qualifications and services. He had no fear of responsibility, and whatever duty was entrusted to him he desired to carry it out free from all interference or control on the part of equal or superior authority.

There is no doubt he rendered most valuable assistance to the commander-in-chief of the Madras army in supervising the transport and commissariat arrangements previous to the advance on Seringapatam; and it appears that General Harris not only treated him with friendship and confidence, but also brought his services to the special notice of his brother the Governor-General. Still he complained to the latter that the commander-in-chief adopted his ideas without giving him due credit for them, and remarked: "I wish for several reasons that you had a commander-in-chief under you who, when he approved of the conduct of an officer, would have a sufficiency of spirit to make known his approbation." . . .

His indefatigable industry, his sound and cool judgment, and his political sagacity were as remarkable as his military talents. A masterful, ambitious man, he went home apparently somewhat disappointed with the results of his eight years' service in the East, and determined to push his way in a wider field than India afforded. Yet during those eight years he had risen to the rank of major-general and become a K.B., had acquired a large amount of prize money at Seringapatam and in the Deccan, had been entrusted with high military command, and had filled important administrative and political appointments. His return to England was opportune. His country needed the services of an officer who to the vigor and audacity of youth, united a sound judgment, an equable temper, and a thorough knowledge of his profession. His opportunity was not long in coming, and the "Sepoy General," as he was contemptuously styled by those who underrated the value of an Indian training, was soon to show the nations of Europe that he could be a match, and more than a match, for the marshals of France. . . .

In choosing an officer for the chief command in the Peninsula, a difference of opinion appears to have arisen in the Cabinet; but eventually Wellesley's high military reputation and great social and political influence carried the day, and the government entrusted him with the duty of giving effect to his own proposals.

He accordingly resigned the office of chief secretary for Ireland in April, 1809, and at once proceeded to Lisbon, where he took over the command from Sir John Craddock. A month before, Major-General Beresford, who had been appointed to the command of the Portu-

guese forces with the local rank of marshal, had arrived, and begun his reorganization by selecting British officers for all of the more important military posts. With the help of these officers and by his own tact and ability, he gradually raised the Portuguese troops to a high standard of discipline and efficiency. General Wellesley had the chief command of the Portuguese as well as of the British army, and in July, 1809, he was given the rank of marshal-general in the Portuguese service. . . .

A French Soldier in Soult's Army.

When Wellesley landed on April 22d he perceived that Soult and Victor were too far apart to afford each other mutual support, and that he had it in his power to act against either. He considered it of primary importance to expel the French from Oporto, and thus carry out his scheme of maintaining the integrity of Portugal, and using that country as a base of operations against the French in Spain. After taking the necessary steps to prevent, or at any rate, to retard any movement that Victor might attempt in the direction of Lisbon, Wellesley rapidly concentrated his force, consisting of thirteen thousand British, three thousand German, and nine thousand Portuguese soldiers, at Coimbra, and marching in two columns, reached the Douro on May 12th.

He found Soult's army in occupation of Oporto, separated from him by a deep and rapid river, three hundred and twenty yards in width. He possessed no bridge equipment, and all the country boats had been removed to the right bank of the stream. Massing his artillery on a height which commanded a strongly walled enclosure on the opposite bank, he directed Captain Waters, a staff officer of unrivalled activity and resource, to procure some boats in which a crossing could be effected. Captain Waters was fortunate enough to discover an old boat hidden among the rushes and filled with mud. In this, aided by a few peasants, he managed to cross the river, and finding four barges with no guard over them on the enemy's side, he succeeded in bringing them away without attracting attention. Detaching a column under General John Murray to cross the river at Avintas, three miles above Oporto, and thus threaten the French line of retreat, the British commander managed to send over troops sufficient to hold the walled enclosure before the enemy realized his intention; other boats were procured from up-stream; the river was crossed at several points; and eventually the French were driven out of Oporto with such rapidity and in such confusion that General Wellesley at four o'clock that afternoon dined at the table which had been prepared for Marshal Soult. General Murray failed to attack the French flank in conformity with his instructions. Had he done so, a large portion of the retreating force would have been destroyed. As it was, Oporto fell into the hands of the English, and Soult was compelled to retire through Braga on Orense in Galicia, where he

arrived on May 19th with only eighteen thousand men, having lost six thousand killed, wounded, and prisoners, as well as his guns, ammunition, baggage, stores, and military chest. . . .

On July 27th Victor attacked the British and Spanish forces, which were drawn up on the right bank of the Tagus, with their right flank resting on Talavera. The Spaniards in front of that flank were defeated, and fled with their artillery many miles to the rear, only four thousand out of a corps of ten thousand returning to the field of battle. On the left flank the British troops held their own. The next day Victor renewed the combat. Sir Arthur was watching the advance of the French, when Colonel Donkin was sent by the Spanish general, Albuquerque, to report that Cuesta had made terms with the enemy. With immovable coolness Wellesley read the letter, desired Colonel Donkin to return to his brigade, and continued his own reconnaissance. At two o'clock in the afternoon the battle began, Victor's object being to turn the left and break through the centre of the British line. In this he failed, owing not only to his opponent's readiness of resource and tactical skill, but also to the surpassing gallantry of the British soldiers. In this engagement the British loss exceeded six thousand killed and wounded, inclusive of five general officers, and that of the French was over seven thousand.

"The battle of Talavera," says Jomimi, "restored to the successors of Marlborough the glory which for a whole age seemed to have passed from them," and it caused Napoleon to change his opinion regarding the bravery of British troops and the capacity of their

leaders. The next day the two armies remained in presence of each other, but the British were reinforced by the celebrated Light Division, three thousand strong, under General Crauford, which in twenty-six hours accomplished a march of sixty-two miles, and, although each soldier carried a load of from fifty to sixty pounds on his back, left only seventeen stragglers behind. . . .

In August, 1809, Sir Arthur Wellesley was created a peer with the titles of Baron Douro of Wellesley and Viscount Wellington of Talavera, and in the succeeding February he received the thanks of Parliament and a pension of £2,000 a year for three lives.

In 1811 Napoleon withdrew a large proportion of his veterans from Spain for the invasion of Russia, replacing them by an equal number of young soldiers; and Wellington secretly collected a bridge and siege train and other equipment necessary for the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo. Marmont, believing that the British force would remain inactive during the winter, had reduced the garrison of that place to 1800 men, when Wellington suddenly crossed the Agueda on January 7th, 1812, and began his investment the same day. The siege was vigorously conducted, and on the evening of the 19th the fortress was assaulted and captured by two columns led by Picton and Crauford. During the siege and assault the Allies lost 90 officers and 1200 men killed and wounded, among the killed being General Crauford. Three hundred of the garrison were killed, and 80 officers and 1500 soldiers taken prisoners. In the fortress were found an immense quantity of ammunition and 150 guns, including

Marmont's siege train. In recognition of his services on this occasion Wellington received an earldom and an additional pension of £2000 a year; he was also created a grandee of Spain with the title of Duque de Ciudad Rodrigo. . . .

As soon as he had got possession of Badajoz, it had been Wellington's intention to operate against Soult's army at Llerena; but the neglect of the Spaniards to throw supplies into Ciudad Rodrigo, which was threatened by Marmont, obliged him to return to the north.

"Surprised the French."

Soult shortly afterwards fell back on Seville; and General Hill, having surprised the French and broken the bridge over the Tagus at Almaraz, severed the direct line of communication between that city and Madrid. Wellington then caused the bridge at Alcantara to be repaired, and took steps to improve the navigation of the Tagus and Douro, thus providing a short and secure line of communication between his troops on the Agueda and those in the Tagus valley, and connecting the Portuguese frontier with his bases on the seaboard.

When Marmont, who had advanced as far as Sabugal and Castello Branco, heard of the fate of Badajoz and the subsequent movement of the British troops in

support of Ciudad Rodrigo, he withdrew to Salamanca; and there Wellington determined to attack him.

Crossing the Agueda on June 13th, he invested with one division the fortified posts which Marmont had constructed in front of the city, while with the remainder of his troops he operated against the French army, which fell back on the Douro. The strength of the defences having been underrated, considerable delay occurred in reducing them, and the French garrison did not surrender until June 27th, ten days after the investment. During this interval Marmont was reinforced, and took up a strong position on the right bank of the Douro.

Wellington followed to the left bank, but found the enemy in such strength, and was himself so embarrassed by the want of money, and consequently of supplies, that he contemplated a retreat to the Portuguese frontier. Marmont resolved to assume the offensive; and, suddenly crossing the Douro at Tordesillas on July 17th, manœuvred for several days in close proximity to the British army, his object being to regain Salamanca and cut off his opponent's retreat.

The result of these manœuvres was generally favorable to the French, until on July 22nd Wellington, seeing his opportunity while the enemy were engaged in a complicated evolution, attacked and completely defeated them. Marmont had his arm broken and was severely wounded in the side, and Wellington was hit by a spent shot; the French lost about 6000 killed and wounded, including seven general officers, and the Allies over 5000, including six general officers. In recognition of this victory the Cortes conferred the

order of the Golden Fleece on the British commander, and appointed him generalissimo of the Spanish armies. Wellington also received the thanks of Parliament and a money grant of £100,000, and was advanced in the peerage to the rank of marquis. . . .

On May 21st Wellington attacked and routed the enemy at Vittoria, capturing 150 out of 152 guns, all the French ammunition, their public and private baggage, and one million sterling of treasure; also the pictures, jewellery, and other plunder which the King and his generals were carrying out of Spain. Marshal Jourdan's baton was found in the King's carriage, and was presented by Wellington to the Prince Regent, who gave him in exchange the baton of a British Field Marshal. The French loss on this day amounted to 6000, and that of the Allies to about 5200.

On October 7th Wellington took Soult by surprise, and crossed the Bidassoa with the same skill as he had displayed in crossing the Douro in May 1809. By this movement the British force turned the right of the French and forced them back on the Nivelle. On October 31st Pamplona surrendered, and on November 10th the whole Allied army invaded France, driving the enemy out of their fortified positions on the Nivelle, and capturing 51 guns, much ammunition, and many prisoners. On December 9th Wellington crossed the Nive, and during the four succeeding days fought and repulsed Soult, who attacked first the left and then the right of the British army. During this prolonged conflict, the Allies lost about 4600 men, killed and wounded, and the French 5800, besides three German regiments which deserted to the British side on the

evening of the 10th. Leaving two divisions under Sir John Hope to blockade Bayonne, the British commander followed up Soult's retreat, and on February 27th, 1814, attacked and defeated him on the Gave de Pau at Orthez. From the 24th to the 26th of the same month, the naval squadron, under Admiral Penrose, assisted in throwing a bridge over the Adour below Bayonne — a wonderful feat, considering that the river was deep, rapid, subject to the action of strong tides, defended by a flotilla of gunboats and a large body of troops on the right bank, and 360 yards wide at the point of crossing. The bridge being completed, Bayonne was closely invested, and Soult drew off in the direction of Toulouse. Wellington crossed the Adour at St. Sever on March 1st, and on the 8th he detached two divisions under Beresford to occupy Bordeaux. Soult attempted to resume the offensive on March 13th, but was repulsed with such vigor that he fell back through Tarbes on Toulouse, where the last battle of the Peninsular War was fought on April 10th. In this final engagement the French lost 3200 killed and wounded, and the Allies 4600, of whom about 2000 were Spaniards. On each side four generals were wounded. The next day Soult withdrew from Toulouse, leaving eight guns and his wounded behind, and the day following the town was occupied by the British force. Napoleon having abdicated, and the Bourbon dynasty being replaced on the throne of France, the war came to an end.

On April 21st Wellington issued a general order thanking his troops for "their uniform discipline and gallantry in the field, and for their conciliating con-

duct towards the inhabitants of the country." Shortly afterwards the British army was broken up, the cavalry marching through France and embarking at Boulogne, and the infantry embarking at Bordeaux. Only a portion of the latter returned to the United Kingdom, many gallant soldiers being sent to perish at New Orleans or to die of yellow fever in the West Indies.

On May 3d, 1814, Wellington, who a year before had been made a Knight of the Garter, was advanced in the peerage to the dignity of a duke, and in the following month he was granted by Parliament a further sum of £400,000.

It is impossible, within the limits of this article, to discuss the merits of Wellington's strategy and tactics during the Peninsular War. Suffice it to say that, generally with inferior numbers, and always with a mixed, and therefore a not altogether reliable force, composed partly of British and partly of Portuguese and Spanish troops, he met and defeated the ablest of Napoleon's marshals. He appears to have developed in the course of a five years' campaign tactical ability of the highest order; and, commanding as he did a body of veteran soldiers inured to war, and well trained in musketry and fire discipline, he displayed supreme military genius in being the first to recognize the advantages of an extended order of attack. . . .

As a strategist he knew his own mind and kept his own counsel. The passage of the Douro and occupation of Oporto, the retirement into the lines of Torres Vedras, the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, and the advance through the Tras-os-Montes before the

battle of Vittoria, are instances of masterly combinations which took the enemy entirely by surprise.

Wellington's sieges have often been criticised on account of their occasional failure and the great loss of life which attended them even when successful. The fact is, however, that the appliances and ordnance for siege operations were very defective; few, if any, sappers were attached to the British army, and the enemy being generally more numerous than the besieging force, and only wanting time to concentrate, the places could not be taken at all unless they were taken quickly. Wellington, therefore, had no choice in the matter. He was obliged to sacrifice his soldiers in order to avoid the delay which would have defeated his plans, and to compensate for deficiencies in skilled labor and siege equipment.

Another point, on which considerable stress is laid by General Brailmont and other writers, is the alleged failure of Wellington to follow up his victories by vigorous pursuits. Here again he appears to be blamed somewhat unreasonably. His army was a small one, the British Government supplied him with reinforcements in a sparing and dilatory manner, and, whenever discipline was relaxed by success, the British soldiers were liable to get out of hand and to disperse in search of plunder. This tendency was strikingly exemplified after the battle of Vittoria, when for eighteen days 12,500 men were absent from the colors, engaged in marauding among the mountains.

The success which attended Wellington's operations in the Peninsula is to be ascribed not only to his own military and administrative genius, and to the coolness,

courage, and obstinacy of his troops, but also to the fact that the control of the British and Portuguese forces was centred in one man, who also exercised a predominant influence over the provisional governments of Spain and Portugal.

A further point to be noticed is the extraordinary diplomatic skill which Wellington displayed in dealing with the Portuguese and Spanish authorities. They disliked him, but they feared him; and by keeping his own counsel, and setting one party against another, he managed to get his own way without seeming unduly to interfere with the civil government. Here his Indian training was of great service. Brailmont observes: "Wellington's long experience of Indian intrigue gave him peculiar facilities for counteracting the selfish and shifting policy of the Peninsular nations; while his active participation in the government of Mysore had developed, to a great degree, the ability which was natural to him in the administration of political and civil offices. A leader deficient in these qualities would probably have failed in Spain, however great in other respects his military talent might have been."

Finally, Wellington's industry was indefatigable; and if genius is correctly described as being an infinite capacity for taking pains, he had every right to lay claim to that gift. Whatever matter came under his consideration, whether military, political, or financial, he dealt with it promptly and exhaustively. His correspondence alone would have taken up the whole time of any ordinary man, and in addition he had his own responsible duties as a commander-in-chief in the field

to attend to. Moreover, he had only one or two generals under him on whom he could rely to carry out his instructions without his own personal supervision; and he was often obliged himself to undertake the duties of subordinate officers, to whom, in spite of his repeated remonstrances, leave of absence had been granted by the Horse Guards.

In estimating Wellington's achievements during the brief campaign which ended in the battle of Waterloo, it must be borne in mind that he commanded a mixed force of very unequal quality. The pick of the British infantry who had served in the Peninsular War were still in North America, sufficient time not having lapsed after the conclusion of peace with the United States, to enable the Government to bring these troops back to Europe. With the exception of the German Legion, the Hanoverian contingent consisted of imperfectly trained militia; while the Nassau and Belgian soldiers required very careful handling, believing as they did that Napoleon was irresistible. The following incident, described in Wellington's own language, illustrates the kind of

An Officer in the German Legion.

glamour thrown by the French Emperor over some of the Continental troops opposed to him: — "I had three battalions of Nassau troops under my command. I put them in the park at Hougoumont, and expected that, being old soldiers, they would keep their ground. But the moment the French began to advance I saw them waver. It was this which made me withdraw them and put a battalion of the Guards in their place. I ascertained afterwards, just what I expected to find, that the name of Napoleon had beaten them before they fired a shot; and that if I had left them there, the park and probably Hougoumont itself would have been carried at a rush."

On the morning of the 18th Wellington's force consisted of 25,400 British soldiers, the German Legion 6,800 strong, about 11,000 Hanoverians, 6,000 Brunswickers, 3,000 Nassau troops, and 17,500 troops of the Netherlands; total 69,700 men, with 159 guns. The French army was composed of soldiers all belonging to the same race and of excellent quality; it was 72,000 strong, with 240 guns, and was commanded by the foremost captain of the age. That under these circumstances the Duke should not only have held his own from 11 A.M. to 7 P.M., but have succeeded in driving the enemy off the field of battle at the moment the Prussians were in a position to take an active part in the conflict, is a feat almost unequalled in the annals of war.

On that particular occasion the British commander certainly displayed greater readiness of resource, tactical skill, and coolness of judgment, than his illustrious antagonist. Wellington was the only general of the

first order that Napoleon ever had to encounter, and throughout the campaign the Emperor appears to have underrated his opponent's ability and failed to realize the surpassing bravery and endurance of British soldiers. Some of the French officers who had served in the Peninsula were better acquainted with the fighting qualities of the British army and the Duke's military genius. General Foy told the Emperor that "the British infantry are the very devil in the fight." Soult too warned his master not to be too confident of success. Napoleon replied, "You think, because he beat you, that Wellington is a great general." And when on the morning of the 18th he remarked, "At last I have them: there are nine chances to one in my favor," the Marshal answered — "Sire, I know these English. They will die on the ground on which they stand before they lose it." . . .

With the occupation of Paris, Wellington's service in the field came to an end, but as Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies in France, his moderation, sound judgment, and impartiality did much to ensure lasting peace in Europe. . . .

I will only add that a study of Wellington's life and writings leads me to the conclusion that he has been somewhat overrated as a man and greatly underrated as a commander. Stress is often laid on the strict sense of duty by which he is supposed to have been specially actuated, the inference being that personal ambition had little to do with his efforts to succeed in the tasks entrusted to him.

That Wellington was honorable, straightforward, resolute, and patriotic, none can deny; but there ap-

pears to be no instance in his military career of his adopting a course where his duty was opposed to his own interests, or of his being called upon to sacrifice the latter in order to carry out the former. In his case the paths of duty and of personal advancement were identical, and it seems, therefore, hardly reasonable to assume that he differed from other great military leaders — such as Cæsar, Marlborough, or Napoleon — in being devoid of that desire for distinction and power which is one of the most potent incentives to exertion. At the beginning of the Peninsular War his own words were:

"The ball is now at my foot, and I hope I shall have strength enough to give it a good kick"; and the principal reason he gave for wishing to leave India was that he would be more likely to get on in Europe.

Possessed of many admirable qualities, Wellington gained the esteem and confidence, but not the affection, of his soldiers. By nature reserved and unsympathetic — perhaps a little selfish — he regarded his army in the light of a fighting machine. When its task was performed and peace established, he ceased to associate with the officers who had been most intimately connected with him in the field, and he did little or nothing to promote the welfare of his soldiers, or to make the nation understand what a debt of gratitude it owed them.

The place I should be inclined to assign to Wellington as a general would be one in the very first rank — equal, if not superior, to that given to Napoleon. In estimating the comparative merits of these illustrious rivals, it may be conceded that the schemes

of the French Emperor were more comprehensive, his genius more dazzling and his imagination more vivid than Wellington's. . On the other hand, the latter excelled in that coolness of judgment which Napoleon himself described as "the foremost quality in a general."

It must also be remembered that as soon as Napoleon had attained supreme power in France, the whole resources of that country and of a great part of the Continent were at his disposal. He could raise enormous armies, incur vast expenditure, and sacrifice large numbers of troops in carrying out his plans. Moreover, he was absolutely unfettered in his selection of the best qualified officers for commands and staff appointments. Developing a system of tactics which proved extremely effective against his Continental enemies, and until his last campaign only opposed by second-rate generals, Napoleon gained victories so decisive and overwhelming that for a time he was invincible. His presence on the field of battle was regarded as equivalent to a force of forty thousand men.

Wellington's operations, on the other hand, were hampered by the vacillation and timidity of the British Government of the day, his resources were limited, his army was generally outnumbered by the enemy, the reinforcements he asked for were seldom forthcoming, and incompetent generals and staff officers were forced upon him by the Horse Guards. Above all, he must have felt that a single mistake or disaster would probably lead to his own removal from the chief command, and to the termination of the struggle in which he was engaged.

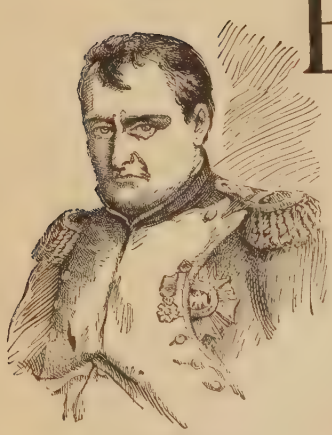
Under these unfavorable conditions he never lost

confidence. As he remarked before starting for the Peninsula, he was not afraid of the French, although he knew that they were capital soldiers. Believing that their tactics would be unsuccessful against troops steady enough to fight in line, he adopted the extended formation which gave full effect to the accurate fire and resolute courage of his infantry. Throughout the Peninsular War he out-manœuvred and out-fought the ablest of the French marshals. Finally, in the Waterloo campaign, while Napoleon made many mistakes, Wellington made none. His distribution of the Allied troops along the Belgian frontier, his rapid concentration at Quatre Bras in concert with the Prussian army at Ligny, his success on June 16th, his subsequent withdrawal to Waterloo, the manner in which he handled his troops before and during the battle, and the arrangements he made with Blücher for the flank attack from Wavre and for the pursuit of the defeated enemy, prove him to have been a profound master of the art of war.

For a brief period the military genius of Napoleon revolutionized Continental Europe; that of Wellington enabled him to lead his British soldiers, few in number but incomparable in quality, from victory to victory, to march triumphant from Lisbon to Toulouse, and from Waterloo to Paris, to overthrow his great opponent, and to establish a peace which lasted for nearly forty years.

THE FALL OF NAPOLEON

By FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT WOLSELEY.



Napoleon.

BEYOND all doubt the Republican General Bonaparte who, "rushing down from the Apennines with the rapidity of a torrent," overran Piedmont and Lombardy in 1796 was both mentally and bodily, to a large extent, a different man from the Emperor Napoleon who was defeated at Waterloo. . . . A superlatively bad man, dishonest and untruthful and whose career embraces some serious mistakes in national policy, whose public life ended in a disastrous defeat and who died in prison, is yet so great a man that his name fills more pages in the world's solemn history than that of any other mortal.

Everything connected with him is deeply interesting, not only to the military student but also to the philosopher and the statesman. No other mortal has been praised and blamed, deified by some and abused by others, as he has been.

To men of action prone to worship the great history-makers of the world, he is the most remarkable and the greatest human being who has ever walked this earth; but, at the same time, to a large class of thinkers and philosophers his greatness is merely that of Belial, all "false and hollow."

Fashioned from his cradle to rule men and direct events, for many years the civilized world rang with his name; and even when in prison nations shook with dread as they contemplated the possibility of his escape from the rock to which they had tied him. He is one of the few great figures in history whom the perspective of time does not cause to dwindle in size or diminish in importance.

Up to the year 1812 he had carried out no war in Europe under his own personal direction which had not been, in the long run, brilliantly successful. From that year onwards he entered upon none which did not end disastrously. By his invasion of Russia in 1812 he lost, almost entirely, the most magnificent army he had ever marshalled under his banners, returning in haste to Paris a solitary fugitive. As the result of his campaign in 1813 he had to lead back the remnants of a beaten army behind the shelter of his own frontier-fortresses. His brilliant operations of 1814 between that frontier and Paris ended in his forced abdication and his acceptance of the little island of Elba as his only dominion; and having returned to France in 1815 he was hopelessly defeated at Waterloo and sent to spend the remainder of his days at St. Helena.

To what are we to attribute this change in the fortunes of him who had long been the "spoiled child of

Victory"? Were his plans faulty or did he fail in their execution? Was the invasion of Russia less ably planned and the wants of his mighty host less carefully provided for than in his invasion of Austria by that wonderful march from Boulogne to Vienna which ended in Austerlitz?

Surely not; for the more we study his voluminous correspondence of 1811–12, the more we are struck, not merely with the stupendous nature of the task he undertook when he crossed the Niemen, but with the careful provisions he made for overcoming the difficulties with which that mighty operation bristled. The general scheme was worked out with a splendor of conception and a mastery of detail which, I think, stands unrivalled in the history of the world.

And yet the campaign of 1812 was an appalling failure. Nevertheless it is impossible for any careful student of his later campaigns to deny that again and again throughout them he displayed, often in a remarkable manner, his old brilliancy in strategical and tactical combinations and his former supremacy over events.

The invasion of Russia in 1812 was about the most stupendous undertaking upon which any man has ever ventured. But many are apt to treat it as if its only serious difficulties lay in the nature of the country to be overrun, in its very severe winters and in its great distance from the French frontier. At any rate these difficulties have been commonly recognized as the direct causes which led to Napoleon's failure; indeed so much is this the case that Russia seems to have enjoyed a long immunity from invasion because it was in the heart of Russia that Napoleon's first failure occurred.

But there were causes other than the difficulties peculiar to military operations in Russia which made well-nigh impossible the task which he had set himself to do.

He did not really wish for a war with his old ally and personal friend, the Tsar Alexander. The war was forced upon him as part of the "Continental system" he had designed for the purpose of destroying the commercial prosperity of England. It was, in fact, merely a very important episode in the life-and-death struggle with England upon which he had entered. The destruction of her maritime ascendancy — her maritime tyranny he called it — was essential before he could hope for any realization of the universal dominion he aspired to.

From the battle of Trafalgar, and more especially after the war with Austria in 1809, up to the invasion of Russia, his whole energies were directed to effecting the complete exclusion of all British merchandise from every port in Europe. England was apparently the only serious obstacle to his ambition; and, as he had utterly failed in his combinations against her fleet, he now sought to ruin her by the destruction of her commerce.

But her goods still poured into central Europe through Russian ports; and it consequently became a question whether he should declare war against the Tsar or abandon his "Continental system" as a failure. But his pride was involved in the latter alternative; and much as he disliked any breach in the alliance that had been hatched at Tilsit, he elected for war. It has been well said, he made "a dispute about tariffs the

ground for the greatest military expedition known to authentic history." But the selection of alternatives he then made ended in *his* ruin, not in that of England.

War with Russia, for a man in Napoleon's position, meant the invasion of that vast empire, and for it armies were required far beyond the power of France to supply from her own population. He was therefore obliged to depend upon the military forces of Austria, Prussia, and other doubtful allies. He was compelled to lead them through states of ancient military renown whose inhabitants, humbled to the dust in his previous wars, had become bitterly hostile to his armies by whom they had been so cruelly illtreated. Indeed, his campaigns had begun to carry the conviction into every home throughout central Europe that, however terrible it might be to embark in a war against France, it was necessary either to do so or to succumb from misery and starvation.

In his war against British merchandise he had so bullied and irritated European nations, great and small, that not only every Cabinet, but almost every family longed for the despot's overthrow, and were prepared to make any sacrifice to that end. In France itself this spirit was alive and began to show itself, for the misery of its people had reached a climax. And yet, whilst England added about three hundred million sterling to her already large national debt during this war against Napoleon, France, under his rule, did not borrow a franc. But the conscription, rigorously enforced, was draining her life-blood, and of the conscripts intended for the "Grand Army" in 1812 some 50,000 had proved so refractory that it was necessary to place

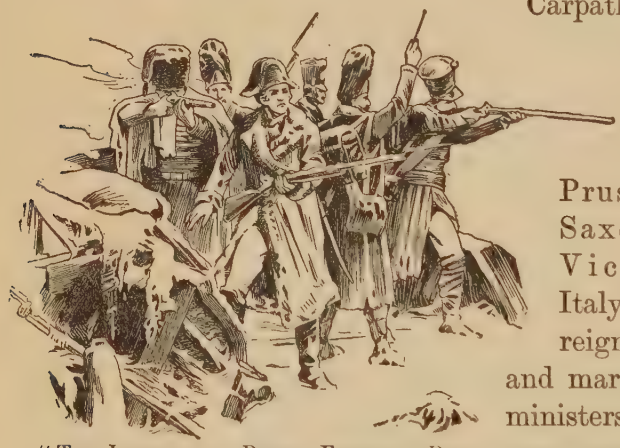
them in islands from which they could not escape, until, having been manufactured into soldiers, they were marched off under escort to distant parts of the Empire.

The Marshals whom Napoleon had created and loaded with riches and honors, were sick of war and wanted to enjoy the result of their labors. They already dreaded his plans for this new and distant conquest. Although French garrisons held all the most important fortresses along the lines of communication between the Rhine and the Vistula, the difficulties of maintaining and protecting those communications were well-known to men like Grouchy, Desaix, St. Cyr, Vandamme, Ney, Davoust, Augereau, Murat, and the others whom he selected for commands in this gigantic enterprise. They were aware that although the new theatre of war was fertile it was practically without roads and devoid of those towns and villages — the usual centres of population — which enable armies on the march to obtain daily the food and transport they require.

A startling contrast may well be drawn between the abject poverty of the gloomy young Corsican lieutenant, struggling to find food for himself and his brother on his slender pay, and the affluence and luxury of the French Emperor, with Marie Louise by his side, distributing large fortunes amongst his relatives and his newly-created peers.

But any such pictures lack the dramatic incidents and stage-like trappings which cling round the contrast between Napoleon as the central figure at the Dresden pageant of May 1812 and as he appeared seven months

afterwards, when he arrived at the gates of the Tuileries in a hackney coach by night, fresh from the horrors of his ghastly retreat. The astounding ups and downs of his career are almost as remarkable as his genius. Before the battle of Actium, it is said, that upon one afternoon there were fourteen kings in Antony's reception-room. But at Dresden, upon the occasion I refer to, Napoleon received the homage of nearly all the sovereigns and princes between the Pyrenees and the Carpathians. The Emperor of Austria, the Kings of Prussia and Saxony, the Viceroy of Italy, and many reigning dukes and margraves and ministers of European renown, were there to do him honor, and settle the strength of the various contingents they were to send for the invasion of Russia under his banner.



"The Invasion of Russia Ended in Disastrous Failure."

The invasion of Russia ended in disastrous failure. Those who like may attribute this fact to mere ill-luck on Napoleon's part; but to me it seems truer to say, that he was no longer the leader he had been in his early campaigns and that his great work was done. He had destroyed the rotten remains of systems which

had lingered on in Europe from the middle ages. Though as Emperor he may have sought to revive some of them, what he had done in the plenitude of his power rendered hopeless any attempt to restore them except artificially and even then with the certainty that they must soon disappear altogether. But it was time that his own despotism should pass away. It pressed too heavily upon the civilized world and it was essential for human interests that Europe should once more breathe freely. The decree from above had gone forth against him, and as ill-luck it was recognized by himself when he said that his star was no longer in the ascendant. . . . .

On April 11, 1814, Napoleon issued an address to the army that had remained faithful to him, spoke his famous farewell to his generals, and signed his Act of Abdication. The allies gave him the pleasant little island of Elba as his future residence, and allowed him to play there at royalty under the title of Emperor, with a small party of his Guards and such of his courtiers as wished to accompany him into exile. These easy terms entailed upon the world a risk of war which the allies were not justified in permitting.

He was the Peace-Destroyer of Europe, and his reappearance in France at any time would mean more war, more misery to nations, his own adopted nation included. Having at last, after great suffering and exertions, caught this unrivalled bird of prey they should not have contented themselves with any mere clipping of his wings: they should have pinioned him and have closely caged him, as they subsequently did at St. Helena, and taken every precaution, no matter how

inconvenient to him, to render his escape impossible. Had he been in their place no sentimental feeling for fallen greatness, for defeated royalty, would have influenced his decision; his knowledge of human nature, his practical common sense, would have told him that Napoleon Bonaparte was not the man to remain long a prisoner in a little island from which escape was comparatively easy.

Had proper precautions been taken in 1814 to prevent his ever again troubling the world, what an amount of bloodshed and of consequent misery the allies would have saved Europe, what defeat and further abasement they would have spared France!

At one o'clock in the afternoon of March 1, 1815, three little ships cast anchor in the Gulf of St. Juan. They carried the great Napoleon who, with some eleven hundred of his finest soldiers, had escaped from Elba, his badly-guarded prison-house, only a few days before. For purposes of battle this handful of men would have been useless, but they were invaluable to protect their master from police interference during his advance upon Paris.

"His Return to France."

NAPOLEON, A NOVICE IN THE SCHOOL OF BRIENNE

His return to France was not influenced by any deep patriotic motive, but was the outcome of a fiendish and inordinate ambition of the most selfish kind. It meant a new outburst of war, more bloodshed, and a fresh crop of misery to Europe. France required peace above all things, after her many years of Revolutionary horrors and devastating strife; but Napoleon from Elba brought her war with England and every Continental State. His return begot new trials and new sufferings for humanity.

The troops sent by Louis XVIII. to oppose his advance upon Paris greeted him with shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" Even the chivalrous Ney, who had sworn allegiance to his new master, the Bourbon king, was drawn into the great military whirlpool of revolt, and declared for the leader whose fortunes he had so long followed both in sunshine and in gloom.

Napoleon entered Paris on March 21st, his journey having been a sort of royal and triumphal progress. When he reached the Tuileries he had good reason for saying to Caulincourt that the success of his rash venture was a return once more of that dazzling good fortune which had spoiled him during so many years. . . .

Napoleon said of himself, that upon reaching Paris it was not Louis but the Duke of Orleans he had dethroned. The thousands of regimental officers of all grades who had been dismissed by the new king from the army to starve on pittances that would not have supported so many mechanics, were about the most dangerous men to the Bourbon cause. All of them hailed Napoleon's return with transports of joy. There were also thousands in every class who, during the

Revolution, having purchased property belonging to the nobles and to the Church, lived in dread of having it taken from them by the Royalists. Napoleon quieted their fears by confirming them in its possession — a popular act which secured him a considerable following among the men of influence and property.

From the hour of his arrival in Paris he worked like a galley-slave. Few men indeed in the world's history have effected in the same space of time anything to be compared with what he accomplished during the eighty-four days of his stay there. He had to re-establish his authority all over France, to tranquillize the country generally, put down Royalist risings, obtain money for his military wants, adjust the national finances and restore the civil administration everywhere. All this he had to do at a time when the whole of his energies were required to raise, organize and supply with all fighting requisites an army sufficiently large to enable him to meet Europe in arms with any chance of success.

He succeeded in finding over £3,000,000 by Extraordinary Loans and by forestalling the revenue of future years. With this sum and about half that amount which he found in the treasury he was able to fully equip the army of 200,000 men with which he was about to take the field against Blücher and Wellington in Flanders. . . .

Strange to say, the full story of this Waterloo campaign, the shortest and yet one of the most decisive in our history, has yet to be written. It may be said to have lasted only five — one might almost say only four — days. Napoleon left Paris on June 12 for the valley

of the Sambre, and was back there again on the 21st as a fallen and defeated monarch.

Nelson's glorious victory at Trafalgar saved England from invasion by a great and splendid army under the first of all commanders, and it must consequently be forever regarded by us as an event of the first importance in our history. But Wellington's victory at Waterloo concerned the whole civilized world, and was fraught with the paramount import of life and death to many European powers. The interests involved in that one battle exceeded all that in modern history, before or since, have ever depended upon one day's fighting. Yet it is not difficult to explain the causes which, until quite recent years, have prevented the whole truth about it being generally known. During this campaign there was considerable friction between Wellington and Blücher's chief of staff, Count Gneisenau, who had long been prejudiced against our great Duke. It was but natural, therefore, that Gneisenau, whose position gave him so much authority during the campaign, should also be glad to accept his share in the glory without saying much about his feelings at the time of the battle. From a variety of causes Wellington too had no great wish to discuss any vexed question concerning Waterloo, or to make known the full truth regarding the events which led to it. He was anxious to avoid hav-

Count Gneisenau.

ing anything said that might offend the Belgians, as many of the Dutch-Belgian troops that had served under Napoleon in various wars before and were warmly attached to his interests, had not behaved well in this campaign against him.

Moreover, many things had occurred in the British army that were not in accordance with Wellington's plans and intentions, and he must have felt that some of his own proceedings were fairly open to hostile criticism. His movements had been slow and he had been mistaken in his conception of his great opponent's plan of operations.

Indeed, he had been so deceived by Napoleon's cleverly devised movements that up to almost the last moment he persisted in believing that the French army would manœuvre round the English right in order to cut him off from his line of retreat upon Ostend. Besides, his staff had not served him well. Many of them had been foisted upon him from home by private and family interests and even against his wishes. Believing in their statements he had in the forenoon of June 15th, as will be mentioned later on, written Blücher a letter in which the positions occupied by his troops at the moment were incorrectly stated. Altogether he had abundant reasons for wishing his official account of the battle and of the operations which preceded it to be accepted as final and without question. In after years, whenever asked to help in preparing any work on the campaign, he usually answered with some degree of testiness that his despatch contained all that was necessary. He well knew that it contained many inaccuracies and in fact, that no commander writing

immediately after any great battle ever can know nearly all that has happened. In this particular instance their was an unusual number of mistakes in his despatch. . . .

Looking back now over the eventful period of "the hundred days," we are struck by the same features we have remarked in the previous campaigns I have here discussed. Was ever a man's personal ascendency more wonderfully displayed than it was by the fact that Napoleon, who disembarked in France almost alone and as a fugitive from his little island realm, was able in a few weeks to overturn without shedding blood the whole organized power of France under its legitimate king?

But all throughout this his last campaign the ascendency he exercised over the Allies, compelling them to conform to his initiative, is not less remarkable than the narrowness by which he missed crushing them. What would have been the end of this extraordinary man had not D'Erlon's corps been wasted as it was on June 16th? With a little more vigor in the French cavalry reconnaissances of the 17th, what would have been the fate of the Prussian army if Napoleon had at once discovered its actual situation?

I do not see how any one who closely follows the story of this four days' campaign, as it is now known to us, can doubt that Ney, D'Erlon, Grouchy, and several others of Napoleon's subordinates failed to serve their old master with the vigor and enthusiastic zeal of former years.

They as well as Europe generally were alike weary of him. But as to himself, suffering as he certainly

was both in mind and body, and by no means in any way the man to command victory as he had done in his early career, it is still round him and his initiative we find centred all that was most brilliant on the French side in this campaign. And yet there can be now no doubt that over him was cast a weariness and a lethargy, the result of ill-health, which weakened him and exercised an unfortunate spell over his actions.

Had Napoleon never made this bold attempt to seize again the throne of France, something would have been wanting to the dramatic interest and completeness of his fall. Nevertheless this Waterloo campaign is a thing apart, for Napoleon had in reality fallen before it began. As said by his eulogistic historian M. Thiers, who will see no fault in him as a general, his reign, attempted despite France as much as despite Europe, had become for the future impossible even before the campaign began. . . .

The military critic who minutely examines Napoleon's proceedings during this campaign discovers so much to find fault with that it is only possible to account for his shortcomings by believing that they were due to the mysteriously recurring malady referred to already several times in these pages. The evidence corroborating this view is, to my mind, irrefutable.

This disease, from which he had long suffered more or less, and which had been the cause of so much disaster to him both in Russia and at the battle of Dresden, now attacked him oftener and with greater virulence. When under its influence he was incapable of all useful mental or bodily exertion, had great difficulty in keeping awake, and his drawn features and

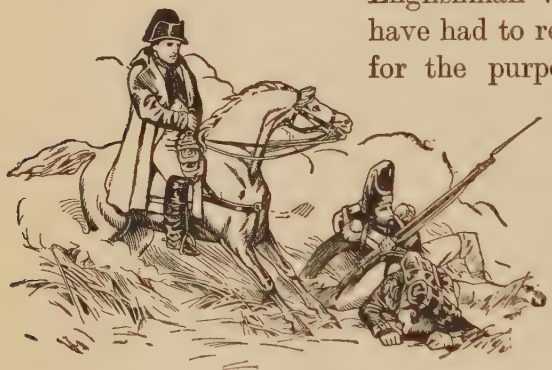
dull expression bespoke both physical pain and mental depression.

His strength, no longer what it was ten years before, had been seriously overstrained by fifteen hours of daily work and worry during his anxious stay in Paris. But when not under the influence of this disease his fine intellect was as clear, his fertility of resource as marvellous, his genius as brilliant and his conceptions as grand as ever. Seated in his cabinet he could plan and devise as of yore, with almost unerring wisdom and keen appreciation of what was necessary for success. He could still grasp the position with all his former insight.

But the anguish of his late failures in the field had not only seriously affected his health but had robbed him largely of that self-confidence which is so necessary for any great and continued success in war. He was no longer the thin, sleek, active little man he had been at Rivoli. His now bloated face, large stomach and fat and rounded legs bespoke a man unfitted for hard work on horseback. His unwieldy body no longer obeyed his behests as formerly. He was already old for his forty-seven years, and from being the most self-contained, self-reliant and peremptory of leaders, he had now to some extent already fallen into the garrulity of the graybeard, and was prone to ask opinions from those to whom he had been wont to issue orders.

I have thus dwelt upon the state of Napoleon's health in what I might term the last act of his curiously histrionic career, because I believe it to have been the primary cause of his final overthrow at Waterloo. The more I study his grandly conceived plan of campaign

for 1815 the more convinced I am that the overwhelming defeat in which it ended was primarily the result of bodily disease and the failure of mental power which resulted from it at supreme moments when rapid and energetic decision was imperatively necessary for success. Had he been able to bring the mental and bodily energy of his early career to bear upon the great plan he had conceived for the destruction of Wellington and Blücher in Belgium, judging of what those commanders would have done by what they did do, I believe the cautious Englishman would at least have had to retreat in haste for the purpose of re-embarking at Ostend, whilst the fiery and impetuous Prussian would have been almost destroyed at Ligny and only too glad to place the Rhine between the remnants of his beaten army and the victor of Jena.



Napoleon at Waterloo.

In no other way can I satisfactorily account for the valuable hours squandered by Napoleon or the careless faultiness of many of his most important orders during this campaign. Nor can I otherwise explain to myself how two armies situated as were those of Wellington and Blücher on June 14th, 15th and 16th were allowed to escape during the two following days from the destruction with which Napoleon's most ably devised

scheme of operations ought to have overwhelmed them.

His fatigued and lethargic condition on the early morning of the 17th accounts for the many hours of daylight that were trifled away and were then uselessly squandered. Grouchy, anxious to begin the pursuit, strove to see Napoleon at daybreak, but was not admitted to his presence until 8 A.M., and even then it was impossible to elict any definite instructions from him. Indeed, as a matter of fact, no orders were issued until noon, Grouchy receiving his verbally about 1 P.M.—a delay which enabled Blücher to reach Waterloo in time the following day to give the French their final despatch there. Well indeed may Vandamme have said to those around him: "The Napoleon whom we have known exists no more,—our yesterday's (the 16th) success will have no result."

I believe it was not so much the deep condition of the country after the heavy rain as a recurrence of this fatal malady on the morning of Waterloo, added of course to the fact that he did not expect Blücher's arrival on the field of battle that day, which caused him to begin the action so late and so purposelessly to throw away hours which might have been employed in destroying Wellington before the Prussians could arrive. We know that during the progress of the battle itself he remained seated for hours motionless at a table placed for him in the open, often asleep with his head resting upon his arms; that also when flying beaten from the field he suffered so much from drowsiness it was with difficulty his attendants prevented him from tumbling from his horse. During the progress of the

battle he was little on horseback, for riding caused him pain.

He was thus debarred from seeing for himself much of the Prussian advance upon Planchenoit, and consequently did not fully realize what the dangers of his position were as early as he should have done had he been able to ride rapidly from point to point upon the field of battle to obtain information for himself. Indeed, it is to this cause only we can attribute the fact that he began this battle without having himself previously reconnoitred or examined Wellington's position, relying on General Haxo's report upon it.

Napoleon's character is a puzzle to most men and the composition of his brain is difficult to analyze. He had no real appreciation of what was beautiful in nature, felt little of the true poetry of life, and cared nothing for what we regard as virtue; but all we know of what he said or wrote regarding history in which he had no part, or about those who made it, or regarding the science of government, and the institutions and general machinery which kept civilized states going, displays wisdom and liberality. He thoroughly understood the minds and hearts of men, especially of Frenchmen, and was fully alive to those influences which form and mould the human character to make the individual either good or bad, and which, in doing so, make nations either great or little.

He knew full well how thoroughly he had satisfied French aspirations after military glory, but he could not have foreseen that what he did, together with the renown of his name, would have enabled a nephew in the next generation to bring about another Bonapartist Empire.

If he be now conscious of what takes place on earth, how much the poignant remembrance of Waterloo must be salved by the knowledge (I judge from current French literature) that all which Frenchmen care most still to remember of the past is directly connected with his immortal name! It was he who gave France the foremost position in Europe — a position the like of which no one nation before or since has ever occupied, and before which all European nations, England excepted, had humbly bent the knee. He found France in the throes of a foul, sanguinary revolution with all its horribly legalized crimes of murder and robbery, and from it, by his genius for government, he evolved order joined with progress. The fascination which in life he personally exercised over his own followers we often feel ourselves, even now, when we contemplate his soaring genius and attempt to measure his greatness.

For the part of the heroic conqueror, in which character he wished to be forever remembered, death upon the battlefield was a necessity. Leonidas the Spartan, Epaminondas the Theban, Turenne the Frenchman, Wolfe and Moore the Englishmen, and above all of our national heroes the great Nelson, — all had fallen upon the field of their glory and their fame. Upon many remarkable occasions Napoleon showed his contempt of danger and how recklessly he could expose his own body when his doing so was calculated to help him to success. He knew how to win the imagination of Frenchmen and how with French armies to conquer; but he did not know how to die a hero's death. Why, oh why did he not end his days with those gallant souls

who, when everything was lost, tried in his cause on the evening of that appalling overthrow to stem the overwhelming current of pursuit? Why did he not die with those who died for him upon that most eventful day of his life? But as a patriot how little worthy was he of all the reverence and devoted love bestowed upon him by his brave, faithful and loyal army! It is as natural to die as to be born and it can matter little whether you fall like a soldier on the field of battle when young and vigorous, or "sicken years away" to die in your bed. If the average of human life were a hundred instead of thirty-three this question might be of some general importance; but it is not so. Bonaparte's march through the world was marked by the blood-trail of tens of thousands of gallant soldiers who, had it not been for his inordinate personal ambition, might have lived for years longer.

Yet it is not for this reason, or because he wasted upon horrible war the means of national prosperity and of individual enjoyment, that men specially loathe his memory. It is because his whole career, from childhood to the day of his death, was one great untruth, and was made up of deceit, treachery, and the most appalling and selfish indifference to the feelings and wants of others — was, in fact, one great, unholy deception.

Even his most ardent admirers must freely admit that the great cause of Righteousness and of Peace never gained anything at his hands. A studied and finished actor in all his relations with men and women, he assumed at times an apparent kindly interest in the fate of those about him. He could even cleverly pre-

tend a feeling of generous and magnanimous impulse when he thought it would pay him to do so.

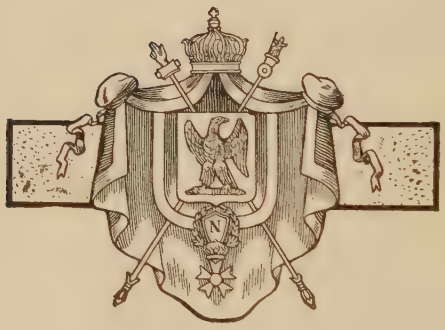
Throughout life he was always playing to an audience, whether it were to his army by stirring general orders, or to France by lying bulletins, or to the world, present and to come, by his childish conduct at St. Helena and by the fictions he concocted there.

The instrument he played upon was man, and no other human being has ever understood its gamut better or how to call forth its strong tones or to get more effect out of it. He knew the springs that moved man's moral machinery, especially the emotional side of humanity, and above all things the Frenchman's love of high-flown, melting sentiment. He was thus able to endear himself to France and especially to her splendid soldiers who loved him with a love the like of which we only find in the devotion with which the Tenth Legion loved Cæsar.

The name of this pre-eminently bad man fills a space in the world's history far greater than that occupied by all the men of action, all the thinkers, poets or writers of every age. Yet this man, who is still regarded by myriads as the greatest of human beings, failed in the mission he had set himself to accomplish — was even beaten at his own special trade — was declared an outlaw by all Europe, and died in prison. The public career of no great leader of men teaches us so painful a moral lesson upon the mockery of all earthly ambition, whilst the story of his private life indeed proclaims "how little are the Great!" He died as he had lived, untruthful to the last. "*Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin.* God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it.

Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting." So wrote the finger on the wall about the proud King of Babylon. It might with equal truth have been written of him whose overthrow at Waterloo is thus described in verse: —

> Since he miscalled the morning star,
> Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.



ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT

By MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Ulysses S. Grant.

GENERAL GRANT was born at Point Pleasant, in the State of Ohio, on the 27th of April, 1822.

As to his schooling, he never, he tells us, missed a quarter from school, from the time he was old enough to attend till the time when he left home, at the age of seventeen, for the Military Academy at West Point. But the instruction in the country schools at that time was very poor: —

"A single teacher — who was often a man or a woman incapable of teaching much, even if they imparted all they knew — would have thirty or forty scholars, male and female, from the infant learning the A B C, up to the young lady of eighteen and the boy of twenty studying the highest branches taught — the three R's. I never saw an algebra, or other mathematical work higher than the arithmetic, until after I was appointed to West Point. I then bought a work

on algebra in Cincinnati; but, having no teacher, it was Greek to me. . . .

"This did not exempt me from labor. In my early days, every one labored more or less in the region where my youth was spent, and more in proportion to their private means. It was only the very poor who were exempt. While my father carried on the manufacture of leather and worked at the trade himself, he owned and tilled considerable land. I detested the trade, preferring almost any other labor; but I was fond of agriculture and of all employments in which horses were used.

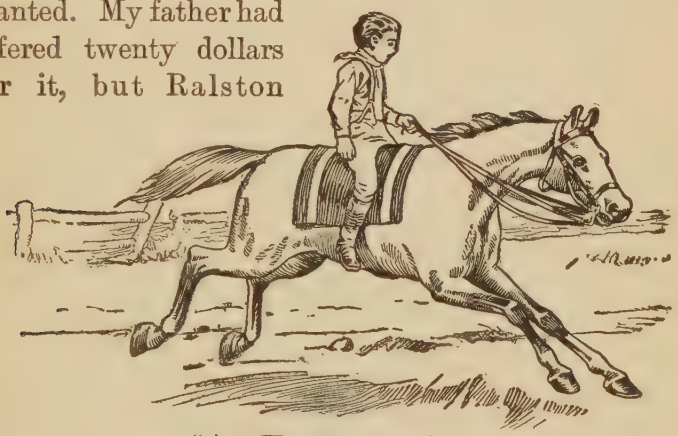
"We had, among other lands, fifty acres of forest within a mile of the village. In the fall of the year choppers were employed to cut enough wood to last a twelve-month. When I was seven or eight years of age I began hauling all the wood used in the house and shops. I could not load it on the wagons, of course, at that time, but I could drive, and the choppers would load, and some one at the house unload. When about eleven years old, I was strong enough to hold a plough. From that age until seventeen I did all the work done with horses, such as breaking up the land, furrowing, ploughing corn and potatoes, bringing in the crops when harvested, hauling all the wood, besides tending two or three horses, a cow or two, and sawing wood for stoves, etc., while still attending school. For this I was compensated by the fact that there never was any scolding or punishing by my parents: no objection to rational enjoyments, such as fishing, going to the creek a mile away to swim in summer; taking a horse and visiting my grandparents in the adjoining county,

fifteen miles off; skating on the ice in winter, or taking a horse and sleigh when there was snow on the ground."

The bringing up of Abraham Lincoln was also, I suppose, much on this wise; and meagre, too meagre, as may have been the schooling, I confess I am inclined on the whole to exclaim: "What a wholesome bringing up it was!"

I must find room for one story of Grant's boyhood, a story which he tells against himself: —

"There was a Mr. Ralston living within a few miles of the village, who owned a colt that I very much wanted. My father had offered twenty dollars for it, but Ralston



"And Went for the Colt."

wanted twenty-five. I was so anxious to have the colt, that, after the owner left, I begged to be allowed to take him at the price demanded. My father yielded, but said twenty dollars was all the horse was worth, and told me to offer that price; if it was not accepted, I might offer twenty-two and a half, and if that would not get him, might give the twenty-five. I at once

mounted a horse and went for the colt. When I got to Mr. Ralston's house, I said to him:

"'Papa says I may offer you twenty dollars for the colt, but if you won't take that, I am to offer twenty-two and a half, and if you won't take that, to give you twenty-five.'

"It would not require a Connecticut man to guess the price finally agreed upon. I could not have been over eight years old at the time. This transaction caused me great heart-burning. The story got amongst the boys of the village, and it was a long time before I heard the last of it."

The boys of the village may well have been amused. How astounding to find an American boy so little "'cute," so little "smart." But how delightful also, and how refreshing; how full of promise for the boy's future character! Grant came in later life to see straight and to see clear, more than most men, more than even most Americans, whose virtue it is that in matters within their range they see straight and see clear; but he never was in the least "smart," and it is one of his merits.

The United States Senator for Ohio procured for young Grant, when he was seventeen years old, a nomination to West Point. He was not himself eager for it. His father one day said to him:

"'Ulysses, I believe you are going to receive the appointment.'

"'What appointment?' I enquired. 'To West Point; I have applied for it.' 'But I won't go,' I said.

"He said he thought I would, *and I thought so too*,

if he did. I really had no objection to going to West Point, except that I had a very exalted idea of the acquirements necessary to get through. I did not believe I possessed them, and could not bear the idea of failing." . . .

He took his time on the road, and having left home in the middle of May, did not arrive at West Point until the end of the month. Two weeks later he passed his examination for admission, very much, he tells us, to his surprise. But none of his professional studies interested him, though he did well in mathematics, which he found, he says, very easy to him. . . .

At last all his examinations were passed, he was appointed to an infantry regiment, and, before joining, went home on leave with a desperate cough and a stature which had run up too fast for his strength.

In September, 1843, he joined his regiment, the 4th United States infantry, at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis. No doubt his training at West Point, an establishment with a public and high standing, and with serious studies, had been invaluable to him. But still he had no desire to remain in the army. At St. Louis he met and became attached to a young lady whom he afterwards married, Miss Dent, and his hope was to become an assistant professor of mathematics at West Point. With this hope he re-read at Jefferson Barracks his West Point mathematics, and pursued a course of historical study also. But the Mexican War came on and kept him in the army.

With the annexation of Texas in prospect, Grant's regiment was moved to Fort Jessup, on the western border of Louisiana. Ostensibly the American troops

were to prevent filibustering into Texas; really they were sent as a menace to Mexico in case she appeared to contemplate war. Grant's life in Louisiana was pleasant. He had plenty of professional duty, many of his brother officers having been detailed on special duty away from the regiment. . . .

The part of Grant in the Mexican War was of course that of a young subaltern only, and is described by him with characteristic modesty. He showed, however, of what good stuff he was made, and his performances with a certain howitzer in a church-steeple so pleased his general that he sent for Grant, commended him, and ordered a second howitzer to be placed at his disposal. A captain of voltigeurs came with the gun in charge.

"I could not tell the general," says Grant, "that there was not room enough in the steeple for another gun, because he probably would have looked upon such a statement as a contradiction from a second-lieutenant. I took the captain with me, but did not use his gun."

When the evacuation of Mexico was completed, Grant married, in August, 1848, Miss Julia Dent, to whom he had been engaged more than four years. For two years the young couple lived at Detroit in Michigan, where Grant was now stationed; he was then ordered to the Pacific coast. It was settled that Mrs. Grant should, during his absence, live with her own family in St. Louis. The regiment went first to Aspinwall, then to California and Oregon. In 1853 Grant became captain, but he had now two children, and saw no chance of supporting his family on his pay

as an army officer. He determined to resign, and in the following year he did so. . . .

His life on leaving the army offers, like his early training, a curious contrast to what usually takes place amongst ourselves. First he tried farming, on a farm belonging to his wife near St. Louis; but he could not make it answer, though he worked hard. He had insufficient capital, and more than sufficient fever and ague. After four years he established a partnership with a cousin of his wife named Harry Boggs, in a real estate agency business in St. Louis. He found that the business was not more than one person could do, and not enough to support two families. So he withdrew from the co-partnership with Boggs, and in May, 1860, removed to Galena, Illinois, and took a clerkship in a leather shop there belonging to his father. . . .

In 1860 Lincoln was elected President, and the catastrophe, which Grant hoped might have been averted, arrived. . . .

When he took on the 4th of March his oath of office to maintain the Union, eleven States had gone out of it. On the 11th of April, Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor was fired upon, and a few days after was captured. Then the President issued a call for seventy-five thousand men. "There was not a State in the North of a million inhabitants," says Grant, "that would not have furnished the entire number faster than arms could have been supplied to them, if it had been necessary."

As soon as news of the call for volunteers reached Galena, where Grant lived, the citizens were summoned

to meet at the Court House in the evening. The Court House was crammed. Grant, though a comparative stranger, was called upon to preside, because he had been in the army, and had seen service.

"With much embarrassment and some prompting, I made out to announce the object of the meeting."

Speeches followed; then volunteers were called for to form the company which Galena had to furnish. The company was raised, and the officers and non-commissioned officers were elected, before the meeting adjourned. Grant declined the captaincy before the balloting, but promised to help them all he could, and to be found in the service, in some position, if there should actually be war.

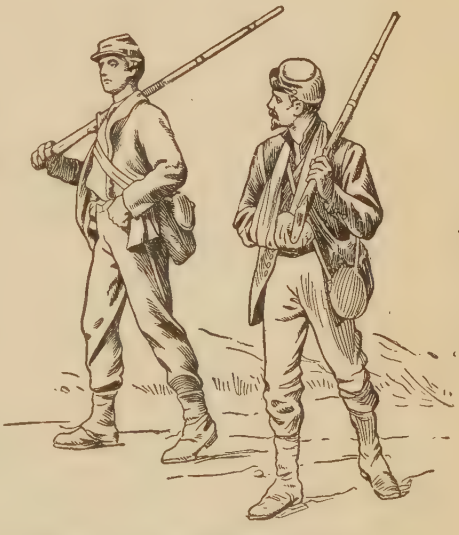
"I never," he adds, "went into our leather store after that meeting, to put up a package or do other business."

After seeing the company mustered at Springfield, the capital of Illinois, Grant was asked by the Governor of the State to give some help in the military office, where his old army experience enabled him to be of great use. But on the 24th of May he wrote to the Adjutant-General of the Army, saying that "having been fifteen years in the regular army, including four at West Point, and feeling it the duty of every one who has been educated at the Government expense to offer their services for the support of the Government," he wished to tender his services until the close of the war, "in such capacity as may be offered."

He got no answer. He then thought of getting appointed on the staff of General McClellan, whom he had known at West Point, and went to seek the Gen-

eral at Cincinnati. He called twice, but failed to see him.

While he was at Cincinnati, however, the President issued his second call for troops, this time for three hundred thousand men; and the Governor of Illinois, mindful of Grant's recent help, appointed him colonel of the 21st Illinois regiment of infantry. In a month he had brought his regiment into a good state of drill and discipline, and was then ordered to a point on a railroad in Missouri, where an Illinois regiment was surrounded by "rebels." His own account of his first experience as a Commander is very characteristic of him:



"Men . . . Came Straggling into Town."

"My sensations as we approached what I supposed might be a 'field of battle,' were anything but agreeable. I had been in all the engagements in Mexico that it was possible for one person to be in; but not in command. If someone else had been colonel, and I had been lieutenant-colonel, I do not think I would have felt any trepidation. Before we were prepared to cross the Mississippi River at Quincy, my anxiety was relieved; for the men of the besieged regiment came straggling into the town. I am inclined to think both sides got frightened and ran away."

Now, however, he was started; and from this time until he received Lee's surrender at Appomattox Court House, four years later, he was always the same strong man, showing the same valuable qualities. He had not the pathos and dignity of Lee, his power of captivating the admiring interest, almost the admiring affection, of his profession and of the world. He had not the fire, the celerity, the genial cordiality of Sherman, whose person and manner emitted a *ray* (to adopt with a very slight change, Lamb's well-known lines) —

> a ray
> Which struck a cheer upon the day,
> A cheer which would not go away —

Grant had not these.

But he certainly had a good deal of the character and qualities which we so justly respect in the Duke of Wellington. Wholly free from show, parade, and pomposity; sensible and sagacious; scanning closely the situation, seeing things as they actually were, then making up his mind as to the right thing to be done under the circumstances, and doing it, never flurried, never vascillating, but also not stubborn, able to reconsider and change his plans, a man of resource; when, however, he had really fixed on the best course to take, the right nail to drive, resolutely and tenaciously persevering, driving the nail hard home — Grant was all this, and surely in all this he resembles the Duke of Wellington.

The eyes of Europe, during the War of Secession, were chiefly fixed on the conflict in the East. Grant, however, as we have seen, began his career, not on the great and conspicuous stage of the East, but in the

West. He did not come to the East until, by taking Vicksburg, he had attracted all eyes to the West, and to the course of events there.

We have seen how Grant's first expedition in command ended. The second ended in much the same way, and is related by him with the same humor. He was ordered to move against a Colonel Thomas Harris, encamped on the Salt River. As Grant and his men approached the place where they expected to find Harris, "my heart," he says, "kept getting higher and higher, until it felt to me as if it was in my throat." But when they reached the point from which they looked down into the valley where they supposed Harris to be, behold, Harris was gone!

"My heart resumed its place. It occurred to me at once that Harris had been as much afraid of me as I had been of him. This was a view of the question I had never taken before, but I never forgot it afterwards. I never forgot that an enemy had as much reason to fear my forces as I had his. The lesson was valuable."

Very important posts to the Confederates were Fort Henry on the Tennessee and Fort Donelson on the Cumberland River. Grant thought he could capture Fort Henry. He went to St. Louis to see General Halleck, whose subordinate he was, and to state his plan.

"I was received with so little cordiality that I perhaps stated the object of my visit with less clearness than I might have done, and I had not uttered many sentences before I was cut short as if my plan was preposterous. I returned to Cairo very much crestfallen."

He persevered, however, and after consulting with the officer commanding the gunboats at Cairo, he renewed, by telegraph, the suggestion that, if permitted, he "could take and hold Fort Henry on the Tennessee." This time he was backed by the officer in command of the gunboats. Next day, he wrote fully to explain his plan. In two days he received instructions from headquarters to move upon Fort Henry, and on the 2d of February, 1862, the expedition started.

He took Fort Henry on the 6th of February, and announcing his success to General Halleck, informed him that he would now take Fort Donelson. On the 16th, Fort Donelson surrendered, and Grant made nearly fifteen thousand prisoners. There was delight in the North, depression at Richmond.

Grant was at once promoted to be major-general of volunteers. He thought, both then and ever after, that by the fall of Fort Donelson the way was opened to the forces of the North all over the south-west without any resistance, that a vigorous commander, disposing of all the troops west of the Alleghanies, might have at once marched to Chattanooga, Corinth, Memphis, and Vicksburg, and broken down every resistance. There was no such commander, and time was given to the enemy to collect armies and fortify new positions.

The next point for attack was Corinth, at the junction of the two most important railroads in the Mississippi Valley. After Grant had, after a hard and bloody struggle of two days, won the battle of Shiloh, in which a ball cut in two the scabbard of his sword, and more than ten thousand men were killed and

wounded on the side of the North, General Halleck, who did not love Grant, arrived on the scene of action and assumed the command. . . .

In the autumn of 1862, the second year of the war, the prospect for the North appeared gloomy. The Confederates were further advanced than at the beginning of the struggle. Many loyal people, says Grant, despaired at that time of ever saving the Union; President Lincoln never himself lost faith in the final triumph of the Northern cause, but the administration at Washington was uneasy and anxious. The elections of 1862 had gone against the party which was for prosecuting the war at all costs and at all risks until the Union was saved. Voluntary enlistments had ceased; to fill the ranks of the Northern armies the draft had been resorted to. Unless a great success came to restore the spirit of the North, it seemed probable that the draft would be resisted, that men would begin to desert, and that the power to capture and punish deserters would be lost. It was Grant's conviction that there was nothing left to be done but "*to go forward to a decisive victory.*"

At first, however, after the battle of Shiloh and the taking of Corinth, he could accomplish little. General Halleck, his chief, appears to have been at this time ill-disposed to him, and to have treated him with coldness and incivility.

In July, 1862, General Halleck was appointed general-in-chief of all the armies of the North, with his headquarters in Washington, and Grant remained in Tennessee in chief command. But his army suffered such depletion by detaching men to defend long lines

of communication, to repair ruined railroads, to reinforce generals in need of succor, that he found himself entirely on the defensive in a hostile territory. Nevertheless in a battle fought to protect Corinth he repulsed the enemy with great slaughter, and being no longer anxious for the safety of the territory within his command, and having been reinforced, he resolved on a forward movement againt Vicksburg.

Vicksburg occupies the first high ground on the Mississippi below Memphis. Communication between the parts of the Confederacy divided by the Mississippi was through Vicksburg. As long as the Confederates held Vicksburg and Port Hudson lower down, the free navigation of the river was prevented. . . .

The fleet under Admiral Porter co-operated with him, but all endeavors to capture Vicksburg from the north were unavailing. . . . His plan was to traverse the peninsula where he lay encamped, then to cross the Mississippi, and thus to be able to attack Vicksburg from the south and east. . . . Porter ran the batteries of Grand Gulf as he had run those of Vicksburg; the army descended the river a few miles, and on the 30th of April was landed at Bruinsburg, on the eastern shore, without meeting an enemy.

"Porter Ran the Batteries of Grand Gulf."

Grant's plan had succeeded. He was established on

the eastern bank, below and in rear of Vicksburg. Though Vicksburg was not yet taken, and though he was in the enemy's country, with a vast river and the stronghold of Vicksburg between him and his base of supplies, yet he "felt a degree of relief scarcely ever equalled, since I was on dry ground on the same side of the river with the enemy."

And indeed from this moment his success was continuous. . . .

At Jackson was a strong Confederate force, the city was an important railway centre, and all supplies of men and stores for Vicksburg came thence; this source of aid had to be stopped. But in order to reach Jackson, Grant had to abandon even that one road by which he had partially supplied his army hitherto, to cut loose from his base of supplies altogether.

He did so without hesitation. After a successful action he entered Jackson on the 14th of May, driving out of it the Confederates under General Johnston, and destroyed the place in so far as it was a railroad centre and a manufactory of military supplies. Then he turned westward, and after a severe battle shut up Pemberton in Vicksburg. An assault on Pemberton's defences was unsuccessful, but Vicksburg was closely invested. Pemberton's stores began to run short. Johnston was unable to come to his relief, and on the 4th of July, Independence Day, he surrendered Vicksburg, with its garrison of nearly thirty-two thousand men, ordnance and stores. As Grant had foreseen, Port Hudson surrendered as soon as the fall of Vicksburg became known, and the great river was once more open from St. Louis to the sea.

In the north the victory of Gettysburg was won on the same day on which Vicksburg surrendered. A load of anxiety was lifted from the minds of the President and his ministers; the North took heart again, and resolved to continue the war with energy, in the hope of soon bringing it to a triumphant issue. The great and decisive event bringing about this change was the fall of Vicksburg, and the merit of that important success was due to Grant.

He had been successful, and in his success he still retained his freedom from "bounce" and from personal vanity, his steadfast concern for the public good, his moderation. Let us hear his account of being under fire during a fruitless attack by Admiral Porter's gunboats on the batteries of Grand Gulf:

"I occupied a tug, from which I could see the effect of the battle on both sides, within range of the enemy's guns; *but a small tug, without armament, was not calculated to attract the fire of batteries while they were being assailed themselves.*"

He has to mention a risk incurred by himself; but mentioning it, he is at pains to minimize it. . . .

"Visitors to the camps went home with dismal stories. Northern papers came back to the soldiers with these stories exaggerated. Because I would not divulge my ultimate plans to visitors they pronounced me idle, incompetent, and unfit to command men in an emergency, and clamored for my removal. They were not to be satisfied, many of them, with my simple removal, but named who my successor should be. I took no steps to answer these complaints, but continued to do my duty, as I understood it, to the best of my ability."

Surely the Duke of Wellington would have read these "Memoirs" with pleasure. He might himself have issued, too, this order respecting behavior to prisoners: "Instruct the commands to be quiet and orderly as these prisoners pass, and to make no offensive remark."

And this other, respecting behavior in a conquered enemy's country: "Impress upon the men the importance of going through the State in an orderly manner, abstaining from taking anything not absolutely necessary for their subsistence while travelling. They should try to create as favorable an impression as possible upon the people." . . .

But now he was to be transferred, without any solicitation on his own part, to "the main field of the war." At first, however, he was appointed to the command of the "Military Division of the Mississippi," and after fighting a severe and successful battle at Chattanooga in November (1863), relieved that place and Knoxville, which the Confederates were threatening.

President Lincoln, who had daily, almost hourly, been telegraphing to him to "remember Burnside," to "do something for Burnside," besieged in Knoxville, was overjoyed. "I wish," he wrote to Grant, "to tender you, and all under your command, my more than thanks, my profoundest gratitude, for the skill, courage, and perseverance with which you and they, over so great difficulties, have effected this important object. God bless you all!"

Congress voted him thanks and a gold medal for his achievements at Vicksburg and Chattanooga. . . .

At the beginning of the next year, 1864, a bill was passed through Congress for restoring the grade of

Lieutenant-General in the army. Grant was nominated to that rank, and having been summoned to Washington he received his commission from the President on the 9th of March, in the presence of the Ministers. Before he came to Washington, he had meant to return to his command in the West even after being made lieutenant-general, but at Washington he saw reason to change his mind. The important struggle was now between the Army of the Potomac and Lee.

From what he saw, Grant was convinced that in that struggle no one except himself, with the superior rank he now bore, could, probably, "resist the pressure that would be brought to bear upon him to desist from his own plans and pursue others." He obtained, therefore, the nomination of Sherman to succeed him in command of the Military Division of the Mississippi. On the 12th of March orders were published by the War Department, placing Grant in chief command of all the armies. . . .

In the West, the great objects to be attained by Sherman were the defeat of Johnston and his army, and the occupation of Atlanta. These objects he accomplished, proceeding afterwards to execute his brilliant and famous march to Savannah and the sea, sweeping the whole State of Georgia.

In the East, the opposing forces stood between the Federal and Confederate capitals, and substantially in the same relations to each other as when the war began three years before. President Lincoln told Grant, when he first saw him in private, that although he had never professed to know how campaigns should be conducted, and never wanted to interfere in them, yet "procrastination on the part of commanders, and the pressure

from the people at the North and Congress, *which was always with him*, forced him into issuing his series of Military Orders. He did not know but they were all wrong, and did know that some of them were. What he wanted," he continued, "was a general who would take the responsibility and act; he would support him with all the power of the Government."

He added that he did not even ask to know what Grant's plans were. But such is human nature, that the next moment he brought out a map of Virginia, showed Grant two streams running into the Potomac, and suggested a plan of his own for landing the army between the mouths of these streams, which would protect its flanks while it moved out.

"I listened respectfully," says Grant with dry humor, "but did not suggest that the same streams would protect Lee's flanks while he was shutting us up."

In Grant the President had certainly found a general who would take the responsibility, would act, and would keep his plans to himself. To beat Lee and get possession of his army was the object. If Lee was beaten and his army captured, the fall of Richmond must necessarily follow. If Richmond were taken by moving the army thither on transports up the James River, but meanwhile Lee's army were to remain whole and unimpaired, the end of the war was not brought any nearer. But the end of the war must be reached soon, or the North might grow weary of continuing the struggle. For three years the war had raged with immense losses on both sides, and no decisive consummation reached by either. If the South could succeed in

prolonging an indecisive struggle year after year still, the North might probably grow tired of the contest, and agree to a separation. Persuaded of this, Grant, at the beginning of May, 1864, crossed the Rapidan with the Army of the Potomac, and commenced the forty-three days' Campaign of the Wilderness. . . .

This campaign, of which the stages are the battles of Chancellorsville, Spottsylvania, North Anna, and Cold Harbor, was watched at the time in Europe with keen attention, and is much better known than the operations in the West.

I shall not attempt any account of it; for its severity let the losses of Grant's successful army speak. When he crossed the Rapidan the Army of the Potomac numbered one hundred and fifteen thousand men; during the forty-three days' campaign reinforcements were received amounting to forty thousand men more. When the army crossed the James River, it was one hundred and sixteen thousand strong, almost exactly the same strength as at the beginning of the campaign. Thirty-nine thousand men had been lost in forty-three days.

A yet greater loss must have been incurred had Grant attacked Lee's lines in front of Richmond; and therefore crossing the James River, he invested, after failing to carry it by assault, Petersburg, the enemy's important stronghold south of Richmond. Winter came and passed. Lee's army was safe in its lines, and Richmond had not yet fallen; but the Confederates' resources were failing, their foes gathering, and the end came visibly near.

After sweeping Georgia and taking Savannah in

December, Sherman turned north and swept the Carolinas, ready to join with Grant in moving upon Lee in the spring. Sheridan made himself master of the Shenandoah Valley, and closed to the Confederates that great source of supply. Finally Grant, resuming operations in March, 1865, possessed himself of the outer works of Petersburg, and of the railroad by which the place was supplied from the south-west, and on the 3rd of April Petersburg was evacuated.

Then Grant proceeded to possess himself of the railroad by which Lee's army and Richmond itself now drew their supplies. Lee had already informed his government that he could hold out no longer. The Confederate President was at church when the despatch arrived, the congregation were told that there would be no evening service, and the authorities abandoned Richmond that afternoon. In the field there was some sharp fighting for a day or two still; but Lee's army was crumbling away, and on the 9th of April he wrote to Grant, requesting an interview with him for the purpose of surrendering his army. Grant

"The Officer Bearing Lee's Note."

was suffering from sick headache when the officer bearing Lee's note reached him, "but," he says, "the instant I saw the contents of the note, I was cured."

Then followed, in the afternoon of that same day, the famous interview at Appomattox Court House. Grant shall himself describe the meeting:

"When I had left camp that morning I had not expected so soon the result that was then taking place, and consequently was in rough garb. I was without a sword, as I usually was when on horseback in the field, and wore a soldier's blouse for a coat, with the shoulder-straps of my rank to indicate to the army who I was. When I went into the house I found General Lee. We greeted each other, and, after shaking hands, took our seats.

"What General Lee's feelings were I do not know. As he was a man of much dignity, with an impassible face, it was impossible to say whether he felt inwardly glad that the end had finally come, or felt sad over the result and was too manly to show it. Whatever his feelings, they were entirely concealed from my observation; but my own feelings, which had been quite jubilant on the receipt of his letter, were sad and depressed. I felt like anything rather than rejoicing at the downfall of a foe who had fought so long and valiantly, and had suffered so much for a cause, though that cause was, I believe, one of the worst for which a people ever fought.

"General Lee was dressed in a full uniform which was entirely new, and was wearing a sword of considerable value, very likely the sword which had been presented by the State of Virginia. In my rough trav-

elling suit, the uniform of a private with the straps of a lieutenant-general, I must have contrasted very strangely with a man so handsomely dressed, six feet high and of faultless form. But this was not a matter that I thought of until afterwards.

"We soon fell into a conversation about old army times. He remarked that he remembered me well in the old army (of Mexico); and I told him that as a matter of course I remembered *him* perfectly, but from the difference in our rank and years (there being about sixteen years' difference in our ages) I had thought it likely that I had not attracted his attention sufficiently to be remembered by him after such a long interval.

"Our conversation grew so pleasant that I almost forgot the object of our meeting. After the conversation had run on in this style for some time, General Lee called my attention to the object of our meeting, and said that he had asked for this interview for the purpose of getting from me the terms I proposed to give his army. I said that I meant merely that his army should lay down their arms, not to take them up again during the continuance of the war unless duly and properly exchanged."

Lee acquiesced, and Grant, who throughout the interview seems to have behaved with true delicacy and kindness, proceeded to write out the terms of surrender. It occurred to him, as he was writing, that it would be an unnecessary humiliation to the officers to call upon them to surrender their side-arms, and also that they would be glad to retain their private horses and effects, and accordingly he inserted in the terms that the surrender of arms and property was not to include the

side-arms, horses, and property of the officers. Lee remarked that this would have a happy effect on the army.

Grant then said that most of the men in Lee's ranks were, he supposed, small farmers; that the country had been so raided by either army that it was doubtful whether they would be able to put in a crop to carry themselves and their families through the next winter without the aid of the horses they were then riding; that the United States did not want them, and he would therefore give instructions to let every man of the Confederate army, who claimed to own a horse or mule, take the animal to his home. Again Lee remarked that this would have a happy effect.

At half-past four Grant could telegraph to the Secretary of War at Washington: "General Lee surrendered the army of Northern Virginia this afternoon." As soon as the news of the surrender became known, Grant's army began to fire a salute of a hundred guns. Grant instantly stopped it.

The war was at an end.

ROBERT E. LEE

(From Address Delivered on the 12th of October, 1871, Before the Society of Confederate Soldiers and Sailors in Maryland.)

By GENERAL WADE HAMPTON.

Robert E. Lee.

ROBERT EDWARD LEE, — *clarum et venerabile nomen*, — comes of a race whose names have won honorable mention in history for centuries past. Turning from the contemplation of the boyhood of Lee, so full of promise, we find him at the age of eighteen entered as a cadet at West Point, where, as everywhere else through life, his character and his ability placed him in the very front rank. During his whole academic course he never received a demerit or a reprimand, and at his graduation he stood amongst the highest in a class among whom were such men as Joseph E. Johnston.

Leaving West Point with the rank of lieutenant in the Corps of Engineers, he was engaged in the duties of

this department of the service till the breaking out of the Mexican war, when he was assigned to duty with the central army, as its Chief Engineer, with the rank of Captain. . . . You remember with what rapidity he rose from comparative obscurity to high and deserved prominence, — how he constantly received, as he richly merited, the warm commendation of his Commanding Officer, — how he returned covered with honors and decorations, and how he was universally considered even then, as one of the ablest soldiers of the country. The high reputation he had achieved in Mexico, caused him, when the opportunity was presented by the formation of two new cavalry regiments in 1855, to be promoted to lieutenant-colonel, and assigned to duty with the 2d Cavalry, which was then commanded by one, whose name is justly enshrined in the heart of every southern patriot — Albert Sydney Johnston. From this time until the momentous year of 1861, he was employed with his regiment in the ordinary routine of duty on the Western Frontier.

It is not singular, then, that when Virginia called her sons to defend her, Lee responded promptly to the call, painful as was the struggle to quit a service in which he had won great distinction, and which still held out to him every allurement that could tempt an ambition less pure than his own. How deep was the pain caused him by this step, is shown in the dignified and manly letter in which he tendered his resignation, and in that touching one to his sister written on the same day. In this letter we see evidences, not only of the painful struggle in his own mind, but of that unalterable devotion to duty, which was then as always

the ruling principle of his life. "With all my devotion to the Union," he writes, "and the feelings of loyalty and duty of an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home. I have therefore resigned my commission in the army, and save in defence of my native State, with the sincere hope that my poor services may never be needed, I hope I may never be called on to draw my sword. Think of me as kindly as you can, and believe that I have endeavored to do what I thought right."

These words, which the writer could not have imagined would ever meet the public eye, give the key, not only to the conduct, but to the character of General Lee. "I have endeavored to do what I thought right."

Some may question the propriety of his action in this, the most momentous epoch of his life, but none can ever doubt the sincerity of his convictions, or fail to see that here, as everywhere, he obeyed the command of duty, that "stern daughter of the voice of God." Nor are other evidences wanting to prove that he was actuated solely by motives of the highest and purest character. It was this ardent love of country, combined with a strong sense of duty, that impelled General Lee to take part with the south. Greatly as he deprecated a resort to arms, and recognizing, as he said, "no necessity for this state of things," he foresaw the impending storm of war, and he could not but know that the eyes of his countrymen were turned on him as a fit military leader in the coming struggle. That he had anticipated and was prepared to receive a call to service from Virginia, is evident from an expression

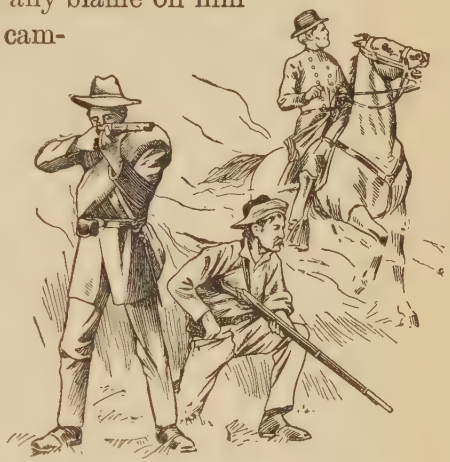
which, with slight variation, appears in both of his letters, to which allusion has been made. "Save in defence of my native State, I never again desire to draw my sword," was the language he used to General Scott in his letter of resignation. This implied a willingness to draw that sword whenever Virginia commanded him to do so, and he repaired to Richmond fully prepared to devote his sword, his services, his life, to the cause which his State had espoused.

As soon as the resignation of his commission became known in Virginia, the Governor of the State appointed him to the command of all its military forces, with the rank of Major-General, and this appointment was unanimously confirmed by the sovereign power of the State, in Convention assembled. To invest this action with all dignity and solemnity General Lee was presented to the Convention, and the President, in an address singularly felicitous in manner and language, notified him of his appointment, and told him that Virginia, on that day, committed her spotless sword to his keeping. . . .

From this time until Virginia became a member of the Southern Confederacy, General Lee devoted all his energies to the task of organizing the forces of the State and putting it in a proper condition of defence. . . .

It was not until the autumn of 1861, that he was assigned to duty in the field, when he was sent to supervise and harmonize operations in Western Virginia. The campaign in this quarter was not successful, and a few of those acute military critics, who, from their safe retreats in newspaper offices, used to tell us

glibly, how fields should be won, censured General Lee for this failure. In the absence of all official documents, all of which have been lost or destroyed, it would be palpably unjust to cast any blame on him for the conduct of this campaign. . . . When standing by the grave which had just closed over our great Captain, Mr. Davis, while paying a noble tribute to his memory, referred to this part of his military career in the following language: "When Virginia joined the Confederacy, Robert Lee, the highest officer in the little army of Virginia, came to Richmond, and not pausing to enquire what would be his rank in the service of the Confederacy, went to Western Virginia under the belief that he was still an officer of the State. He came back carrying the heavy weight of defeat, and unappreciated by the people whom he served, for they could not know as I knew, that if his plans and orders had been carried out, the result would have been victory rather than retreat. You did not know, for I would not have known it, had he not breathed it in my ear, only at my earnest request, and begging that nothing be said about it. . . . Yet through all this, with a magnanimity rarely equalled, he stood in silence without defending him-



"He was Assigned to Duty in the Field."

self or allowing others to defend him, for he was unwilling to offend anyone who was wearing a sword and striking blows for the Confederacy."

After his return from Western Virginia, General Lee was ordered to South Carolina and Georgia, to superintend the coast defences in those States, and he remained there until the spring of 1862. He was then recalled to Richmond, and was, by a general order, dated March 13th, "assigned to duty at the seat of Government, and under direction of the President, charged with the conduct of military operations in the armies of the Confederacy."

In this position he remained until an accident opened the way for the more immediate display of that mighty military genius which has covered his name and his country with eternal honor. The great soldier who had hitherto commanded with such signal ability, the army in Virginia — General Johnston — having been severely wounded in the Battle of Seven Pines, on the 31st May, General Lee was appointed to succeed him, and assumed command on the 2d June.

From this time until the close of the war, the history of General Lee is the history of the immortal Army of Northern Virginia — that noblest army that ever trod the earth. To record the unparalleled achievements of that army while directed by the genius of Lee, would be a task far too great to come within the scope of an address such as the present. That wondrous story — than which no brighter has ever been traced on the page of history, belongs to the historian. It will be his to unfold to our wondering posterity that grand panorama whereon is portrayed this "bloodiest picture in the book of time."

He will tell of the constant sufferings — the devoted patriotism — the unflinching courage — the heroic deeds of that noble army, as its great captain led it from victory to victory, in such rapid succession, that the world stood amazed alike at the prowess of the men, and the genius of the commander. All these details pertain to the great drama upon which the curtain has just fallen, and they go to make history. But without encroaching on the domain of the historian, it may be permitted to me, to recall to your remembrance as briefly as may be, the prominent features which marked these three last terrific years of war, and gave to Lee the place he holds among the great soldiers of the world. . . .

"Its Great Captain."

To follow the career of Lee, every step of which is illumined by glory, we see him hurrying from the James River, where one defeated army was cowering under protection of gunboats, to meet another army on the Rappahannock, which was marching "on to Richmond." . . . Lee brought Pope to battle on the historic field of Manassas, where Southern arms were again crowned with the glory that had once before been shed upon them on the same spot. Following up this brilliant victory, Lee struck the Federal Army again at Chantilly, and drove it in confusion into the fortifications of Washington, where its brutal and braggart com-

mander sank at once into the insignificance from which only his own presumption had ever raised him. Thus it will be seen that Lee, in the short space of two months, with a force at no time exceeding seventy-five thousand men, defeated in repeated engagements two Federal armies, each of which was not less than one hundred and twenty thousand strong, relieved the Southern Capital from danger, and even threatened that of the North.

But the campaign, great as it had been, was not to end here. Throwing his army into Maryland, Lee swept down from that State on Harper's Ferry, capturing it with its garrison of eleven thousand men, and seventy-two guns, and then again concentrating his troops on the North of the Potomac, he fought the brilliant and bloody battle of Sharpsburg.

In this great fight — for great it was, though the Southern arms failed to gain so decided a victory as had so generally attended them — Lee, with only thirty-seven thousand men, repulsed every attack of the enemy, who brought into the field an army three times as strong as his own. Is this not glory enough for one campaign, — for one army, — for one man? Yet the story of these great deeds is scarce begun — the glory not yet at its zenith. Before even this campaign ended "Fredericksburg" was to be inscribed on those Southern Banners, which were already so covered by the names of victories as scarcely to leave room for another.

Lee had his army concentrated at Chambersburg, on the 27th of June, as has been said, but owing to the unfortunate absence of his cavalry, he had received no

accurate information of the movements of the enemy. This, as he has himself said, embarrassed him greatly, and was the real cause of his fighting the battle of Gettysburg. There can be no doubt that General Lee, when he invaded Pennsylvania did not intend to deliver battle unless the advantages of position were in his favor, and these, he had every reason to suppose, his superior skill could enable him to secure.

But unadvised of the movements of his enemy, until the 29th, he found himself then forced to fight or to retire. The latter could not be done without sacrificing all the benefits he hoped to reap from his expedition, nor would such a course have accorded with his own wishes or those of his troops. Whatever course was to be adopted the first imperative necessity was the rapid concentration of his army, which had been divided, and while this was being effected, the heads of the two hostile columns came into collision at Gettysburg, on the 1st of July.

This rendered a battle inevitable, and Lee prepared immediately and willingly for the conflict. Two plans of battle presented themselves to the Confederate Commander; one was to move by his right flank, and by interposing between Meade and Washington, force the enemy to give up his strong position, when he would be compelled to attack or fall back on his Capital; the other was to attempt to break the centre of the enemy and throw both wings of his defeated army off from their line of communications. The latter was the boldest plan, the one promising the greatest results in case of success, and this Lee adopted.

It would be impossible, in the space allotted to this

discourse, to give the details of that terrific battle which shook, for three days, as with the throes of an earthquake, the hills and valleys of Gettysburg. The world already knows the bloody story of that great fight. It knows with what desperate valor the Southern troops threw themselves against those inaccessible heights, frowning with artillery, and bristling with bayonets; how, during the first two days, they forced the enemy from many of his strong positions and held the ground they had so dearly won by their blood; how, on the third day, when the final death struggle took place, they planted their banners in the last stronghold of the enemy, but, exhausted by their desperate efforts, had not the strength to hold the crest they had so bravely gained; and how, falling back slowly to their own position, they awaited sternly an attack from the foe.

But that foe had no heart, nor strength, to assault the bleeding, but indomitable, line so defiantly confronting him. It is true, that the Southern Army had, for the first time, failed to accomplish all it had attempted; but, though falling short of complete success, no sign of defeat, or of demoralization, or of doubt, was visible in its torn, but unconquered, ranks. It had done all that valor could do: it had driven a largely superior enemy from many of his strong positions: it had captured prisoners and artillery, while inflicting a loss of twenty-four thousand men on him: and, but for the accident that prevented a concert of action along the whole line, in the last great charge, it would have made the battle, instead of a drawn fight, another glorious victory to its arms. The Federal Army was not

only content, but rejoiced to accept this issue of the conflict, an issue to which it had been so little accustomed, and Meade deserves credit for having been able in his first battle, to check among his troops, what Wellington, when speaking of his Spanish allies, called "the habit of running away."

Grand as Lee had always appeared when victory sat upon his banners, he was grander still, when his bleeding columns slowly and sullenly fell back from that fatal hill which they had won, but could not hold. No rebuke, not even an impatient gesture, nor an angry word, met his tried and devoted veterans, as they moved defiantly back. Riding to meet them amid the storm of shot and shell, he cheered and encouraged them by words of almost fatherly affection, and rising far above all personal considerations, he had the magnanimity to exclaim: "This is *my* fault; it is I who have lost this fight." Noble words; which should win for his character greater admiration than any victory could have bestowed!

The great struggle was over; Lee had failed to crush his enemy, but he had left him too weak to strike back. Failing however of full success, with his ammunition exhausted, his communications threatened, he had no alternative but to withdraw to some position nearer his base. Maintaining his line in front of the enemy for twenty-four hours, inviting an attack, he then withdrew, without any attempt on the part of the enemy to molest him. Reaching the Potomac on the 7th, he found the river much too swollen to allow him to cross. Apparently not in the least disconcerted by this circumstance, which certainly would have been most alarming

had his army been a defeated one, he took position and prepared for battle. Meade's pursuit, if it can be called such, did not bring him in presence of Lee until the 12th, when he immediately began to entrench. His army had been largely re-enforced, but he wisely determined not to attack Lee, for the wounded lion was at bay, and his spring might yet prove fatal. The river was found low enough on the 13th to be forded, the pontoon bridge was ready on the same day, and on the 14th Lee crossed safely into Virginia. The campaign of 1863 virtually ended here, though there were several unimportant movements on the part of both armies, during the next few months, ending with Meade's abortive attempt to force the Southern line at Mine Run, on the 28th of November.

The opening of the next campaign found Lee, on the 1st of May, 1864, on the southern bank of the Rapidan, his encampments extending from that river to Gordonsville. The desperate fighting of the last two years, the insufficient supply of food, and the barbarous policy of the Federal Government in refusing to exchange prisoners, had reduced the army of Northern Virginia to less than forty-five thousand men at this time. This statement of its numbers was received directly from General Lee himself, so there can be no question of its correctness. Opposed to this small army was a force of upwards of one hundred and forty thousand strong, thoroughly equipped, and with inexhaustible resources upon which to draw. The Federal Government had given the control of all military operations to General Grant, an officer who, thrown by accident to the surface, had the additional good fortune to rise there, when the

resources of the Confederacy were well-nigh exhausted. He is said to have expressed a profound contempt for what had hitherto been regarded as one of the surest indications of an able commander — skilful manœuvring — and he placed his whole reliance in using superior numbers, "to hammer continuously until by mere attrition" his enemy would be crushed. . . .

Hardships, starvation and the bullets of the enemy, were reducing these daily, and she had no mercenaries to fight battles for her sons. All that she could do was to fight as long as one ray of hope was left to cheer her, and this she did do. The end was not far off, but before it came the army of Northern Virginia was destined to leave to history a record of glory as bright as the brightest inscribed on its pages, and Lee was in his last campaign to surpass even his former achievements. But how can the story of these achievements be told in a few hurried pages? When General Lee was asked, soon after the war, if he intended to publish any history of its events, his reply was that the time had not yet come to give the whole truth concerning our struggle; for if given now, the world could scarce

"To Fight as Long as One Ray of Hope was Left to Cheer Her."

credit the strange story. If he who was the chief actor in these mighty events, who knew not only all that was done, but the hidden springs of action, thought it best to postpone the duty he had proposed himself of recording the deeds of his army in its last campaign, well may any feebler hand shrink from the attempt. Mine certainly does, all unequal as it is to the task, and I can only pass before you in rapid review, a few of the many great actions which made this one of the grandest — if not the grandest — campaign of modern times.

Lee's generalship was not confined solely to the direction of movements which came under his immediate supervision; it was far wider in its scope, as was shown by the wonderful foresight by which he detected, as if by inspiration, the plans of his enemy, and the unequalled skill with which he defeated them. As an illustration of his profound sagacity in those matters, it is only necessary to recall the complete and disastrous defeat attending the several expeditions set on foot about this time to cut his communications. By the first of these, Hunter was to move up the Valley of Virginia with a view to the capture of Lynchburg, while two strong forces were to co-operate with him, moving from different directions on the same point. One of them, under Cook and Averell, formed a junction with him at Staunton, when the whole force moving through Lexington, where Hunter burned the Virginia Military Institute, together with the house of Governor Letcher, reached Lynchburg on the 16th June. To aid this force, Sheridan was despatched with a heavy body of cavalry to destroy the Central Rail-

road, and then join Hunter, when the combined forces could, after taking Lynchburg, cut all Lee's communications in that quarter, and be free to move on Richmond from that point. Sheridan was met at Trevillian's Station, on the Central Road, by a force of cavalry not half as strong as his own, and after a conflict of two days was driven back with heavy loss; and that good soldier, Early, sent by Lee, reached Lynchburg in time to defeat Hunter and drive him across the mountains. . . .

So reduced was the army at this time, that General Lee said he "did not dare to tell any one how small his numbers were." Yet the old fire that had led this heroic army to so many victories was not extinct. With scarcely men enough to form a picket line, they held their position with desperate and unrelaxing grasp. For nine long months, the weary days and the bitter nights found them at their post, barring Grant's passage to Richmond. During all this time one long, unceasing battle raged. Shot and shell were rained without cessation on their devoted ranks; the great force hemming them in, swung its ponderous weight first on one flank and then on the other, seeking what it never could find, a vulnerable point. The weary troops were forced to sleep in the trenches, for there were not men enough to form reliefs.

Through that dreary winter this handful of brave men held, as with the grasp of death, that long line, against which a powerful enemy was constantly exerting his utmost strength. Nor did they hold it only defensively. Whenever the opportunity offered, they struck as only the Army of Northern Virginia could

strike, exacting a heavy toll in blood for every effort to dislodge them. They felt how desperate was the struggle, for, save in God, they had no hope but in their own tried weapons and in Lee.

Thus passed the nine months during which they were beleaguered; months, in every day of which terrible suffering was endured, sublime fortitude displayed, and immortal deeds achieved. But when spring first began to spread its glories over the earth, all saw the "beginning of the end." The endurance, the heroism, the powers of our grand old army, had been taxed to their utmost limits; and even Lee himself, he who had achieved with this army as much as man ever accomplished, could do no more. The circle of fire surrounding them closed in, and those lines which had been held so long and so heroically, in front of which thousands of the enemy had fallen, and every yard of which had been stained by the blood of their defenders, were at length broken.

In order to form a correct estimate of this career, we should compare Lee in his character and achievements as a soldier, with the great captains of other days. The late war between the States, though it placed millions of men in the field, gave but one soldier on either side who could bear for a moment the perilous comparison with Lee, — his predecessor in command of the Army of Northern Virginia, — and as he, fortunately for the South, still lives, it would scarcely be agreeable to him to compare him with his illustrious countryman. It is true that Lee surrendered his sword and the skeleton of his army to the last and most successful of the Federal Commanders, but there is one criterion by

which the merits of the two generals can be easily tested. This test, simple as it is sure, consists in considering the resources of each, and then estimating the results accomplished by each.

What did Lee effect with the Army of Northern Virginia?

In the three years he commanded that army, he inflicted a loss on the enemy of not less, and perhaps more, than three hundred thousand men, besides taking guns and small arms almost beyond computation. In his last campaign, with a force at no time exceeding forty-five thousand and often far less than that number, he destroyed one hundred and twenty thousand of the enemy, and he held for nine months a weak line against an army quadruple his own. These are, in brief, the actual, palpable, enduring results of his generalship. . . .

We must look then to the great soldiers of the past, to find fit subjects for the comparison we wish to make. An English author — the same from whom the glowing tribute to Jackson, already quoted, was taken — calls Lee "the general who stands second to Wellington among the great soldiers of English blood of the present century; and who, if you enlarge the field and take the world into competition, will acknowledge no superior besides Wellington and Napoleon alone."

Recognizing the justice of this criticism, as far as Napoleon, who stands alone in the art of war, is concerned, it may be questioned in the case of Wellington. Coming as it does from an English soldier, we should receive it as the highest compliment an Englishman could pay to Lee, and I am far from wishing to de-

tract from the merits of the hero of Waterloo. But taking him, in the words just quoted, as the great soldier of English blood of the present century, and according to him full praise for his deeds, we of the South claim that our great soldier was his superior.

If we turn from Wellington to Marlborough, the other and greater soldier of English blood, we shall find his achievements surpassed also by those of Lee. Between 1704 and 1709, Marlborough won his four great victories of Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet. His numbers on each field were about equal to those of his enemy. The smallest force he had engaged in any of these battles was fifty-two thousand men, and the greatest loss he inflicted in any one of them in killed and wounded did not exceed thirty-five thousand men. Thus we see that in comparing the great soldier of the South with the greatest captains, to whom England, justly proud of her martial fame, has given birth, he was not only their peer but their superior. While drawing this comparison between the Confederate leader and the two foremost English soldiers, I have been forcibly struck by the resemblance he bore to them in the best traits and virtues which have been attributed to them, while he was free from the hardness of the one, and the avarice of the other.

When the Iron Duke died, the clergyman who delivered the sermon on the occasion of his death said: "It has caused feeling of greater delight than the rehearsal of all his victories, to be informed that those who knew him best speak of his regular, consistent and unceasing piety; of his unostentatious but abounding charity; and tell us that he consecrated each day to

God; that at the early service in the Chapel Royal, he who was no hypocrite, never did anything for a mere pretence, who scorned the very idea of deceit, was regularly, almost alone, confessing his sins, acknowledging his guilt, and entreating mercy in the beautiful words of our own Evangelical Liturgy, not for his own merits, but for the merits of that Saviour who bled and died for him."

Does not this picture of Christian devotion recall to all who knew him best, the fervent, humble piety that marked the life of Lee?

It was the remark of one to whom mankind has given the rare title of Great — Frederick of Prussia — when speaking of another extraordinary man, that "Cromwell did not deserve the surname of Great, which is due only to virtue." If this be so, as it surely should be, we shall search history in vain for one more deserving the appellation than the Christian hero who led the armies of the South. There is one other name holding a noble place in history, which is worthy to be put by the side of that of Lee, the name of one to whom our immortal chief, in his genius, his virtues, and his piety, bore a striking resemblance, that of Gustavus Adolphus, the hero of Sweden. It would be an interesting subject to trace the historical parallel between these two illustrious soldiers and to observe how strangely history sometimes repeats itself, not only in the affairs and fate of Nations, but in the character of those whose actions have had a permanent influence on the world. But this discussion would lead into too wide a field, and passing reference can now alone be made to a few of the most prominent points in which these two great

champions, — the one of religious, and the other of civil liberty, — resembled each other. Both of them possessed in the highest degree, not only all those virtues which dignify humanity, but those nobler ones which true Christianity alone can give. Both were, even by their enemies, regarded as sincere, pure, honest and pious. It will be an eternal honor to Gustavus, that he was the first who sought to strip war of some of its horrors by restraining his men from the commission of those atrocities which too often stain the progress of an army, and by impressing on them, that they fought not for conquest, nor for pillage, nor for vengeance, but for the faith of their fathers.

In the two centuries which have rolled by, since the fair-haired Swede led that army of patriots to victory on the field of Lützen, the world has seen but twice the glorious spectacle of such an army, led by chiefs who were his equals in virtue. Once, when Washington fought for liberty, and again when Lee struck in the same great cause. Like Gustavus, Lee was modest, brave, and magnanimous, and like him, too, he was opposed by men who waged war on the savage principles of Tilly and Wallenstein. Great and good as was the noble Swede, we point proudly to Lee as his equal. Few indeed, and far between, are the names written on the page of history, which will live as long in the esteem, the admiration, and the affection of mankind as that of the great Virginian.

The military career of General Lee has been traced at far greater length than was desirable on such an occasion, but as rapidly as the subject would allow. It has been my object not to embarrass the narrative

by any criticisms of my own, but to let the great actions, which marked that career through its whole progress, speak for themselves. From these actions, the verdict of history will, after all, be made up, and that verdict neither the praise of his friends, nor the censure of his enemies will be able to influence. We place him, without one doubt, before that august tribunal, feeling assured that his motives, his deeds, and his virtues, will be judged by posterity, as we, his countrymen, judge them now.

> His grandeur he derived from Heaven alone,
> For he was great e'er fortune made him so;
> And wars, like mists that rise against the sun,
> Made him, but greater seem, not greater grow.
>
> His ashes in a peaceful urn shall rest;
> His name, a great example stands to show,
> How strangely high endeavors may be blest,
> Where piety and valor jointly go.

At the close of General Lee's military service he retired quietly to private life, and though the record left by him as a private citizen is as noble as any portion of his whole career, it was, unfortunately for the South and for the world, all too brief. He lost no time in vain regrets, but set himself resolutely to fulfil the duties which were before him. Offers of assistance poured in on him from all quarters; but though deeply touched by this evidence of the love entertained for him, he refused them all, saying, "My friends have offered me everything but work." He felt that it was his duty to work, and with him "Duty was the sublimest word in our language." His own tastes led him

to seek absolute retirement, and, prompted by these, he was at first disposed to refuse the presidency of the Washington College. But when it was suggested to him that he could accomplish infinite good in this position, he at once determined to accept the place. Having done this, no offer of pecuniary advantage could tempt him to quit the path where duty led him. As he himself has expressed it, "I have a self-imposed task which I must accomplish. I have led the young men of the South to battle. I have seen many of them fall under my standard. I shall devote my life now to training young men to do their duty in life."

To this task he devoted himself with all the intensity of his great nature, and he was found at this post when he was summoned to the presence of that God whom he had served so long and so well. Surrounded by all that domestic affection could give, or public veneration could bestow, it was the fond hope of our people that he would long be spared to the South, to teach her sons to follow his example and emulate his virtues. But he himself felt that the wounds his heart had received were mortal. When he rallied from his first attack, and we were cheered by the hope that his precious life would be spared, a friend called to congratulate him on his convalescence, and to express the hope that his health would soon be perfectly restored. Shaking his head gravely, and placing his hand on his heart, he replied, "No; the trouble is here." The trouble was indeed there, for the sorrows, the afflictions, and the wrongs of the people he loved so well, were snapping, one by one, his heart-strings, and he fell at last, dying as truly for the South as if he had fallen

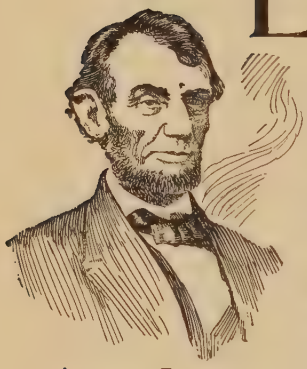
in her cause on the bloodiest field he ever won in her defence. And thus he passed away from the scene of his labors and his glory, to appear at the bar of that Great Judge who alone can and will decide whether the cause in which he died was right or wrong. But though he is no longer with us, his example, his fame, and his virtues are still left to us, and thus he is not dead.

But strew his ashes to the wind,
Whose sword or voice has served mankind.
And is he dead, whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high?
To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die.

Is't death to fall for Freedom's right?
He's dead alone that lacks her light!
And murder sullies in Heaven's sight
The sword he draws.
What can alone ennoble fight?
A noble cause.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

By JOSEPH H. CHOATE.



Abraham Lincoln.

DURING his brief term of power, Abraham Lincoln was probably the object of more abuse, vilification, and ridicule than any other man in the world; but when he fell by the hand of an assassin, at the very moment of his stupendous victory, all the nations of the earth vied with one another in paying homage to his character; and the thirty-five years that have since elapsed have established his place in history as one of the great benefactors, not of his own country alone, but of the human race.

Fiction can furnish no match for the romance of his life, and biography will be searched in vain for such startling vicissitudes of fortune, so great power, and glory won out of such humble beginnings and adverse circumstances.

Doubtless, you are all familiar with the salient points of his extraordinary career. In the zenith of his fame

he was the wise, patient, courageous, successful ruler of men; exercising more power than any monarch of his time, not for himself, but for the good of the people who had placed it in his hands; commander-in-chief of a vast military power, which waged with ultimate success the greatest war of the century; the triumphant champion of popular government, the deliverer of four millions of his fellow-men from bondage; honored by mankind as Statesman, President, and Liberator.

Let us glance now at the first half of the brief life of which this was the glorious and happy consummation. Nothing could be more squalid and miserable than the home in which Abraham Lincoln was born — a one-roomed cabin without floor or window in what was then the wilderness of Kentucky, in the heart of that frontier life which swiftly moved westward from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi, always in advance of schools and churches, of books and money, of railroads and newspapers, of all things which are generally regarded as the comforts and even necessaries of life. His father, ignorant, needy, and thriftless, content if he could keep soul and body together for himself and his family, was ever seeking, without success, to better his unhappy condition by moving on from one such scene of dreary desolation to another. The rude society which surrounded them was not much better. The struggle for existence was hard, and absorbed all their energies. They were fighting the forest, the wild beast, and the retreating savage. From the time when he could barely handle tools until he attained his majority, Lincoln's life was that of a simple farm laborer, poorly clad, housed, and fed, at work either on his father's wretched farm, or hired out to neighboring farmers.

But in spite, or perhaps by means, of this rude environment, he grew to be a stalwart giant, reaching six feet four at nineteen, and fabulous stories are told of his feats of strength. With the growth of this mighty frame began that strange education which in his ripening years was to qualify him for the great destiny that awaited him, and the development of those mental faculties and moral endowments, which, by the time he reached middle life, were to make him the sagacious, patient, and triumphant leader of a great nation in the crisis of its fate. His whole schooling, obtained during such odd times as could be spared from grinding labor, did not amount in all to as much as one year, and the quality of the teaching was of the lowest possible grade, including only the elements of reading, writing, and ciphering. But out of these simple elements, when rightly used by the right man, education is achieved; and Lincoln knew how to use them. As so often happens, he seemed to take warning from his father's unfortunate example. Untiring industry, an insatiable thirst for knowledge, and an ever-growing desire to rise above his surroundings, were early manifestations of his character.

"They were Fighting the Forest, the Wild Beast."

Books were almost unknown in that community, but

the Bible was in every house, and somehow or other "Pilgrim's Progress," "Æsop's Fables," a "History of the United States," and a "Life of Washington" fell into his hands. He trudged on foot many miles through the wilderness to borrow an English Grammar, and is said to have devoured greedily the contents of the "Statutes of Indiana" that fell in his way. These few volumes he read and re-read — and his power of assimilation was great. To be shut in with a few books and to master them thoroughly sometimes does more for the development of mind and character, than freedom to range at large, in a cursory and indiscriminate way, through wide domains of literature.

This youth's mind, at any rate, was thoroughly saturated with biblical knowledge and biblical language, which, in after life, he used with great readiness and effect. But it was the constant use of the little knowledge which he had that developed and exercised his mental powers. After the hard day's work was done, while others slept, he toiled on, always reading or writing. From an early age he did his own thinking and made up his own mind — invaluable traits in the future President. Paper was such a scarce commodity that, by the evening firelight, he would write and cipher on the back of a wooden shovel, and then shave it off to make room for more. By and by, as he approached manhood, he began speaking in the rude gatherings of the neighborhood, and so laid the foundation of that art of persuading his fellow-men, which was one rich result of his education, and one great secret of his subsequent success.

Accustomed as we are in these days of steam and

telegraphs to have every intelligent boy survey the whole world each morning before breakfast, and inform himself as to what is going on in every nation, it is hardly possible to conceive how benighted and isolated was the community of Pigeon Creek in Indiana, of which the family of Lincoln's father formed a part, or how eagerly an ambitious and high-spirited boy, such as he, must have yearned to escape. The first glimpse that he ever got of any world beyond the narrow confines of his home was in 1828, at the age of nineteen, when a neighbor employed him to accompany his son down the river to New Orleans to dispose of a flat-boat of produce — a commission which he discharged with great success.

Shortly after his return from this first excursion into the outer world, his father, tired of failure in Indiana, packed his family and all his worldly goods into a single wagon, drawn by two yoke of oxen, and after a fourteen days' tramp through the wilderness, pitched his camp once more in Illinois.

Here Abraham, having come of age and being now his own master, rendered the last service of his minority by ploughing the fifteen-acre lot, and splitting from the tall walnut trees of the primeval forest enough rails to surround the little clearing with a fence. Such was the meagre outfit of this coming leader of men, at the age when the future British Prime Minister or Statesman emerges from the University as a double first or senior wrangler, with every advantage that high training and broad culture and association with the wisest and the best of men and women can give, and enters upon some form of public service on the

road to usefulness and honor, the University course being only the first stage of the public training.

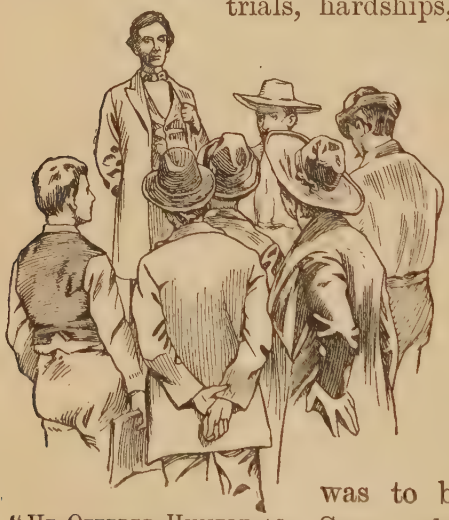
So Lincoln, at twenty-one, had just begun his preparation for the public life to which he soon began to aspire. For some years yet he must continue to earn his daily bread by the sweat of his brow, having absolutely no means, no home, no friend to consult. More farm work as a hired hand, a clerkship in a village store, the running of a mill, another trip to New Orleans on a flat-boat of his own contriving, a pilot's berth on the river — these were the means by which he subsisted until, in the summer of 1832, when he was twenty-three years of age, an event occurred which gave him public recognition.

"Farm Work as a Hired Man."

The Black Hawk War broke out, and the Governor of Illinois, calling for volunteers to repel the band of savages whose leader bore that name, Lincoln enlisted and was elected captain by his comrades, among whom he had already established his supremacy by signal feats of strength and more than one successful single combat. During the brief hostilities, he was engaged in no battle and won no military glory, but his local leadership was established. The same year he offered himself as a candidate for the Legislature of Illinois, but failed at the

polls. Yet his vast popularity with those who knew him was manifest. The district consisted of several counties, but the unanimous vote of the people of his own county was for Lincoln. Another unsuccessful attempt at store-keeping was followed by better luck at surveying, until his horse and instruments were levied upon under execution for the debts of his business adventure.

I have been thus detailed in sketching his early years because upon these strange foundations the structure of his great fame and service was built. In the place of a school and university training, fortune substituted these trials, hardships, and struggles as a preparation for the great work which he had to do. It turned out to be exactly what the emergency required. Ten years instead at the public school and the university certainly never could have fitted this man for the unique work which was to be thrown upon him. Some other Moses would have had to lead us to our Jordan, to the sight of our promised land of liberty.



"He Offered Himself as a Candidate."

At the age of twenty-five he became a member of the Legislature of Illinois, and so continued for eight years, and in the meantime qualified himself by reading such

law books as he could borrow at random — for he was too poor to buy any — to be called to the bar. For his second quarter of a century — during which a single term in Congress introduced him into the arena of national questions — he gave himself up to law and politics. In spite of his soaring ambition, his two years in Congress gave him no premonition of the great destiny that awaited him, and at its close, in 1849, we find him an unsuccessful applicant to the President for appointment as Commissioner of the General Land Office — a purely administrative bureau; a fortunate escape for himself and for his country.

Year by year his knowledge and power, his experience and reputation, extended, and his mental faculties seemed to grow by what they fed on. His power of persuasion, which had always been marked, was developed to an extraordinary degree, now that he became engaged in congenial questions and subjects. Little by little he rose to prominence at the bar, and became the most effective public speaker in the West. Not that he possessed any of the graces of the orator; but his logic was invincible, and his clearness and force of statement impressed upon his hearers the convictions of his honest mind, while his broad sympathies and sparkling and genial humor made him a universal favorite as far and as fast as his acquaintance extended.

These twenty years that elapsed from the time of his establishment as a lawyer and legislator in Springfield, the new capital of Illinois, furnished a fitting theatre for the development and display of his great faculties, and, with his new and enlarged opportunities, he obviously grew in mental stature in this second period of

his career, as if to compensate for the absolute lack of advantages under which he had suffered in youth. As his powers enlarged his reputation extended, for he was always before the people, felt a warm sympathy with all that concerned them, took a zealous part in the discussion of every public question, and made his personal influence ever more widely and deeply felt.

From the outset Lincoln was one of the most active and effective leaders and speakers of the new party, and the great debates between Lincoln and Douglas in 1858, as the respective champions of the restriction and extension of slavery, attracted the attention of the whole country. Lincoln's powerful arguments carried conviction everywhere. His moral nature was thoroughly aroused — his conscience was stirred to the quick. Unless slavery was wrong, nothing was wrong. Was each man, of whatever color, entitled to the fruits of his own labor, or could one man live in idle luxury by the sweat of another's brow, whose skin was darker? He was an implicit believer in that principle of the Declaration of Independence that all men are vested with certain inalienable rights — the equal rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. On this doctrine he stated his case and carried it. We have time only for one or two sentences in which he struck the keynote of the contest:

"The real issue in this country is the eternal struggle between these two principles — right and wrong — throughout the world. They are the two principles that have stood face to face from the beginning of time, and will ever continue to struggle. The one is the common right of humanity, and the other the divine

right of kings. It is the same principle in whatever shape it develops itself. It is the same spirit that says, 'You work and toil and earn bread and I'll eat it.'"

He foresaw with unerring vision that the conflict was inevitable and irrepressible — that one or the other, the right or the wrong, freedom or slavery, must ultimately prevail, and wholly prevail, throughout the country; and this was the principle that carried the war, once begun, to a finish.

One sentence of his is immortal —

"Under the operation of the policy of compromise, the slavery agitation has not only not ceased, but has constantly augmented. In my opinion it will not cease until a crisis shall have been reached and passed. 'A house divided against itself cannot stand.' I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved. I do not expect the house to fall — but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other — either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction, or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South."

The fact that Lincoln's first Proclamation called for only seventy-five thousand troops, to serve for three months, shows how inadequate was even his idea of what the future had in store. But from that moment Lincoln and his loyal supporters never faltered in their purpose. They knew they could win, that it was their

duty to win, and that for America the whole hope of the future depended upon their winning, for now by the acts of the seceding States the issue of the Election — to secure or prevent the extension of slavery — stood transformed into a struggle to preserve or to destroy the Union.

We cannot follow this contest. You know its gigantic proportions; that it lasted four years instead of three months; that in its progress instead of seventy-five thousand men, more than two million were enrolled on the side of the government alone; that the aggregate cost and loss to the nation approximated to five billion dollars and that not less than three hundred thousand brave and precious lives were sacrificed on each side. History has recorded how Lincoln bore himself during these four frightful years; that he was the real President, the responsible and actual head of the government through it all; that he listened to all advice, heard all parties, and then, always realizing his responsibility to God and the nation, decided every great executive question for himself. His absolute honesty had become proverbial long before he was President. "Honest Abe Lincoln" was the name by which he had been known for years. His every act attested it.

In all the grandeur of the vast power that he wielded, he never ceased to be one of the plain people, as he always called them, never lost or impaired his perfect sympathy with them, was always in perfect touch with them and open to their appeals; and here lay the very secret of his personality and of his power, for the people in turn gave him their absolute confidence. His

courage, his fortitude, his patience, his hopefulness, were sorely tried but never exhausted.

He was true as steel to his generals, but had frequent occasion to change them, as he found them inadequate. This serious and painful duty rested wholly on him, and was perhaps his most important function as Commander-in-Chief; but when, at last, he recognized in General Grant the master of the situation, the man who could and would bring the war to a triumphant end, he gave it all over to him, and upheld him with all his might. Amid all the pressure and distress that the burdens of office brought upon him, his unfailing sense of humor saved him — probably it made it possible for him to live under the burden. He had always been the great story-teller of the West, and he used and cultivated this faculty to relieve the weight of the load he bore.

The growth and development of Lincoln's mental power and moral force, of his intense and magnetic personality, after the vast responsibilities of the Government were thrown upon him at the age of fifty-two, furnish a rare and striking illustration of the marvellous capacity and adaptability of the human intellect — of the sound mind in the sound body. He came to the discharge of the great duties of the Presidency with absolutely no experience in the administration of government, or of the vastly varied and complicated questions of foreign and domestic policy which immediately arose, and continued to press upon him during the rest of his life; but he mastered each as it came, apparently with the facility of a trained and experienced ruler. As Clarendon said of Cromwell —

"His parts seemed to be raised by the demands of great station."

His life through it all was one of intense labor, anxiety and distress, without one hour of peaceful repose from first to last. But he rose to every occasion. He led public opinion, but did not march so far in advance of it as to fail of its effective support in every great emergency. He knew the heart and thought of the people, as no man not in constant and absolute sympathy with them could have known it, and so, holding their confidence, he triumphed through and with them.

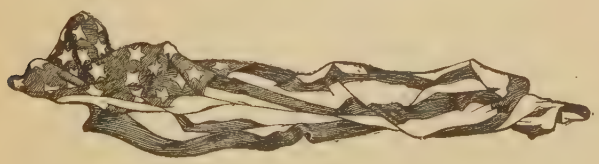
He lived to see his work indorsed by an overwhelming majority of his countrymen. In his second Inaugural Address, pronounced just forty days before his death, there is a single passage which well displays his indomitable will and at the same time his deep religious feeling, his sublime charity to the enemies of his country, and his broad and catholic humanity:

"If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offences which in the Providence of God must needs come, but which having continued through the appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsmen's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid with

another drawn by the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'

"With malice toward none, with charity for all; with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right — let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan — to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

His prayer was answered. The forty days of life that remained to him were crowded with great historic events. He lived to see his Proclamation of Emancipation embodied in an amendment of the Constitution, adopted by Congress and submitted to the States for ratification. The mighty scourge of war did speedily pass away, for it was given him to witness the surrender of the rebel army and the fall of their capital, and the starry flag that he loved, waving in triumph over the national soil. When he died by the madman's hand in the supreme hour of victory, the vanquished lost their best friend, and the human race one of its noblest examples; and all the friends of freedom and justice, in whose cause he lived and died, joined hands as mourners at his grave.



NOTES

ARNOLD, MATTHEW, was born Dec. 24, 1822; was educated at Winchester, Rugby, and Oxford. For many years he occupied the thankless but valuable office of lay inspector of schools. He was for some years professor of poetry at Oxford. He was one of the greatest poets and essayists of the nineteenth century. He died April 15, 1888.

CARLYLE, THOMAS, born at Ecclefechan, Dec. 4, 1795; was educated at Annan School and University of Edinburgh. He taught, wrote, and lectured until he won distinction and fame. In 1865 he was elected Lord Rector of Edinburgh University. His "Sartor Resartus," "History of the French Revolution," "Life and Letters of Oliver Cromwell," and "Life of Frederick the Great" are among his best-known books. He died in Chelsea, London, Feb. 5, 1881.

CHOATE, JOSEPH HODGES, was born in Salem, Jan. 24, 1832. He received his education at Harvard and the H. U. Law School. For more than thirty years he was actively engaged in many important cases in the New York and Supreme Judicial Courts. He was a member of the committee that brought about the overthrow of the Tweed Ring in 1871. In 1899 he was appointed U. S. Ambassador to Great Britain. He is distinguished for his eloquence and wit.

FROUDE, JAMES ANTHONY, was born April 23, 1818, at Darlington, Devonshire; was educated at Westminster School and Oriel College, Oxford. In 1844 he took deacon's orders, but changing his views he devoted himself to literature. He edited Carlyle's literary remains. His "History of England" and many of his other works are entertaining, but must be read with discretion. He died in London, Oct. 20, 1894.

GURNEY, JOHN HAMPDEN, son of Sir John Gurney, was born in London, Aug. 15, 1802, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was rector of St. Mary's for fifteen years, and prebendary of St. Pancras, St. Paul's Cathedral, during the last five years of his life. He published several historical works. His "God's Heroes and the World's Heroes" went through several editions. He died March 8, 1862.

IRVING, WASHINGTON, was born in New York, April 3, 1783. At the age of sixteen he began to study law, but soon became interested in literature; and when he died, Nov. 28, 1859, he was regarded as the leading writer of America, and had a European reputation.

LEE, HENRY, was born in Virginia, Jan. 29, 1756. He was one of the most brilliant generals of the Revolutionary Army. In 1786 was delegate to Congress, and again in 1799, when he delivered his famous eulogy of Washington. He died March 25, 1818.

MOTLEY, JOHN LOTHROP, was born in Dorchester (now Boston), April 15, 1814. He graduated at Harvard University in 1831. He spent a year at Göttingen, where he became intimate with Bismarck. After a year at the University of Berlin and travel in Italy, he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1836. In 1856 he published "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," and later "The History of the Netherlands." In

1866 he was appointed Minister to Austria, and from April, 1869, to November, 1870, he was Minister to England. He died in 1877.

PLUTARCH was born about the year 50, A.D., at Chæronea, in Bœotia—a little town, but of good repute, in which he spent nearly the whole of his life. He learned philosophy under Ammonius at Athens. He travelled much, and tells us of his visit to Egypt, of the worship of Isis and Osiris, and the Egyptian mysteries. He went to Italy twice, apparently on public business; and while in Rome lectured in the Greek language and taught philosophy. He appears to have learned Latin. He was married, and the father of five children, two of whom survived to manhood. From occasional allusions to his private life, it seems to have been happy; "exhibiting," he writes in a letter to his wife, "scarcely an erasure, as in a book well-written." But like Shakespeare, whom Plutarch resembles in the universality of his genius, the story of his life has never been told. He wrote a hundred books, most of which are lost.

ROBERTS, FREDERICK SLEIGH (Earl of Kandahar, Pretoria, and Waterford), was born in 1832. After getting his education at Eton, he entered the Bengal Artillery at the age of nineteen, and was immediately engaged in active service, which, with various breaks when he was invalided, lasted until 1893. For eight years he had been commander-in-chief of India. In 1895 he was appointed commander of forces in Ireland. In February, 1900, he relieved Kimberley, and captured Commandant Cronje and the Western Army. He was made field-marshal and commander-in-chief in October, 1901. His "Rise of Wellington" was published in 1895. He was raised to the peerage in 1881, and created an earl in 1901.

STANLEY, ARTHUR PENRHYN, born Dec. 13, 1815, was educated at Rugby and Oxford. He was Dean of Westminster from 1863 till his death, July 18, 1881. He was intimately connected in friendship with the royal family. He wrote many books.

WOLSELEY, VISCOUNT GARNET JOSEPH, was born in Dublin, June 4, 1833. He entered the army in 1852. His first service was in Burmah, where he won distinction. In the Crimean war he lost his eye, but won knighthood and other distinctions. He was present at the siege of Lucknow, and was raised to the rank of lieutenant-colonel before he was twenty-six. For ten years he was in America, two of which he spent with the Confederate Army; he also suppressed the Riel rebellion in 1870. After service in the War Office he went to Africa, where he overcame the King of Ashantee. He commanded the expedition against Arabi Pasha, and was created a baron and promoted general. His famous expedition for the relief of General Gordon made him a viscount. In 1890 he was commander-in-chief in Ireland, and in 1895 was appointed to the command of the British army. He wrote "Life of the Duke of Marlborough" (1894) and "Decline and Fall of Napoleon" (1895).

LEADERS OF MEN

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EVELYN ABBOTT

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Joseph Garibaldi: Patriot and Soldier
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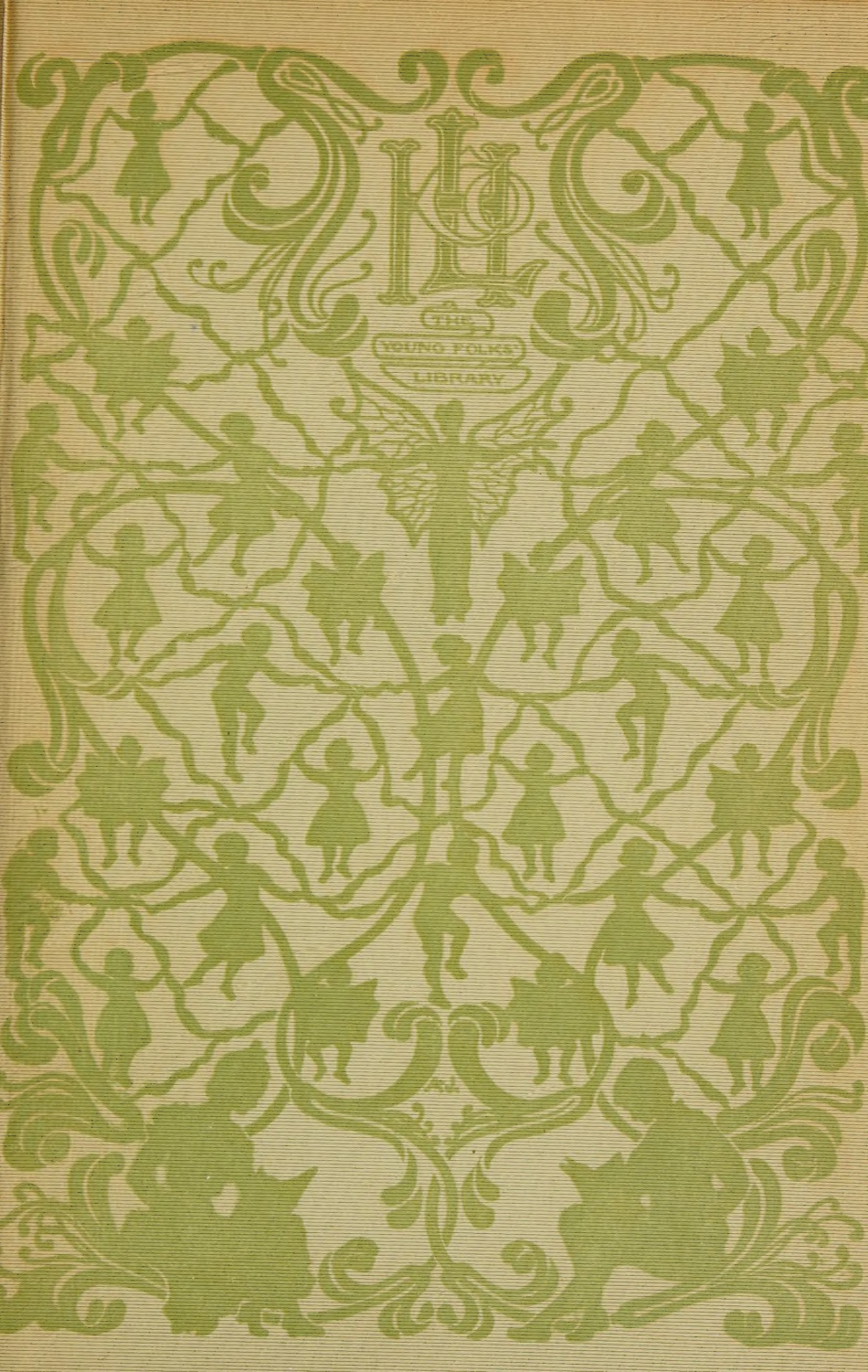
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